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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. Liza Minnelli (through Sunday, Jan. 28) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—The burden of this commonplace musical is that middle-aged people can be happy, though not easily. With Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beethoven/Karl—A play by David Rush. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Brooklyn Academy of Music—The Bread and Puppet Theatre production of "Joan of Arc." (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Friday, Jan. 19.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A revival of a play by Milan Stitt, THE RUNNER STUMBLES, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of William Gibson's THE MIRACLE WORKER is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-five the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Grand Magic—A rather plodding presentation of an Italian farce by Eduardo de Filippo about a charlatan illusionist, a cuckolded husband, and a flighty wife. With Fred Gwynne, Tony Musante, Claudia Peluso, and Sasha von Scherler. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

The Grand Tour—One more failed attempt to produce a Jewish musical à la "Milk and Honey," etc., etc. Admirers of Joel Grey will want to see him in spite of the show, not because of it. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hitting Town—A play by Stephen Poliakoff, directed by Richard Hamburger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"GLUT OF STARS" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 30
"CREDULOUS, ALL GOLD" (POEM) . . . . *Laurance Wieder* 32
"PRETTY ICE" . . . . *Mary Robison* 34
"POINT OF ROCKS" . . . . *Berry Morgan* 37
"HARSH CLIMATE" (POEM) . . . . *Charles Simic* 40
A REPORTER AT LARGE (NEW YORK NEWSPAPER STRIKE—PART I) . . . . *A. H. Raskin* 41
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 88
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 88
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 90
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 95
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 98
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 102
AFFAIRS OF STATE . . . . *Richard Rovere* 107
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 111
BRIEFLY NOTED 113

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE BOOTH THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kingfisher—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Later—A play by Corinne Jacker. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 17-21: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **THE SORCERER**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 24: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Man and Superman—A brilliant production of Shaw's paean to the life force. In the cast are George Grizzard, Philip Bosco, Ann Sachs, Richard Woods, and Laurie Kennedy. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Monteith and Rand—Two very bright young people perform skits, some of them well-rehearsed set pieces and the rest improvisations of astonishing wit and acuity. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

My Old Friends—A musical by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, directed by Philip Rose. Maxine Sullivan heads the cast. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company— Obotunde Ijimere's **PLAYS FROM AFRICA** closes Sunday, Jan. 21. (Reviewed in this issue.). . . **A SEASON TO UNRAVEL**, by Alexis DeVeaux, opens Wednesday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 4. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's play will be the last in a series of black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. Preview Thursday, Jan. 18. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 19, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Seduced—Rip Torn in a play by Sam Shepard. Opens Friday, Jan. 19. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Take It from the Top—Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis head the cast of a musical satire written by Miss Dee and directed by Mr. Davis. Opens Thursday, Jan. 18, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Mondays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 20-21, at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CHAPTER TWO:** A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach (who has just replaced John Wood), Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,784 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

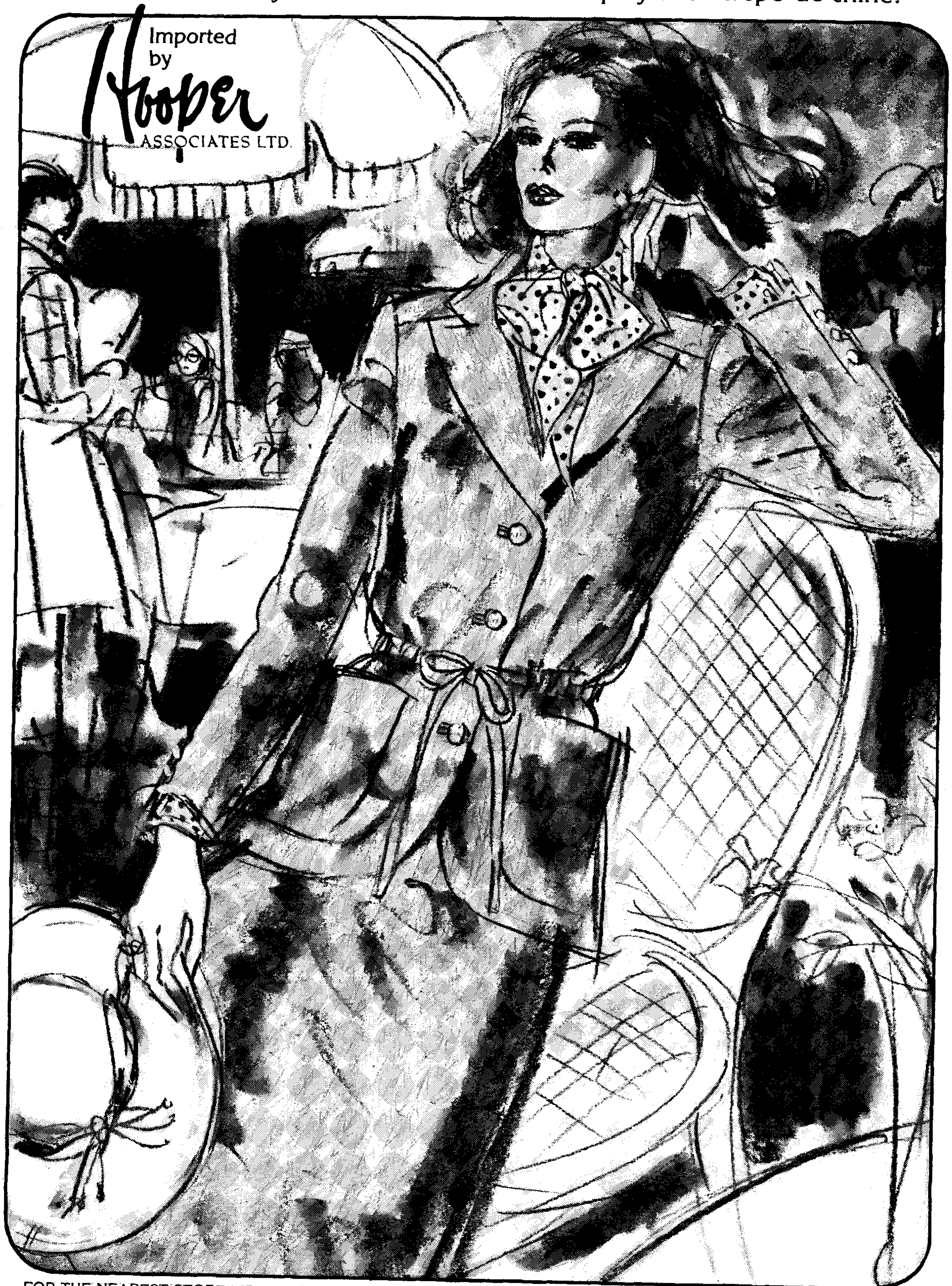
Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Liv Ullmann—The last two in a series of benefit performances of Cocteau's "The Human Voice," a fifty-minute monologue. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17-18, at 11.)

Symphony Space—Three performances of "Crosstown," a musical revue, with words by Tony Tanner and music by Martin Silvestri. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, and Monday, Jan. 22, at

To wear on the stroke of spring: a new-breed shirt blazer, a slim, fluid skirt to match in woven silk and polyester with the look of linen . . . and a soft scarfed blouse of color-keyed confetti dots tossed on polyester crepe de chine.



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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

8, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Other Dances," and "The Concert."...¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "The Four Seasons" (première), and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Four Temperaments." ...¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Other Dances," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," "Tzigane," and "Prodigal Son."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 21, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "The Four Seasons," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Serenade," "The Four Seasons," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Four Temperaments," and "The Concert."...¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Sophie Maslow Dance Company—"Ladino Suite," "La Noche de los Mayas," "Themes and Variations" (première), and "Decathlon Etudes." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Jan. 17, and Friday, Jan. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Asakawalker Dance Company—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 18, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 20-21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Drummer **philly joe jones,** who sounds as vibrant now as he did in the fifties when he played with Miles Davis, leads a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 20; on Tuesday, Jan. 23, bebop vocalist **eddie jefferson** will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, pianist **jaki byard** will lead the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **dardanelle,** a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Singer **jo sullivan** is paying tribute to Frank Loesser (her late husband). Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty nightly, except Mondays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—**ted curson,** who is leading a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 20, plays trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet, and—to signal his soloists—whistle. Curson performs free jazz and straight-ahead hard bop with such verve and wit that one wonders why he is not famous. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 24-27, guitarist **jimmy ponder** will be on hand with a trio. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. **yusef lateef,** a jazz and rhythm-and-blues flutist and, lately, a singer, too, will lead his combo Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 18-20; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 23-24, will belong to British blues pioneer John Mayall and his quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, **tracy nelson** will sing rock and blues tunes with her backup group. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—One of the few places where one can find tunes by Bud Powell, Barry Manilow, David Amram, Billy Joel, and Dave Frishberg all on the same jukebox. The great solo pianist **dave mckenna** is here in the flesh weeknights; Sundays belong to pianist and singer **jimmy rowles.** Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**bucky pizzarelli,** a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **george shearing,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **brian torff** in the Café Carlyle while Bobby Short is away. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **barbara carroll** does some strong piano work weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Located in the back of the Carnegie Hall Building, this room—a chic, dark-brown setting with hanging trellises and hanging plants—offers knockwurst and fried potatoes on the menu, and the considerably lighter **ellis larkins** on the bandstand. Quiet and elegant, Larkins slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause for a brief self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**alberta hunter** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Miss Hunter and company share the facilities and trade sets with blues and boogie-woogie pianist **lloyd glenn,** who also performs on Sundays and Mondays. The tireless Mr. Glenn—he puts in a seven-day week—begins at eight each night. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Trumpeter **doc cheatham,** his clear, easy tone still intact, is playing and singing from a hip thirties repertoire. He's backed by a trio during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**hugh shannon,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 21, tenor saxophonist **scott hamilton** will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **joe puma,** pianist **hod o'brien,** and bassist **frank luther** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sunday, Jan. 21, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **attila zoller,** pianist **don friedman,** and bassist **george mraz;** and Tuesdays to guitarist **chuck wayne** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**jim hall** and **bob brookmeyer** (see page 95, this issue) will be here through Saturday, Jan. 20. On Monday, Jan. 22, drummer **louis hayes** and singer **leon thomas** will team up for a two-week stint. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

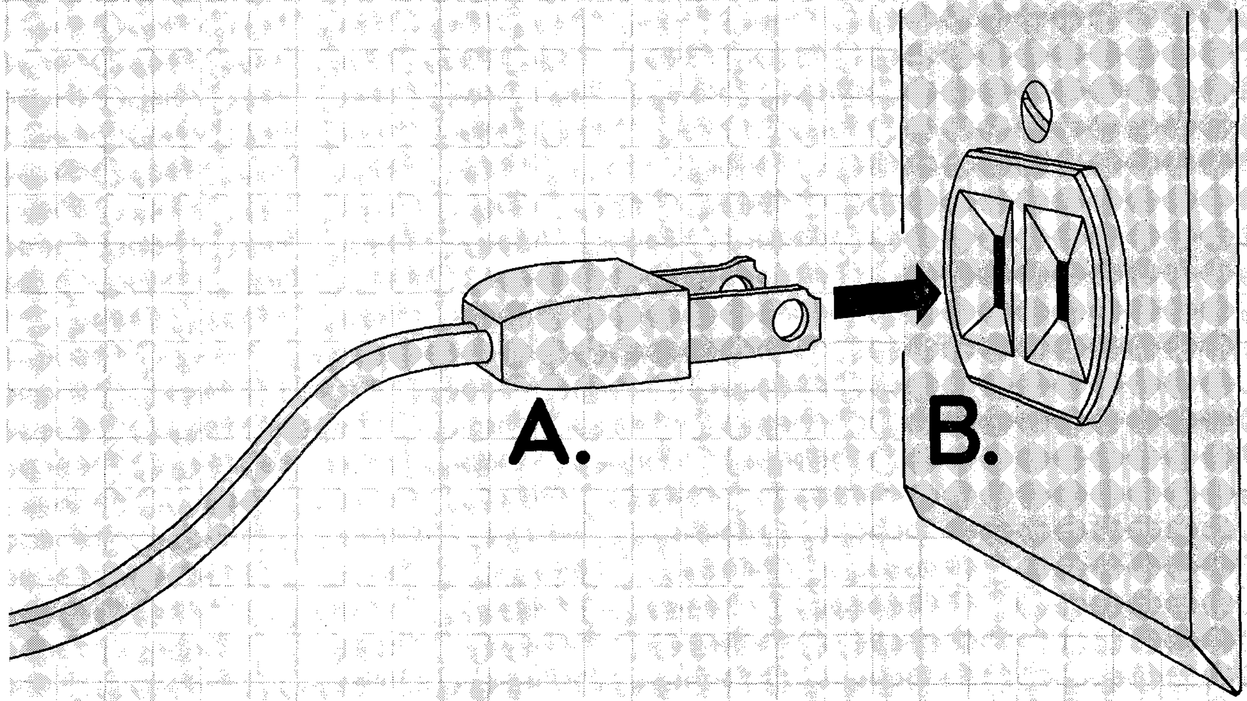
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside **marty napoleon's** trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, others are famous—turn up to jam in this (for the most part) mainstream jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The famous visiting performers are pianist **jaki byard** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, and singer **helen merrill** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**roy eldridge** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**adam makowicz** is at the

All you need to know to hook up a great stereo system.



And you thought you had to have a degree in engineering to do it. Nope! And you don't need to jog around half the city to get all the pieces for this system either.

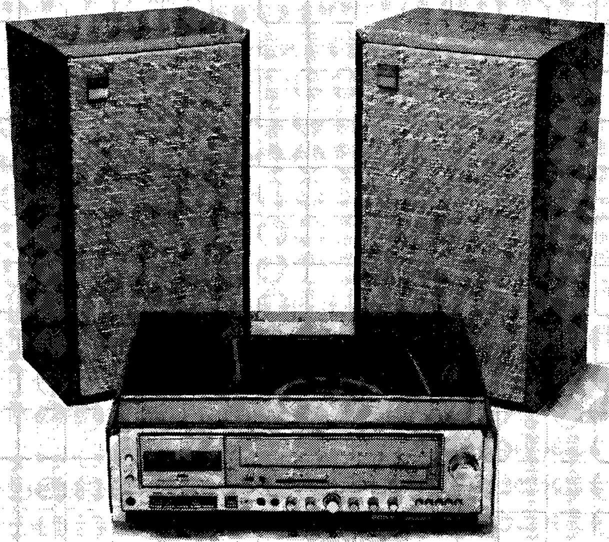
This is Sony's new AM/FM stereo with built-in cassette recorder/player. It's as easy to buy as it is to put together. That's because it's a compact. And not just a compact (because, after all, it *is* a Sony), but our most powerful ever.

And that translates into better and fuller sound for you. And because great sound is what you buy a stereo for—and because everyone's idea of great sound is different, we give you a choice of three sets of speakers. (You *do* have to hook them up to the system; but that's just as easy as putting a plug in a socket.)

Our system has a built-in component quality cassette recorder. (You can get an 8-track cartridge, if you prefer.) Which is nice if you want to tape something directly from the radio or record player. It has a control panel you'd expect to find on components. There's separate bass and treble. A built-in loudness control. A separate on-off control for optional remote speakers. And a flywheel tuning mechanism for smooth tuning. What's more, they're all easy to read. So no more fiddling around trying to find out what is where.

All in all, we give you quite a lot. A compact stereo you'd swear sounds as good as components (although the price sounds better), a choice of speakers that up till now you could get only with components, and, because it's a Sony, we give you a system that will make you as proud of the way it looks as it does of the way it sounds.

Your first good stereo system doesn't have to come in pieces. And now, thanks to Sony, putting together a great system is even easier than ABC. It's as easy as AB.



SONY HMK-339 COMPACT STEREO

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano, filling in for Billy Taylor, and he's supported by **MICHAEL MOORE**, always a stunning bassist, through Saturday, Jan. 20. On Tuesday, Jan. 23, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, will be back at their home base, working Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—For those hankering to escape a current local phenomenon known as "Texas chic." This place is *not* Texas chic, but it does have a genuine Texas feel to it. Rock-and-roll groundbreaker **BO DIDDLEY**, who plays a rectangle of a guitar that looks like a cross between a harpsichord and a cigar box and who is given to wearing black pants, a black shirt, and a black flat-brimmed hat—he resembles an aberrant gaucho—is here on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17-18. Sunday, Jan. 21, is Kinky Friedman night; on Monday, Jan. 22, the New Christy Minstrels, a TV-folk group that hasn't been seen (or missed) in years; and on Tuesday, Jan. 23, Grinderswitch, a quintet, will play Southern rock and blues. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Dancing in the Dark," a tribute to Arthur Schwartz, with John Cunningham, Allyn Ann McLerie, Merilee Magnuson, and Donn Simone, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is back with his Fats Waller repertory (he was here a year ago with a similar program). Also along is singer and acoustic-guitarist **MARTY GROSZ**, drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, and the rest of the Wellstood sextet. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE**, on harmonica and guitar, respectively, have been singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling for over thirty years, and they'll be singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling here through Sunday, Jan. 21. Monday, Jan. 22, belongs to a young quartet—Grover, Margaret and Za Zu Zaz—that plays jump music; on Wednesday, Jan. 24, the Zaitchik Brothers will perform urban-blues tunes; and on Thursday, Jan. 25, pianist Jeff Lorber will bring in his jazz-rock band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Various young singers are scheduled to appear here at one time or another during the next couple of weeks. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. Trumpeter Mike Lawrence leads a quintet on Wednesday, Jan. 17; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 18-21, drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD** will perform with a quartet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 23-24, Double Image, a group co-piloted by vibraharpists David Samuels and David Friedman, will be present; and on Thursday, Jan. 25, saxophonist Bill Barron will come in with a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—**STAN GETZ**, the streamlined and workmanlike tenor saxophonist, leads his current quartet Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine.

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Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 20, in this cozy room, where the entrance is almost always crowded with jazz-enthusiast standees. Trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and his cool-school associates will come in on Tuesday, Jan. 23. On Sundays, drummer **PETE LA ROCA** fronts a quartet, and on Mondays, tenor saxophonist and Horace Silver alumnus **JUNIOR COOK** works with a quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hang-out for musicians and listeners. On Thursday, Jan. 18, a young singer named Roberta Baum will perform with an admirable rhythm section—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, will be turned over to **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and drummer **STEVE MC CALL**. On Sunday, Jan. 21, alto saxophonist Monty Waters will head up a combo; on Monday, Jan. 22, drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL'S** quartet will be here; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 23-25, flutist James Newton will lead a quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

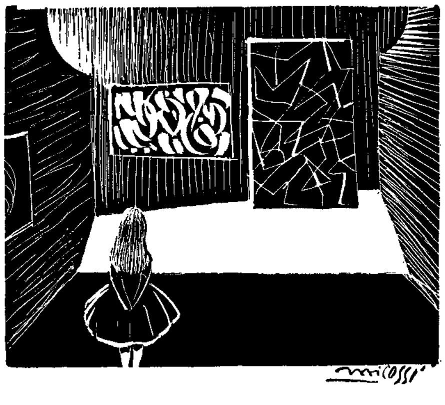
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings—will be present Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Singer **BABY JANE DEXTER** appears here on Mondays at eight. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**CHICO HAMILTON**, a subtle, beguiling drummer, is in charge of a fine young quintet on Fridays and Saturdays. On Jan. 19-20, drummer **ROY HAYNES'** quintet will trade sets with Hamilton's, and on Jan. 26-27, yet another famous drummer—**ART BLAKEY**—will share the facilities with Hamilton. All this begins at about nine-thirty. Tuesdays are in the hands of jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who plays almost as much hard bop nowadays as he does spiritual-enlightment music, leads his quintet through Sunday, Jan. 21; on Tuesday, Jan. 23, the hard-edged alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will move in with his group. On Monday, Jan. 22, composer, arranger, and tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** and his big band will take over for the touring Thad Jones-Mel Lewis organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. **THE COUNTSMEN**—ex-Basie-ites **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN** and their quintet—are here through Sunday, Jan. 21. On Monday, Jan. 22, pianist **BROOKS KERR**—he's only in his twenties but he can swing anyway—will work with drummer **SONNY GREER**. On Tuesday, Jan. 23, guitarist Jimmy Shirley and Snags Allen will perform with a quartet, and on Wednesday, Jan. 24, **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, a veteran of the Ellington reed section, will bring in a combo to play Ellington's music. Music every night from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17-18, at 6: Crystal Joy singing the songs of E. Y. Harburg. . . . ¶ Monday through Thursday, Jan. 22-25, at 6: Margaret Whiting in a program of songs by various composers, with pianists Tex Arnold and William Roy. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

Roy Ayers Ubiquity and **Gloria Gaynor**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.

Duke Ellington Tribute—Two benefit concerts, with Peter Dean, McHenry Boatwright, and the All-City Concert Choir directed by John Motley, plus, on Friday, Count Basie's band, and, on Saturday, the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-8000, Ext. 211.)

World Saxophone Quartet—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20, at 11.)

Jaki Byard—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St. 477-3077. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 3.

Duke Ellington Orchestra—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.

Carla Bley Band—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

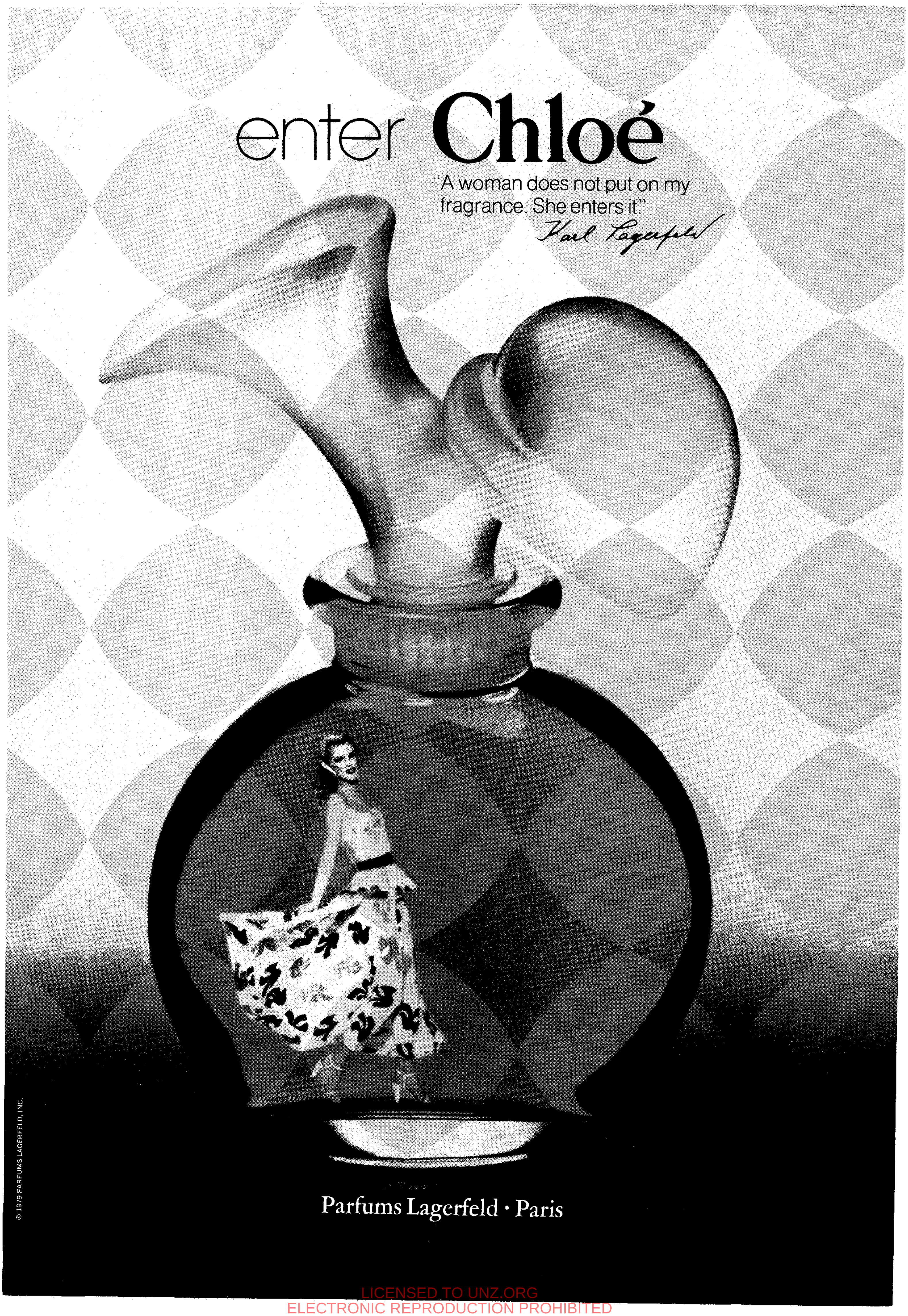
William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures in several mediums by a realist. Through Feb. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Varujan Boghosian—Collages in which sparing use is made of the component elements—engravings of architectural caprices, a page from the school notebook of a long-ago child who tried to draw a horse, antique papers stained with age. Through Feb. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Dove Bradshaw / Barbarie Rothstein—Swatches of cloth that appear to have been flung against the wall and to have stuck there on nails are really porcelain sculptures by this artist, who also contributes some delicate pencil drawings of brittle fall leaves. / Rock formations sculpted from paper of the artist's own making, shown under Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Twenty-one drawings and watercolors, in one or two of which


enter Chloé
"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."
Karl Lagerfeld
Parfums Lagerfeld · Paris

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we see the pencilled construction that underlies his bold, freehand work. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Painted freestanding aluminum and steel sculptures, and abstract oils on canvas. Through Feb. 3. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Peter Gourfain—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Joanna Krasner—Recent oils. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joe Lasker—Paintings of light-filled interiors and Connecticut's coastline. Through Feb. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Mohr—Geometric welded-aluminum sculptures. Through Feb. 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Enid Munroe / Robert Bidner—Collages made up of foreign newspaper clippings dyed various colors, selected sections of ancient documents, and bits of print transferred (with chemicals) to new contexts. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. / Realist paintings of San Francisco building façades, among others. Through Feb. 3. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles O'Connor / Christin Couture—Large, colorful nonobjective paintings and several collages in the same vein. / Pencil-and-gouache drawings in which Victorian children disport themselves in the kind of sensuality that their seniors tried so hard to suppress. Through Jan. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Fifty-odd drawings and watercolors in a retrospective that shows this master draftsman in top form, depicting café life and brothels in Paris, a mule-and-horse exchange in Tampa, colorful Cuban vistas, and so on. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

William Scharf—Just about all the wall space in the gallery is covered by this artist's scroll-like work in acrylics depicting animal and plant life in abstract terms. Through Jan. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Kimber Smith—New abstract paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Matthew Smith (1879-1959)—Nudes, still-lifes, and landscapes by the English painter who was closely associated with the Fauves. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Smyth—Six rather narcissistic sculptures that combine steel silhouettes of the artist's body with mirrors and with photographs of him. Also drawings. Through Feb. 10. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Frederick Wardy—Abstract canvases. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **mckee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Stuart Diamond, Katherine Porter, Franz Kline, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The arrival of a newly acquired, seven-foot heroic bronze nude by Maillol in the lobby here has been the signal for the bringing forward of some of the gems of the gallery—a sketchily painted portrait of a girl by Modigliani, for instance; a towering flower arrangement, full of daring color juxtapositions, by Vlaminck; a vintage nude *couchant*, by Pascin. Through Feb. 3. . . . **touchstone**, 118 E. 64th St.: Drawings by sculptors, among them Mark di Suvero, Mary Miss, and Charles Ginnever. Through Jan. 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Bronze sculptures. Through Feb. 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Leslie Bohnenkamp—Horn-shaped sculptures made of paper twisted into spirals, fixed with glue, and then ornamented; they range in size from an inch to six feet tall. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Ken Bowman—Recent paintings in which this Colorado artist discovers new qualities in cloud and sky as reflected in a puddle of water. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Russell Drisch / Alexander Hollweg—Watercolor-tinted photographs of greenhouses at Yaddo. / Three-dimensional sculptures (landscapes, mainly) carved in lime wood and oak; the figures and animals that populate them are cast lead. Through Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—New views of the Hamptons and Manhattan, and a number of still-lifes, many of them large pastels—a new field for this artist. Through Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Denise Green—Three seven-foot-square paintings in oils and wax crayons on canvas. Also smaller works. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Large oils in which waves of thick white impasto contend with solid cliffs of jet black. Through Wednesday, Jan. 24. / High-spirited views of the Provincetown countryside done in ink and colored crayons on paper and dated 1941-43. Through Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John MacWhinnie / Herbert Bayer—Paintings of figures in stark settings. Also portrait drawings, including one of Willem de Kooning in his studio. / Acrylics that convey his Bauhaus affiliation. Through Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Matta—Large oil paintings crowded with whizzing machinery that exists only in the mind of this Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

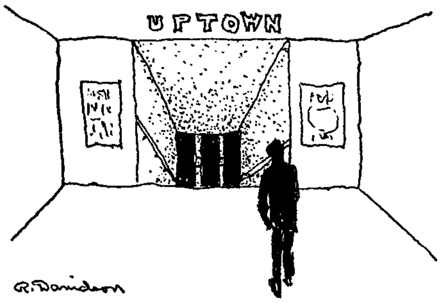
Irving Petlin—A solidly built green chair, one or more rather amorphous figures, and what seems to be a large vessel containing rolls of paper are subjects common to the fifteen felicitously colored pastels in a series on exhibition here. Through Feb. 3. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Watercolor sketches and drawings that the artist made while on a trip with Henry Miller through the Southern states in the early forties. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—A new set of his densely painted white oils. From the front, the effect is blurry; from the side, the subtle central pattern of brushwork becomes visible. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Doug Sanderson—Large rectangles of a dominant blue (the underpainting changes from painting to painting) are centered on unsized beige linen canvases. Through Feb. 3. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—Abstract reliefs suggestive of birds on the wing, carved in thick rectangles of mahogany during the late thirties by this well-known literary and artistic figure of that era. Through Feb. 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)



Janet Stayton / John Willenbecher—A new crop of her cheerful mixed-medium samplers, incorporating, say, a conventional oil landscape in one corner, a watercolor grid pattern in the background, a horizontal band of needlework, and (nearly always) a long row of steaming cups of coffee done in crayon. / Collages in which a string of cones, balls, and pyramids is hung against an acrylic night sky. Through Feb. 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—Last year, this artist began camouflaging the corners of his abstract canvases with padlike extensions; now he fits them with polyurethane-foam devices that look like Mickey Mouse Fan Club ears. The paintings themselves—the outbreaks of carnival colors that flicker across the canvas—remain as before. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Tiny surrealist paintings in mixed mediums, often depicting crowded interiors seen from directly overhead. Through Friday, Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Paintings, etchings, tapestries, and lithographs by this pioneer American abstractionist. Through Feb. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mary Jane Waid—Outsize oil and pastel studies of orchids and lilies, with special attention to their colorful and mysterious interiors. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch—Large triptychs covered with huge and spectacular imaginary blossoms, painted in colors that range from the mildest pastels to the harshest crimson. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

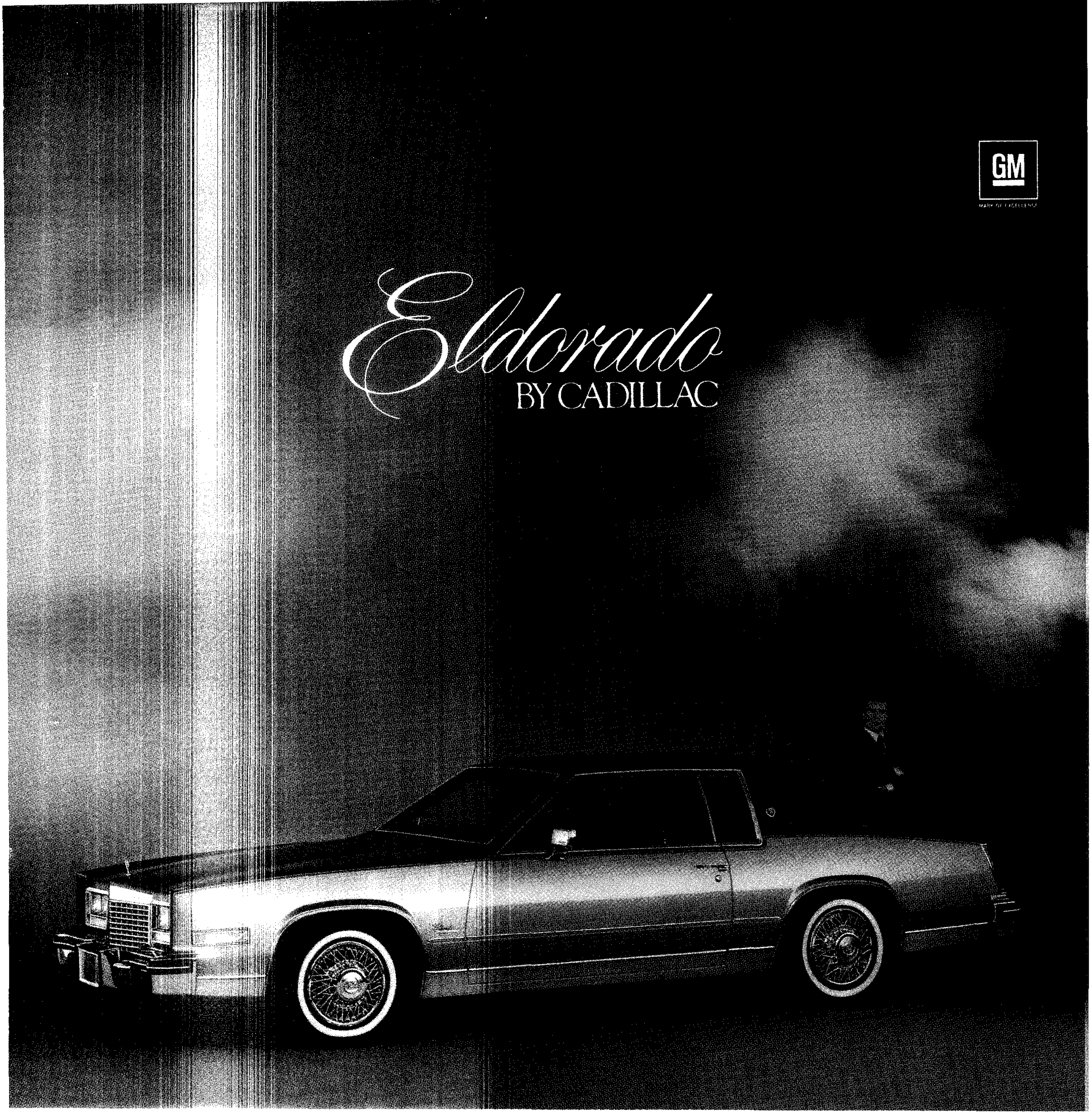
William Zorach (1889-1966)—Watercolors and pencil drawings of Yosemite in the twenties, when the artist and Ansel Adams, the photographer, visited there, scaled Grizzly Peak, and nearly killed themselves skidding down its precipitous face when darkness fell. Also, photographs of the valley by Adams, C. E. Watkins, and Eadweard Muybridge. Through Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Monotypes: 100 Years—A survey of accomplishments in this tricky field by artists ranging from the pioneering Maurice Prendergast to Milton Avery, and including arresting prints by Joseph Goldyne ("Cherry Pie") and Joseph Stella ("Tulip"). Through Feb. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: A potpourri of paintings and drawings, ranging from fragmentary sketches by various members of "the Eight" to recent works by gallery regulars. Through Jan. 31. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings and maquettes for monumental sculptures that were never executed. The sculptors are Noguchi, Christo, LeWitt, di Suvero, and Wilmarth. Through Feb. 3. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and James McGarrell. Through Feb. 8. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.). . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Saul Steinberg, Fernando Botero, Karel Appel, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Feb. 3. . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: The current show includes a lush Hawaiian landscape by Ben Norris; a snowy forest scene by Sally Vagliano; and a pencil drawing by Josef Levi of a pre-Columbian statue standing beside one of Warhol's Marilyn Monroes. Through Jan. 31. . . . **sumers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by James Ensor, Oskar Kokoschka, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano—A series of paintings called "The Battered Woman," in which tiny figures inhabit a solid-color background. Through



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Frances Barth / Paul Rotterdam—Abstract oils, pastels, and chalks on paper. / Four new paintings: acrylic and encaustic on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Campus—Three slides are projected on the wall of a darkened room. Through Feb. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Erté—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Nobu Fukui—Delicate, tranquil abstract paintings in pale acrylic shades on outsize panels, one of them seventeen feet long. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Gerald Hahn—Paintings characterized by juxtapositions of magnified marine debris, such as crab claws and swordfish beaks. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

David Hockney—Portraits of the California swimming pool (again), this time in pressed and colored pulp. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosemary Mayer / Domenick Capobianco—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings. / Abstract works done directly on the gallery wall in materials that include dry pigments, chalks, and pastels. Through Feb. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Richard Nonas and Robert Mangold—Works by two Minimalists (paintings by the former, sculptures by the latter). Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—Replicas of decaying architecture. The basic material is Styrofoam. Through Feb. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Two new works in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Rachel Rolon de Clet—Gouaches, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Ernest Ruckle—This artist specializes in perspective drawings of vast auditoriums packed with tiny humanoids engaged in maniacal activities while the air above them is crowded with complicated, imaginary machines. The show also includes several cartoonlike portraits, which are less successful. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Al Souza / Mary Shaffer—Boxed wall works documenting (with photographs and toy models) such particulars as road signs and scarecrows. / Glass sculptures (some black, some white), suspended from the ceiling by wires and illuminated by rays of light that are monitored by an electronic device made expressly for this work. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Nancy Spero—A work on paper (in nine-foot sections) that is both collage and a written history of the role of women. Through Feb. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Frank Stella—Glittering whirligigs, eight feet in diameter, hung on the wall as representations of birds the artist saw in India. The constructions, for the most part, are made of enamelled and tinselled corrugated aluminum. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Cy Twombly—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brian Wall—Horizontal floor pieces made of heavy-duty industrial steel—sections of I-beams, for example, and steel plate an inch thick—by this California-based sculptor. Through Feb. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—New wood sculptures, plus working drawings and photographs of outdoor sculptures. Through Feb. 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

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Marcia Hafif / Charlemagne Palestine—Nonobjective canvases painted with hand-ground oils. / Three related installations: a black room—curtains, floor, and so forth—with a number of upended books on the floor; then a similar room in red; then just the books. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturday, 1 to 6.)

Barry Le Va—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Feb. 10.

Timothy Woodman / Victor Schrager—Painted sheet-metal sculptures. / Contact prints of arranged objects. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Group Show—Large-scale paintings from New York University's collection by such artists as Bolotowsky, Frankenthaler, and Chryssa. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Grey Art Gallery, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Judy Dater / JoAnn Frank—Portraits and nude studies, mostly of men. / Fifty photograms. Through Feb. 3. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Giard / John Hansen—High-contrast photographs of the Hamptons off-season: shrubbery wrapped in burlap, boarded windows and doors. / Photographs (made with a Diana camera) of landscapes and building façades in Paris, Maine, and New York. Through Jan. 28. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Haxton—Recent color works. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Janet Rifkin—Sequential color prints of a single light fixture or a brush, mounted vertically, horizontally, and sometimes in a U-shape. Through Jan. 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Don Rodan—Color Polaroid prints in a show called "The Greek Myths." Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

NASA Photographs—Fifty lunar landscapes made by astronauts on several Apollo missions. For contrast: Ansel Adams' Western landscapes of the forties, fifties, and sixties, on view in the adjoining gallery. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **foto**, 492 Broome St.: French country scenes by Melba Levick; color abstractions by Ron Walker; and SX-70 nudes by John Gintoff. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) . . . **museo del barrio**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **pfeifer**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Sixty self-portraits by as many women photographers, whose approaches range from the classical to the surreal, and whose materials include Xerox reproductions and pages from journals. Through Feb. 9. . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nineteenth-century photographs of Egypt by Maxime du Camp, August Salzmann, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **sragow**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: And still more photographs of Egypt in the nineteenth century. Included in the show are fifteen 16 x 20 plates made by Francis Frith in 1858. Through Feb. 3. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, *ranging from major paintings to large* paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Ten works by Ellsworth Kelly devised from layered and colored wet paper pulp. Through Jan. 30. . . . **photography**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Starts Thursday, Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, *11 to 8, with no admission charge* from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Music at the Museum: The final two programs of new music by young international composers who will variously perform or conduct their own works. On Wednesday, Jan. 17, John Adams (with Ursula Oppens, piano) and Ingram Marshall; on Thursday, Jan. 18, Paul Dresher and Michael Nyman. Tickets at the museum on the evenings of the performances. Both concerts at 8.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a nontraditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Among the artists are the contemporary Mattie Lou O'Kelley, whose painting is titled "Picking Blueberries on the Fourth," and Susan McCord, whose vine-patterned pieced-and-appliquéd cotton quilt is dated 1845. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Pecuira, and Nancy Spero, through Feb. 10; color photographs by Laurie Simmons, through Feb. 10; three-dimensional installations by Pieter Holstein and R. M. Fischer, through Saturday, Jan. 20.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Ellen Rothenberg (performance), Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Jerry Jones (performance), Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Barbara Kruger and Dan Graham, through Saturday, Jan. 20; Jenny Snider, starting Tuesday, Jan. 23.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Michael Nyman (recorded music and films), Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Morgan Fisher (video and film), Friday, Jan. 19, through Saturday, Jan. 27; Ilene Segalove and Tony Oursler (video), starting Saturday, Jan. 20; "Blue" Gene Tyranny (keyboards), Monday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Meredith Monk and others performing vocal music Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 24-27, at 8:30.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Senta Driver (dance), Friday, Jan. 19, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 3; Charlotte Warren (video), Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:30; collaborative works by eight pairs of artists (Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, and Helen and Newton Harrison are two); projects, installations, and environments by Diana Agrest and Mario Gandelsonas, Hilmar Boehle, Melvin Edwards, Kristen Gerber, John A. Giordano, Pieter Holstein, Nicholas Hondrogen, Bernd Jansen, Kenneth Juon, Arnold Kramer, Roland Poulin, Martin Rosz, Ed Rothfarb, Louise Stanley, Anthony Thompson, Pat Oleszko, and Irene Young; photographs of dancers, through Sunday, Jan. 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 17: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 18: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 19: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 20: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 22: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Andrea Velis; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 23: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 24: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 25: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 26: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 27: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 27: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Andrea Velis; Richard Woitach. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New Opera Theatre—Alan Curtis conducting an orchestra of baroque instruments in a performance of Cavalli's "Erismena," with Carmen Balthrop and Mary Burgess, sopranos; Daniel Collins and John Ferrante, countertenors; Herman Beattie, bass; and others. Staged by Ian Strasfogel, in a seventeenth-century English translation. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 18, and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 17-18, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30 (all with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, base-baritone; the Choral Arts Society; and the Washington Cathedral Choir of Boys and Men. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, with Jorge Bolet, piano; and Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 5:30, both with Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano. All seats for the first concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting, with Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence conducting a benefit performance of Massenet's "Sapho" in concert form, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Donald Grobe, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of "Symphonies of the 18th Century." (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Michel Block, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

Bach Aria Group—Cantatas and arias of J. S. Bach, with continuo players Ralph Oxman and Homer Mensch. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Newark Boys Chorus—Terence Shook directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Amy Kaiser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Franz Farnberger directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing. (St. George's Church, Third Ave. at 16th St. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Opera Singers—Lois Albright directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Russian Choral Society—Vladimir Roudenko directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Anna Moffo—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Alexander Schneider, violin; Jaime Laredo, violin/viola; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Paul Tobias—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Russell Sherman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

An English Music—The third in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Peter Oundjian, violin; Gary Steigerwalt, piano; and the String Arts Trio. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

Paula Robison—Flute, with the American String Quartet; Samuel Sanders, harpsichord; and Richard Fredrickson, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Abraham Stokman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music—Maureen Forrester, contralto; Scott Nickrenz, viola; James Kreger, cello; David Singer, clarinet; and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Early Music at the Cathedral—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, this one played by the New York Consort of Viols and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Lee Luvisi, piano; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Blanca Uribe—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti—Soprano and tenor, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—Playing the "Concord Quartets," three new works composed for them by George Rochberg. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Ruth Welting, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven concerts, this one performed by Carol Wincenc, flute; Robert Miller, piano; Daniel Druckman, percussion; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Elisabeth Söderström—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish piano, in a concert postponed from Dec. 7. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of music from the thirteenth century through the eighteenth, this one entitled "Medieval Music of the Mediterranean World." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program called "Winds, Brass and Strings." (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Jan 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Jerome Rosen—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Hear America First—A program of several new works, performed by Bert Lucarelli, oboe; the New York Motet Choir, directed by Stephen Sturk; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Rájko Gypsy Orchestra, Dancers, and Singers—A youthful company from Hungary. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.) . . . **princeton university,** Princeton, N.J.: Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, Jan. 26, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Jan. 21, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 21, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 27. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Track—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 22, through Saturday, March 10. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Ai and Joyce Carol Oates reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Howard Moss and Frederick Morgan reading from their own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Charles Wright reading from his own works. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-ninth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 17-19, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 20, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 21, from 11 to 8.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of sources. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 20, at 10:30 and 2: Americana, including furniture, paintings, folk art, metalware, lighting devices, hearth equipment, and clocks; from various owners.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 21: "Studs Lonigan" (shown nightly at 10), "City of Fear" (shown Jan. 17 at 6 and 8, and Jan. 19 and 21 at 4, 6, and 8), and "Murder by Contract" (shown Jan. 18 at 6 and 8, and Jan. 20 at 4, 6, and 8).
Jan. 22: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 23: "Rogopag."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 23: "Up in Smoke" and "Reefer Madness."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 18: "Dear Inspector" and "Cat and Mouse."
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Oliver's Story."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Brink's Job."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Days of Heaven."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Jan. 20: "A Slave of Love."
From Jan. 21: "Max Havelaar."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Moment by Moment."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Coming Home."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Jan. 18: "Slow Dancing in the Big City."
From Jan. 19: "On the Yard."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Innocent."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 23: "The Boys from Brazil."
From Jan. 24: "Interiors."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Death on the Nile."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 18: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 19: "Secrets."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Harper Valley P.T.A." From Jan. 19: "Circle of Iron."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Death on the Nile."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Magic."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "A Dream of Passion."
Theatre 3: "Violette."
Theatre 4: "Days of Heaven."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Late Great Planet Earth."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Bread and Chocolate."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wifemistress."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Movie Movie."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 18: "Violette."
From Jan. 19: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" and "Black Orpheus."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 18: "My Love Has Been Burning."
From Jan. 19: "Violette."

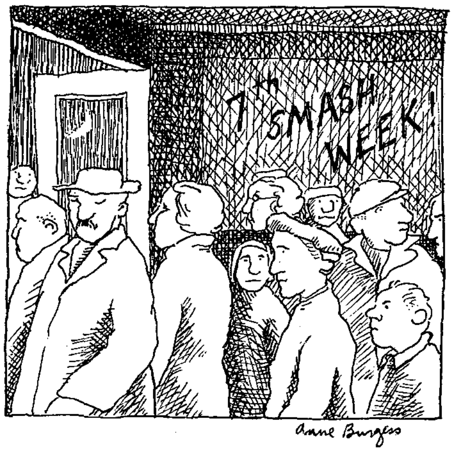
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: "Magic."
Theatre 3: "The Wiz."
Theatre 4: "Death on the Nile."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Jan. 18: "The Boys from Brazil" and "Marathon Man."
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 23: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
From Jan. 24: "Interiors" and "Equus."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Late Great Planet Earth." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Jan. 18: "Oliver's Story." (†)
From Jan. 19: "Circle of Iron." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 18: "Harper Valley P.T.A." (†)
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 17: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, and Marilyn Monroe; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952), directed by Roy Baker, with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.
Jan. 18: "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort; and "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1975), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort.
Jan. 19-20: "Bound for Glory" (†); and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie.
Jan. 21-22: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "The Gambler." (†)
Jan. 23: "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962) and "Zatoichi the Blind Swordsman" (1974), two films in this Japanese series.
Jan. 24: "Little Caesar" (†) and "The Woman in the Window." (†)
Jan. 25: "Roseland" (†) and "Shakespeare Wallah." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 17: "The Gaucho" (1927), a silent film, directed by F. Richard Jones, with Douglas Fairbanks and Lupe Velez; and "The Amateur Gentleman" (1938), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elissa Landi.
Jan. 18: "Shadowman" (1974), directed by Georges Franju, with Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin, and Jacques Champreux; and "Eyes Without a Face" (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage"), in French, directed by Georges Franju, with Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli, and Edith Scob.
Jan. 19: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 20: "Cat and Mouse" (†); and "Blue Country" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin.
Jan. 21: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.
Jan. 22: "Moulin Rouge" (†) and "Moby Dick." (†)
Jan. 23: "Tiefland" (1945), in German, directed by Leni Riefenstahl; and "Triumph of the Will" (1936), a documentary film about the Sixth Nazi Party Congress held in 1934, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.
Jan. 24: "Dial M for Murder" (†) and "Foreign Correspondent." (†)
Jan. 25: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "You and Me." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 18: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "The Ritz" (1976), directed by Richard Lester, with

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Washington, D.C.	Fairfax Hotel Hay-Adams Hotel
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New Orleans La.	The Fairmont
Montauk, Long Island, New York	Montauk Yacht Club & Inn
New York, N.Y.	Mayfair House The Plaza
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Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller.

Jan. 19-20: “Putney Swope” (†); and “Greaser’s Palace” (1972), directed by Robert Downey.

Jan. 21-22: “Dear Inspector” (†); and “The Man Who Loved Women” (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

Jan. 23: “A Wedding” (1978), directed by Robert Altman, with Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker; and “Marry Me! Marry Me!” (†)

Jan. 24-25: “Z” (†) and “State of Siege.” (†)

REGENCY, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 20: “You Can’t Take It with You” (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and “Twentieth Century” (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.

Jan. 21-22: “Born Yesterday” (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and “Red-Headed Woman.” (†)

Jan. 23-24: “Paper Moon” (†) and “The Owl and the Pussycat.” (†)

From Jan. 25: “It Happened One Night” (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, and Roscoe Karns; and “His Girl Friday.” (†)

THALIA, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Jan. 18: “The Man Who Fell to Earth” (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and “Things to Come” (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Jan. 19-20: “Chac” (†); and “Walkabout” (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Jan. 21-22: “Lumière” (†) and “Elevator to the Gallows.” (†)

Jan. 23: “Forty Guns” (1958), directed by Sam Fuller, with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan; and “Run of the Arrow” (1957), directed by Sam Fuller, with Rod Steiger and Sarita Montiel.

Jan. 24-25: “The Shop on Main Street” (1965), in Czech, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and “Loves of a Blonde.” (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 17: “Sadie McKee” (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, and Edward Arnold; and “Today We Live” (1933), directed by Howard Hawks, with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, and Roscoe Karns.

Jan. 18: “Broadway Melody of 1940” (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and “Broadway Melody” (1929), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Anita Page, Bessie Love, Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran.

Jan. 19-20: “Nothing Sacred” (†); and “My Man Godfrey” (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Jan. 21: “An Affair to Remember” (1957), directed by Leo McCarey, with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning; and “The Gift of Love” (1958), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, Evelyn Rudie, Lorne Greene, and Anne Seymour.

Jan. 22: “H. M. Pulham, Esq.” (1941), directed by King Vidor, with Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, and Van Heflin; and “Crossroads” (1942), directed by Jack Conway, with Hedy Lamarr, William Powell, Claire Trevor, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 23: “Trouble for Two” (1936), directed by J. Walter Ruben, with Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, and Reginald Owen; and “Night Must Fall.” (†)

Jan. 24: “Small Town Girl” (1953), directed by Leslie Kardos, with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke; and “Babes on Broadway.” (†)

Jan. 25: “Possessed” (†); and “Flamingo Road” (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, and Zachary Scott.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 18 at 2:30: “In Name Only” (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis, Peggy Ann Garner, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: “Symphony of Six Million” (1932), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8:30: “Bad Company” (1931), directed by Tay Garnett, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: “The Age of Consent” (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge; and “The Half-Naked Truth” (1932), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Lee Tracy, Lupe Velez, and Frank Morgan. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: “The Miller’s Beautiful Wife” (1954), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at noon: “The Arizonian” (1935), directed by Charles Vidor, with Richard Dix, Preston Foster, and Louis Calhern. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: “The Age of Consent.” . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5: “The Half-Naked Truth.” . . ¶ Jan. 21 at noon: “The Arizonian.” . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: “Smart Woman” (1931), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Mary Astor, Robert Ames, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5: A program of eight avant-garde films, made in the United States between 1961 and 1966. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: “Hobbies Across the Sea” (1939), a French film, directed by J. B. Brunius and Georges Labrousse, English commentary; and “Genii of the Glass” (1978), directed by Robert Haber. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: “Smart Woman.” . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: “Primrose Path” (1940), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea, and Marjorie Rambeau. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at noon: “Hobbies Across the Sea” and “Genii of the Glass.” . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: “The Beloved Rogue” (1927), a silent film, directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore, Conrad Veidt, and Marceline Day. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: “Shepherd of the Night Flock” (1978), directed by George C. Stoney. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: “Primrose Path.” . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: “Bachelor Bait” (1934), directed by George Stevens, with Rochelle Hudson and Stuart Erwin. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8:30: “Vigil in the Night” (1940), directed by George Stevens, with Carole Lombard, Anne Shirley, and Brian Aherne. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 21: “Children’s Television Workshop: 10 Years of Film,” a program of animated and live-action works. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 26: “Asparagus” (1978), directed by Suzan Pitt. Showings continuously from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 18-21: “Solzhenitsyn’s Children Are Making a Lot of Noise in Paris” (1979), in French, directed by Michael Rubbo; English voiceover. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 25: “Paper Wheat” (1979), directed by Albert Kish; and “Prairie Fire” (1977), directed by John Hanson and Rob Nilsson. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

ENTERMEDIA, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (475-4191)—A series called “American Mavericks”: Jan. 17 at 7: “The Crazies” (1973), directed by George Romero. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 9:30: “Billy in the Lowlands” (1978), directed by Jan Egleson. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 7: “The Blot” (1921), a silent film, directed by Lois Weber. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 9:30: “Always for Pleasure” (1978), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 7: “The Salvation Hunters” (1925), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 9:30: “Property” (1978), directed by Penny Allen. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 7: “Our Daily Bread” (1934), directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 9:30: “Hot Tomorrows” (1977), directed by Martin Brest. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 7: “The Native Land” (1942), directed by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 9:30: “Legacy” (1975), directed by Karen Arthur. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 7: “Salt of the Earth” (1954), directed by Herbert Biberman. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 9:30: “Pleasantville” (1977), directed by Vicki Polon and Kenneth Locker. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 7: “Nothing but a Man” (1964), directed by Mike Roemer. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 9:30: “Loose Ends” (1975), directed by David Morris and Victoria Wozniak. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 7: One early short film each by George Lucas, Terrence Malick, John Hancock, and Martin Scorsese. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 9:30: “Dark Star” (1974), directed by John Carpenter. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: “Jive” (1978), directed by Robert Downey. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 9:30: “Street Corner Stories” (1978), directed by Warrington Hudlin.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It’s a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

BABES ON BROADWAY (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland’s solos. Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald are three young hoofers billed as “The Three Balls of Fire.” With James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Fay Bainter, and Donald Meek. This is the movie in which Rooney does his wildly funny impersonation of Carmen Miranda; it also features the jive number “Hoe Down.” (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

BLACK ORPHEUS (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn’t find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Jan. 19.)

BOUND FOR GLORY (1976)—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives this Hal Ashby film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). Though the story doesn’t build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—this is an impressive piece of work. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19-20.)

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL—Franklin J. Schaffner’s large-scale version of Ira Levin’s novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain’s sibilant German accent, you can’t keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he’s playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler’s closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (New Yorker; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 23.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, and Festival.)

THE BRINK'S JOB—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (5/22/78) (Gramercy; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Chac (1977)—A film about Mayans seeking rain in a drought. The subtitled speech—there is not much of it, as usual in solemn ethnological films—is in Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal. Rolando Klein directed this extra-beautiful, subnormal-minded picture, with a non-professional cast—apart from an extremely well-trained midget from Mexico City. (9/5/77) (Thalia; Jan. 19-20.)

Circle of Iron—With David Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Christopher Lee; directed by Richard Moore. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2; starting Jan. 19.)

City of Fear (1959)—With Vincent Edwards, Lyle Talbot, and John Archer; directed by Irving Lerner. (Little Theatre; Jan. 17 at 6 and 8, and Jan. 19 and 21 at 4, 6, and 8.)

Coming Home—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Gramercy; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 21-22.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. (A mystery darker than any propounded in the film: Why did Hitchcock persist in using actors as unattractively untalented as Robert Cummings?) Based on Frederick Knott's play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Jan. 19.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Quad Cinema.)

Elevator to the Gallows (also known as "Frantic;" 1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decae. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 21-22.)

Equus (1977)—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Olympia; starting Jan. 24.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

The Gambler (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 21-22.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

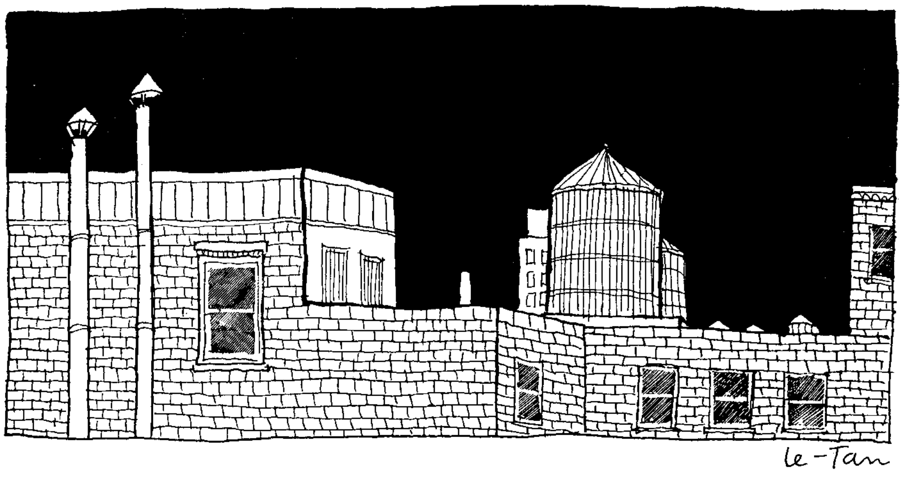
Harper Valley P.T.A.—With Barbara Eden, Ronny Cox, and Nanette Fabray; directed by Richard Bennett. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 18.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the editor hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Regency; starting Jan. 25.)

The Innocent—With Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Gemini 2.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Jan. 24.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted



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21	22	23	24	25		

pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Last Wave—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Late Great Planet Earth—Based on the Hal Lindsay book, narrated by Orson Welles, directed by Robert Amram. (R.K.O. 86th St., Guild, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 23.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 24.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Thalia; Jan. 24-25.)

Lumière (1976)—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 21-22.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Marathon Man (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (New Yorker; through Jan. 18.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 23.)

Max Havelaar—Directed by Fons Rademakers. In Dutch. (Plaza; starting Jan. 21.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (U. A. East; through Jan. 18.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

Murder by Contract (1959)—A cleanly constructed low-budget suspense picture about a hired killer (Vince Edwards). It was directed by Irving Lerner, who was perhaps better known as an editor. Lerner's technique here is a mode of high-contrast black-and-white atmospheric storytelling; his style is marked by unusual care for the psychology of the characters, and a desire that we share in his horror of the protagonist's brutal way of life. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography. With Herschel Bernardi, Michael Granger, and Joseph Mell. From a screenplay by Ben Simcoe. (Little Theatre; Jan. 18 at 6 and 8, and Jan. 20 at 4, 6, and 8.)

My Love Has Been Burning (1949)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Jan. 18.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role of a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stagebound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the M-G-M manner). but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. (A later version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets of this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19-20.)

Oliver's Story—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; directed by John Korty. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Jan. 18.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II; starting Jan. 19.)

The Owl and the Pussycat (1970)—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit. Herbert Ross directed. (Regency; Jan. 23-24.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Regency; Jan. 23-24.)

Possessed (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead. Then psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. But insanity is used, in the usual Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for so much heavy-breathing melodrama that there isn't a trace of believability. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Cinema Village; Jan. 19-20.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (baesd on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Regency; Jan. 21-22.)

Rogopag (1962)—A four-episode film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti. In Italian. (Little Theatre; starting Jan. 23.)

Roseland (1977)—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 25.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Decorous lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Secrets—With Jacqueline Bisset and Per Oscarsson, directed by Philip Saville. (U. A. East; starting Jan. 19.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 25.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza; through Jan. 20.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn) who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II; through Jan. 18.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and "The Confession." In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 24-25.)

Studs Lonigan (1960)—Irving Lerner directed this small-scale version of the James T. Farrell material, set among the Chicago Irish in the twenties; clearly, Lerner didn't have the resources to do Farrell's characters and milieu justice, but it's an honorable low-budget try by a group of people trying to break the Hollywood molds, and there are a few passages of daring editing that indicate what the film was aiming for. It's an underfinanced American attempt at an "I Vitelloni." Christopher Knight plays Studs, but even when the picture came out audience interest centered on his teen-age pals—Frank Gorshin as Kenny, and the very young Jack Nicholson as Weary Reilly, who is arrested for rape. With Mme. Spivy as Mother Josephine, Jack Kruschen as Charlie the Greek, and Jay C. Flippen as Father Gilhooey. Also with Helen Westcott and Dick Foran, and Venetia Stevenson as Lucy, the girl Studs dreams about. Among the people who worked on the production were Haskell Wexler and, in the editing, Verna Fields and Melvin Shapiro. The adaptation (not inspired) was by Philip Yordan, who also produced. (Little Theatre; through Jan. 21, shown nightly at 10.)

Superman—The film has its moments, but it gives the impression of having been made in panic—in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see it: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, dead-pan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 23.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 1; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Jan. 19.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with the professor, who is in a woman's apartment when her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, forcing him to kill the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 24.)

You and Me (1938)—It starts with attractive Art Deco titles, and the sets and stylized cinematography would suggest high comedy, but as soon as the action starts (in a department store where parolees are hired), you can smell disaster. The film has no energy, no empathy. Sylvia Sidney is the overly sweet ex-convict employee who marries another ex-convict employee (George Raft), even though it violates her parole. This clompingly coy movie was the result of studio interference with a great director (Fritz Lang), who had got himself into what was probably a hopeless project, even if it hadn't been interfered with. Bertolt Brecht had great influence on Lang at the time, and in several episodes, Lang, with the help of the composer Kurt Weill, tried to escape from the pedestrian script (by Virginia Van Upp, from Norman Krasna's story) with musical numbers in the pedagogic Brecht vein. Lang later explained that he didn't get to work out his ideas with Weill, and that with Boris Morros on the scoring, he couldn't get what he'd hoped for. Lang never found the right tone; the movie turns out to be a gangster-comedy fairy tale, botched in every department. He seems to be trying to be Lubitsch, but without the requisite lightness of touch. With Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Jack Mulhall, Cecil Cunningham, and Carol Paige as the torch singer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller was based on contemporary events in Greece. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 24-25.)

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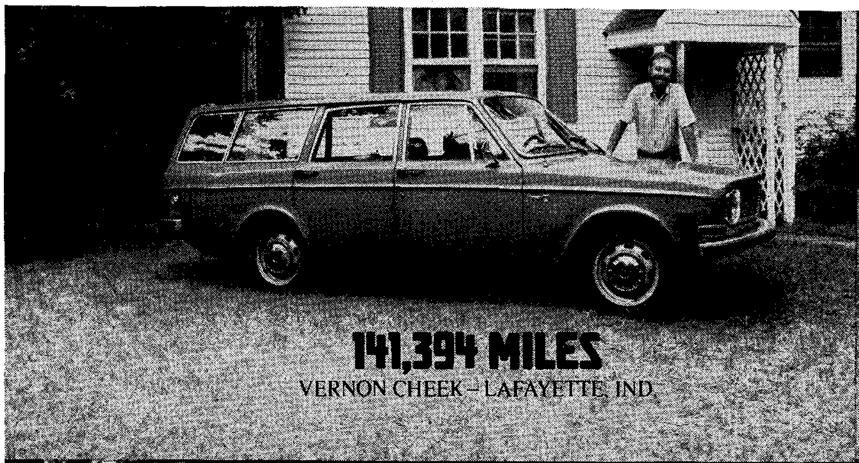
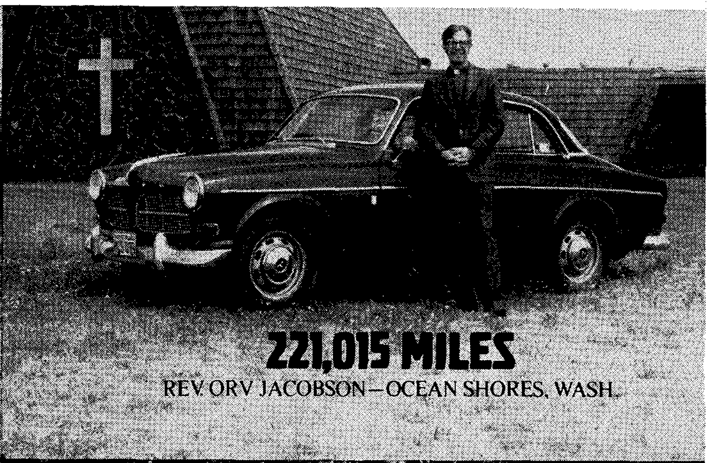
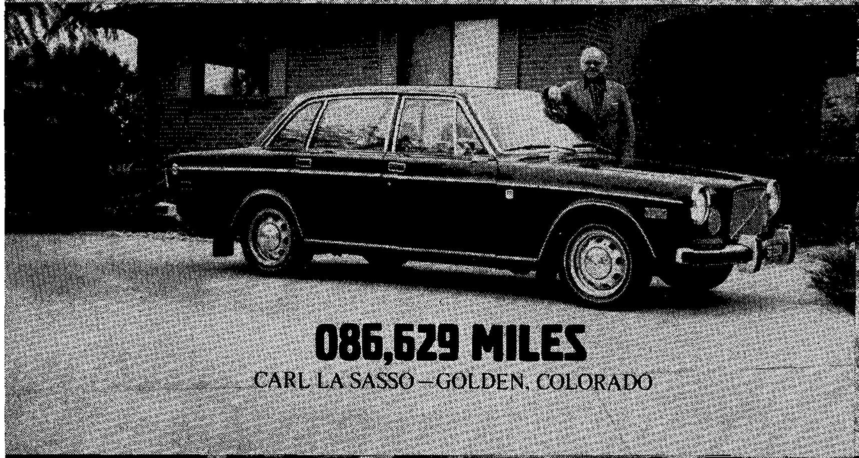


141,394 MILES
VERNON CHEEK – LAFAYETTE, IND.

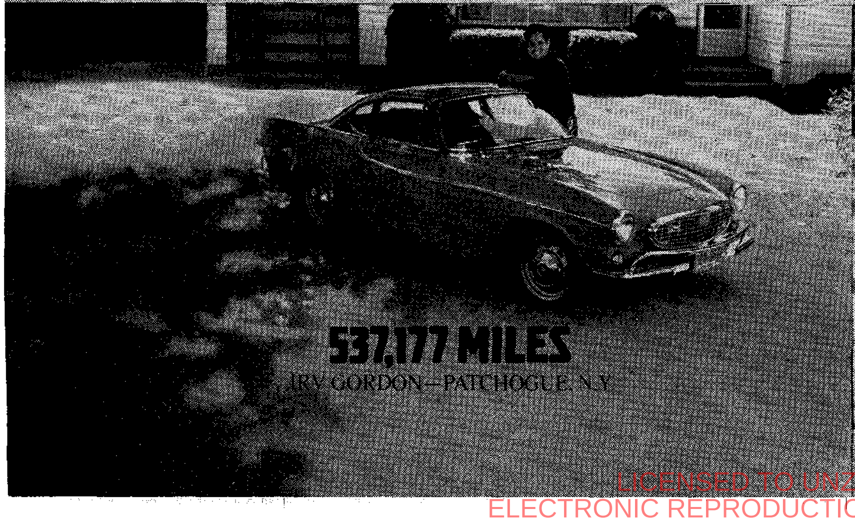


221,015 MILES
REV ORV JACOBSON – OCEAN SHORES, WASH.

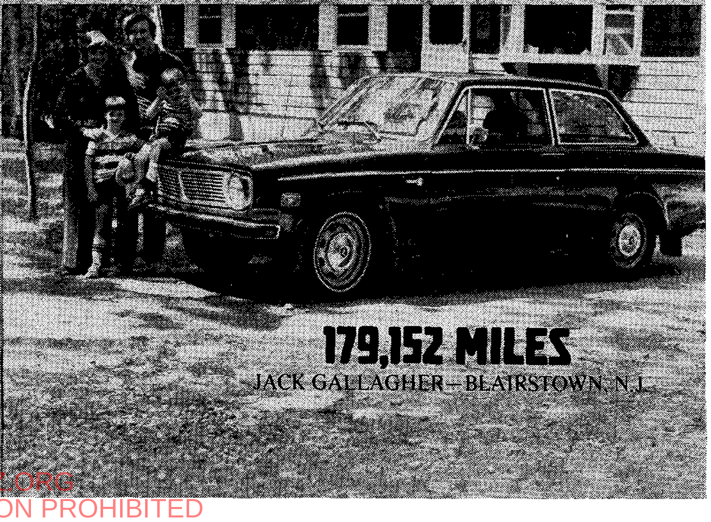


086,629 MILES
CARL LA SASSO – GOLDEN, COLORADO

140,452 MILES
JOE ZAKY – WANAQUE, N.J.



537,177 MILES
IRV GORDON – PATCHOGUE, N.Y.



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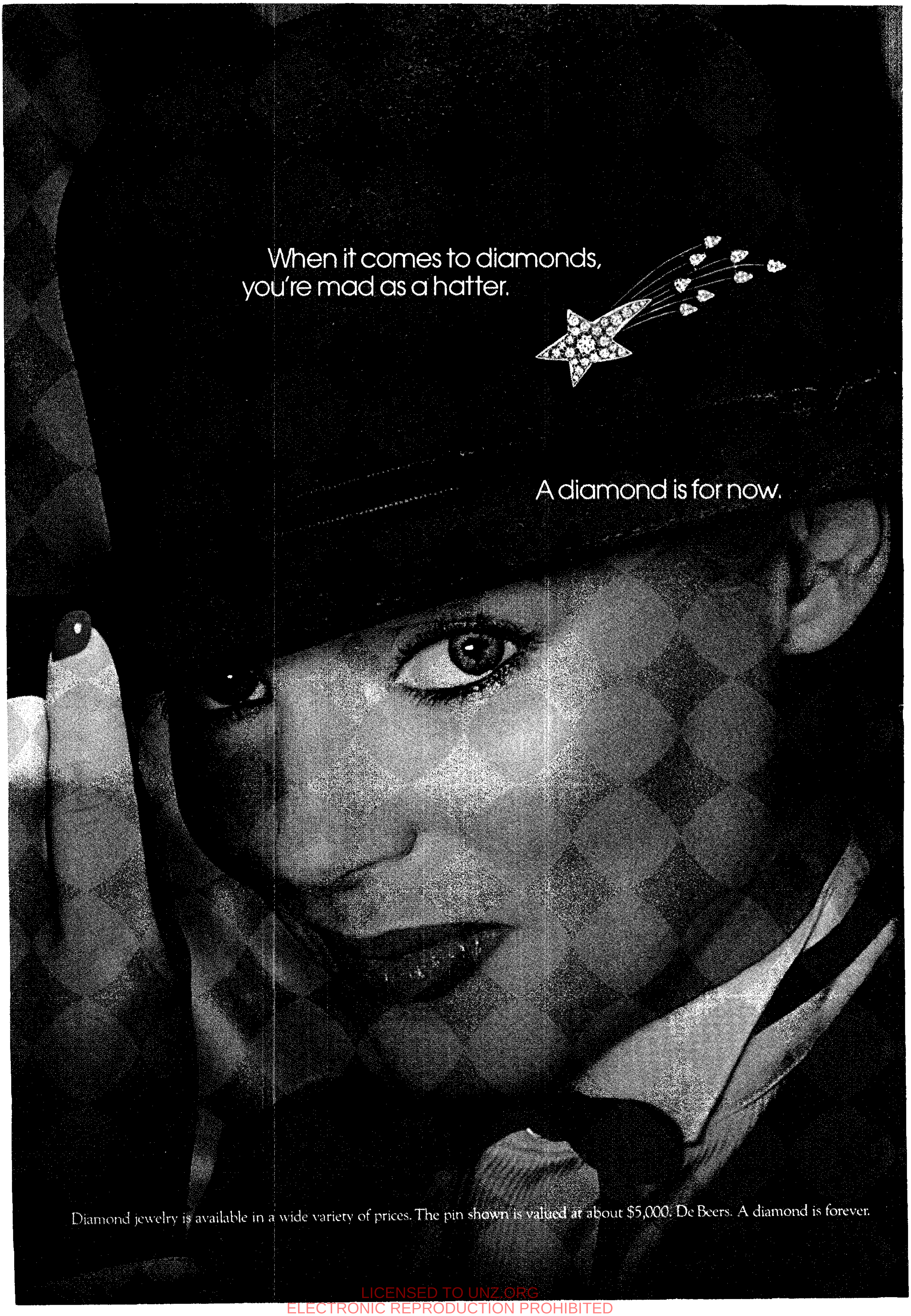
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THE
NEW YORKER

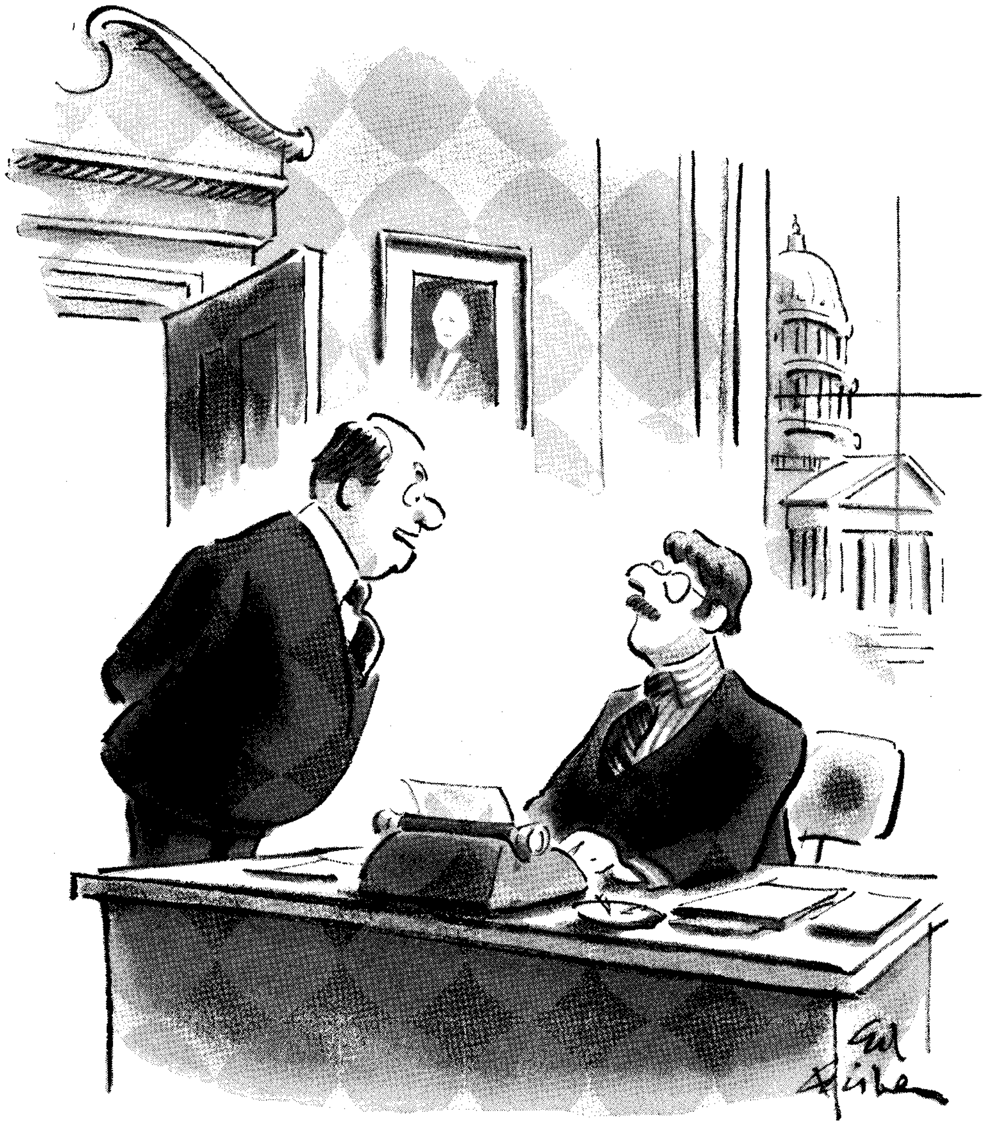
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Chinese Communists (if they still are Communists) appear to have launched a new revolution, against their first one. Crowds in Peking have been shouting, "Long live democracy!" The American Declaration of Independence has been quoted on a wall poster in Shanghai. Mr. Hu Chiao-mu, China's leading "theoretician," has thrown out decades of Communist theory by stating that "the proletariat can and must learn from the bourgeoisie." (In those past decades, the role assigned in China to the bourgeoisie was simply to disappear.) Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, the de-facto head of the government, has announced that it is perfectly all right with him if the Taiwanese keep their capitalist economy. At times, it has even seemed that he would like just such an economy for the People's Republic itself. All the "hyenas," "poisonous weeds," "running dogs," "ferocious feudal monsters," and other terrors of past propaganda have been transformed into the cynosures of the present. The Coca-Cola Company has been asked into China, and United States Steel will be setting up a billion-dollar ore-processing project there. The United States Navy has been invited to stop in at a Chinese port. Chinese officials have been doing the hustle to songs from "Saturday Night Fever" in Peking. It is probably too early to gauge what the geopolitical and economic consequences will be if this ancient, supercivilized, hardworking, practical-minded, humorous, artistically and intellectually gifted people perseveres in its present course of modernization and democratization, but the unmistakable enthusiasm with which the Chinese public (suddenly it seems appropriate to speak of a Chinese public) has responded to the steps taken so far has already irreversibly altered the climate of world politics. More particularly, it has altered the outlook in the world for human rights.

It may be that no people in history has been subjected to more thoroughgoing political control than the Chinese during the last thirty years. Every visible sign of the intellectual, sensual, or spiritual life of the independent individual human being was extirpated. The arts were swept aside, religion was rooted out, the popular culture was pulverized. All loyalties were discouraged except political ones, and these had to be to the central government. In the China of those years, the totalitarian form of government seemed to realize its fullest potentialities. In contrast to Stalinist Russia, in which millions were slaughtered in concentration camps, the Chinese apparently exercised a certain restraint in the use of physical brutality and physical extermination (although it has to be said that the facts concerning this matter are as yet uncertain), and, perhaps precisely for this reason, the controls over the living reached an unprecedented intensity. Not content with controlling behavior, the Chinese Communist regime sought, through its famous sessions of "criticism and self-criticism," to control thought as well. Unsatisfied with exacting passive obedience, it compelled active participation and complicity in Party campaigns. Often leaving people's bodies untouched, it launched an unparalleled assault on their minds. Politics, which superseded and laid waste every other activity in life, was itself stripped of all diversity, and political discourse in China had to be conducted in strange, subtly differing codes of abuse, which eventually became incomprehensible even to the political cadres for whom they were meant. Bitter struggles, some of them attaining the proportions almost of civil war, were conducted without the benefit of any overt content. If any Chinese were unhappy with this state of affairs—and it now appears that some were—the rest of the world was unaware of it. When foreign reporters visited China, it hardly seemed to matter which of the nine hundred million Chinese they spoke to: all gave identical answers to every question. No dissident groups were reported; no independent voices were raised. There was, as one Westerner put it, no Chinese Solzhenitsyn.

The extent of both the government's apparatus of control and the people's apparent obedience gave rise to the deeply enervating suspicion that in the hearts of the world's largest populace the desire for human rights was simply lacking. This suspicion was especially demoralizing to Americans. It undercut not only the human-rights policy of our new President but also our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution, both of which are founded on the premise that human rights are universal and inalienable. If it now turned out that some large portion of humanity had no desire for human rights, and was perfectly content to live under totalitarian controls, then one could really no longer speak of "human" rights at all. One could speak only of American rights or of French rights or of the rights of Western man. The very concept of human rights became a piece of cultural chauvinism, by which Western societies once again made the mistake of trying to impose their own preferences on peoples that had other, possibly equally admirable ideas about how to live. As it happened, such modest, relativistic assessments of Western notions fitted in well with the chastened mood of many people in the United States after the war in Viet-



"I want you to draft the bill with all your usual precision and flair. Explain its purposes, justify its expenditures, emphasize how it fits the broad aims of democratic progress. And one other thing: Can you make it sound like a tax cut?"

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nam. From the sensible conclusion that our power in the world had limits, they went on to draw the dubious conclusion that the meaning of our domestic political achievement must be strictly local.

Now a profusion of individual Chinese voices, employing the terse, vivid language that has always characterized Chinese speech and writing, are being heard in the world, and they are calling for what we can again confidently speak of as *human* rights. The ravenous appetite of the Chinese for the benefits of freedom should help to restore our confidence in the meaning that our political experience has for other peoples. "We should like to ask you to pay attention to the state of human rights in China," one wall poster declared, in an appeal to President Carter, and it went on to say, "The Chinese people do not want to repeat the tragic life of the Soviet people in the Gulag Archipelago." And a newspaper article spoke of a sort of nonphysical starvation of Chinese youth. "The great spiritual wealth created by mankind was strange to them," it said. "They never heard of such names as Boccaccio, Michelangelo, Hugo, and Mozart. Young people's minds were locked up in airtight cells. Now the prison has been smashed."

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Prince Sihanouk

A FAR-WANDERING friend who lived for many years in Asia and frequently visited Cambodia has written us the following letter:

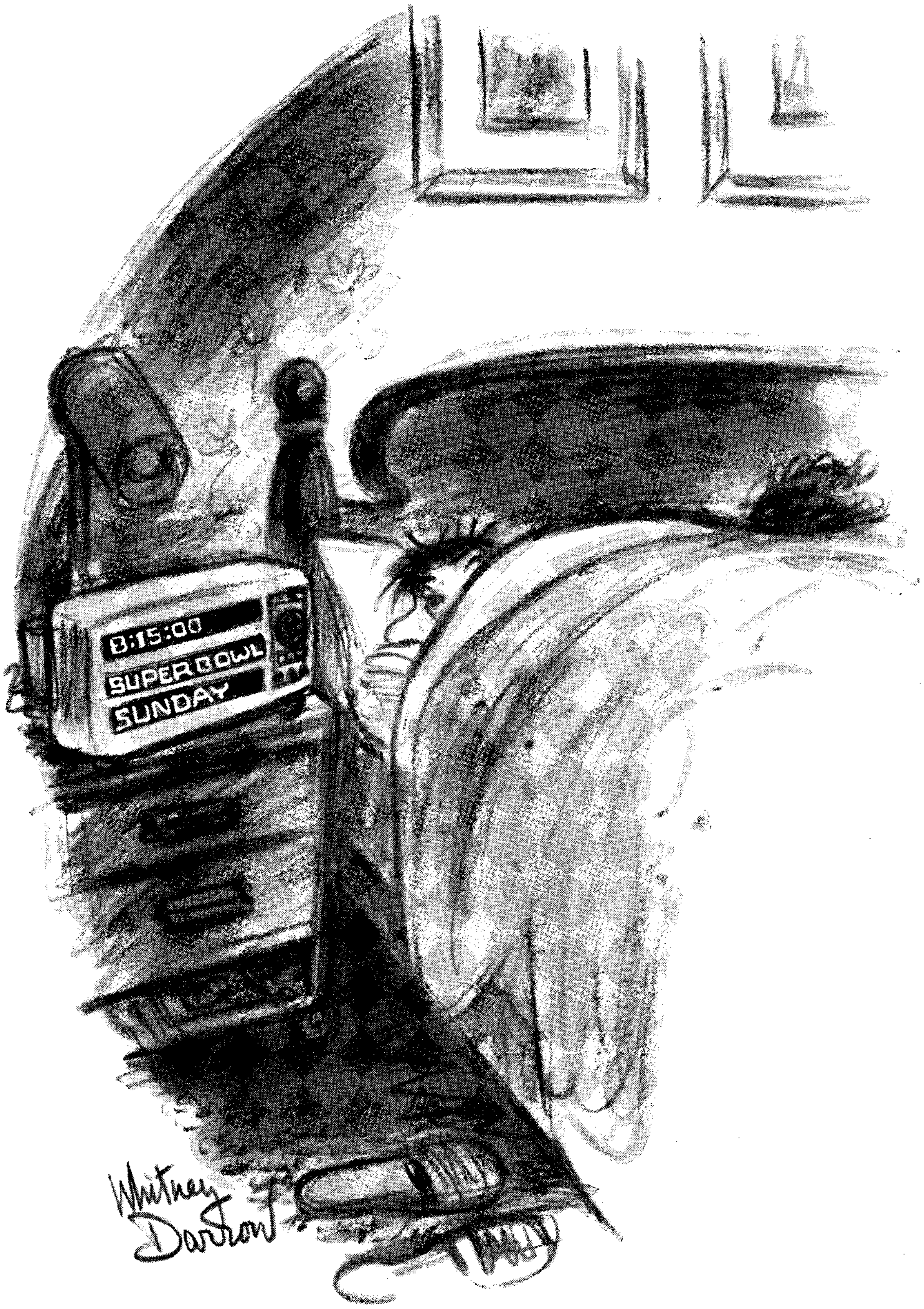
I was happy to read in the newspapers—and to see the televised press conferences verifying—that Prince Norodom Sihanouk is not only alive and once more in touch with the Western world but as full of fascinating contradictions as ever. On the screen, there he was, back in Peking—he had lived in that city for five years after being ousted by a coup in March, 1970: putting on a six-hour one-man Falstaffian show for the press in the best Sihanouk tradition—holding forth in his shrill, squeaky voice, gesticulating madly, giggling, weeping, and cutting a wide swath through Cambodia's tragic story of the last few decades. I knew Sihanouk well during the sixties, and he may mean what he says about never going back to Cambodia and instead settling down in Peking again, or on the French Riviera, but I wouldn't bet on it; Sihanouk has a way of popping up like a jack-in-the-box. Yet, whether or not he ever goes back to Phnom Penh, he will certainly continue to personify, and glorify, the country he tried so hard to keep independent and neutral, but could not. Now that his archenemies, the Vietnamese Communists—"eaters of Khmer soil," he used to call them—have captured most of Cambodia (or Kampuchea) in the name of a new revolutionary Communist government, Sihanouk has come on to the United Nations headquarters in New York, at the behest, ironically, of the overthrown tyrannical regime of Pol Pot, which had kept him under house arrest for three years, until at the eleventh hour it wanted his help. At least, he got out of the place with three members of his family—his wife and their two daughters.

It's a typical Sihanouk script—sad, really, much more than ironic—but he is a master of political gymnastics, and you can be sure of one thing: there is nothing he won't do to keep alive the Khmer pride and spirit he so ardently believes in. More than ever, he is a man for all seasons, but there has always been a difference between the causes that Sihanouk really cares about and the ones that he simply adopts as means to an end. He made it quite clear in his six-hour discourse in Peking that he had no love for Pol Pot and his brutal crowd of killers—though he also said that he himself had not seen any results of massacre during the occasional conducted tours of the countryside he was permitted—but that he would do anything he could to get the Vietnamese out of Cambodia. There seems little chance that this will happen, possession being in this case not only nine points of the law but the whole law—that of conquest—since it has been written by the Vietnamese themselves, who seem determined to rule all of Indo-China, and maybe even spread their revolution farther south. They may have a hard time digesting Cambodia—let alone Laos, which they already control; and this is not to mention the troubles they're having consolidating what used to be the two halves of Vietnam. Yet they will be hard to dislodge.

The thing about Sihanouk I remember most vividly is his passionate concern for the Cambodian people—his "children," he used to call them, and, being an ardent lover in his youth, he did sire quite a number of them. From 1941 to 1955, he was King of Cambodia, most of that time under the French, who had arrived in 1863 and had probably saved the kingdom from being eaten up then by the Vietnamese or the Thais, or both. The great Khmer Empire, which Sihanouk revered so deeply, included at its height, between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, much of what is now Vietnam and what is now Thailand, and it had ten million subjects when England had only three million. The Thais and the Vietnamese are mostly yellow-skinned mainland people, whereas the Khmers are darker-skinned and are related to the Polynesians and the Indonesians; and there was never any love lost between them. Sihanouk fought hard to gain independence for Cambodia—the French granted it in 1953—but he was a francophile at heart, and one of the men he admired most was Charles de Gaulle; he used to say that Cambodia was the most "unabashedly Gaullist" nation in the world, and he wanted to keep it that way. In 1955, he took the highly unusual step of renouncing the throne in favor of his father, to become Prime Minister and, five years later, Samdech, or Chief of State, so that, as a popular ruling prince, he could protect his children from the depredations of Cambodia's hungry neighbors. But fate—that is, the Vietnam War—intervened. Thereafter, he regarded the Americans, too, as his enemies, but not consistently. There were times when he considered them his chief protectors (the French were out of the picture by then, of course), but the relationship kept falling apart, because the Americans wouldn't get out of Vietnam and only gave lip service to the idea that Cambodia should remain neutral. There were individual Americans whom he liked—most notably Mike Mansfield and Averell Harriman—because they more or less supported his views, but every time he saw a chance to draw closer to the United States something would happen to sour things, such as bombs' being dropped on Cambodian soil from aircraft based in South Vietnam.

Sihanouk was only eighteen years old when he became King, but he quickly demonstrated a remarkable ability to rule Cambodia. He ruled in knight-errant fashion, executing a variety of dexterous maneuvers in his efforts to shore up the independence of his country, and, later on, to keep it from being swallowed up by the Communists. I remember a long talk I had with him in the summer of 1966—a year after he broke off diplomatic relations with Washington, because the Americans wouldn't make their military, economic, and cultural aid unconditional. Despite Washington's apologies for the "accidental" bombings and for sporadic sallies across the border by South Vietnamese troops with American advisers, he remained unmollified; the United States, he insisted, had to recognize his "existing borders," difficult as they were to define, and stop any military action against Cambodia. He played this semantic game of border recognition with a lot of other nations, too, and it became a sort of joke among diplomats in Phnom Penh.

By the time I had my talk with Sihanouk, he was actually becoming desperate; beneath an exterior of would-be assurance and suavity lay increasing anger and frustration. He had growing trouble with insomnia, and he gave in to hysterical outbursts, his voice squeaking louder than ever, and attacked everything and everybody he thought might stand in the way of Cambodian neutrality—even the Chinese, whom he had always much preferred to the North Vietnamese, although the Chinese, too, were Com-



munists. He used to write odes and songs with titles like "Nostalgia for China," and print them in his exquisitely designed monthly magazine, *Kambuja*. He was a prolific songwriter, and he also played the saxophone (jazz), and liked to make pastoral movies, in which his beautiful Cambodian-Italian wife, Monique, always starred, usually along with him. In those days, his outbursts were frequent, and were followed by deep depression. Sometimes he would go off to France for a few weeks to take the waters and recuperate. But as the war got worse it became progressively harder for him to maintain either his own poise or his political balancing act. He even tried to come to terms with the North Vietnamese, figuring that if he dealt with them directly he might be able to survive, and he secretly let them bring in military supplies from China and Russia through the port of Sihanoukville (or Kompong Som). He knew he could do little to stop them from using eastern Cambodia as a sanctuary, but he wouldn't admit that they were doing it.

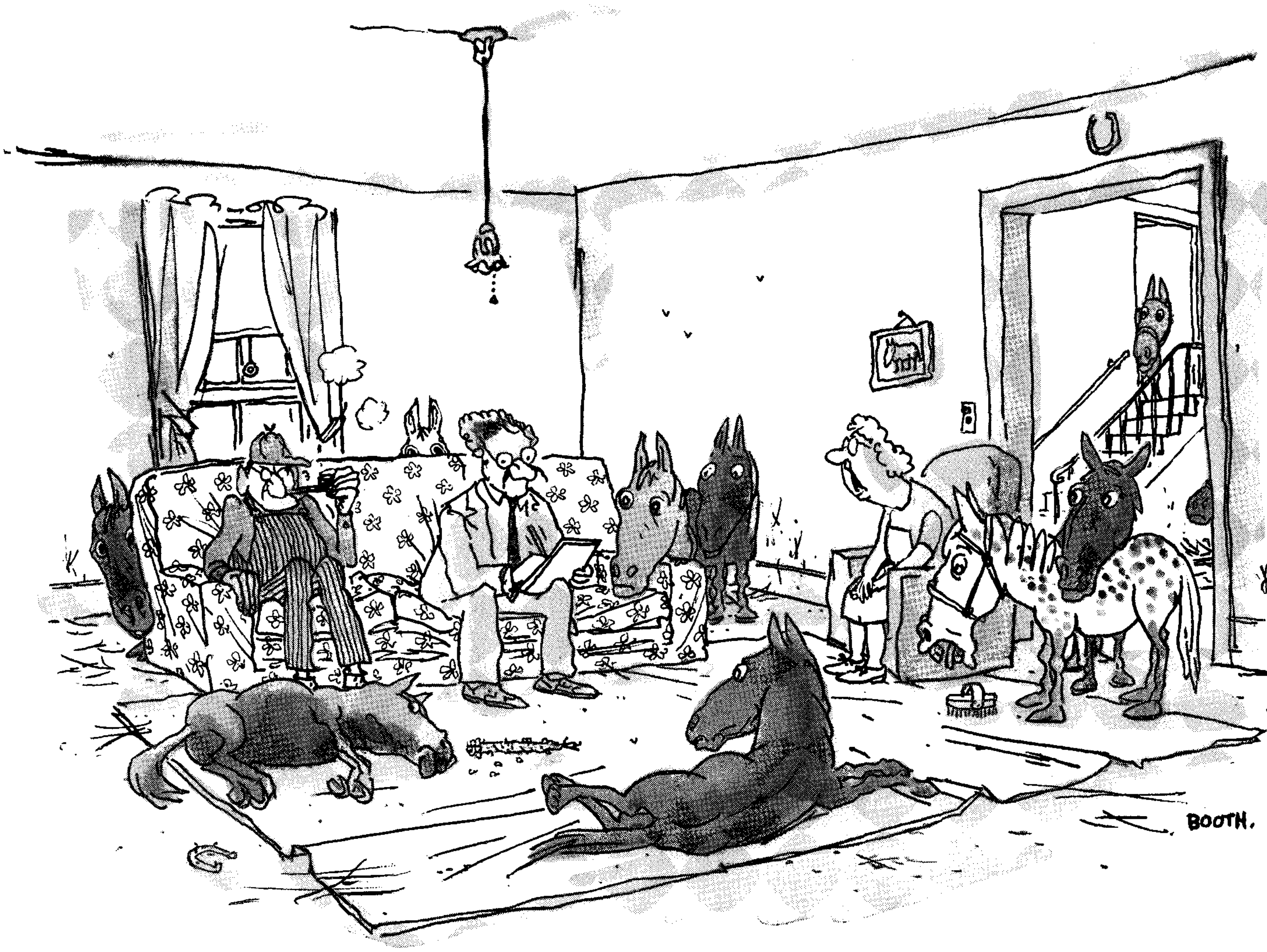
I was back in Cambodia in November, 1967, during the annual Water Festival, which on this occasion followed a rather stiff visit by Jacqueline Kennedy—a visit that was supposed to create a thaw but didn't. Then, some Western reporters had just uncovered unmistakable evidence of Communist Vietnamese camps in the sanctuary areas, and that spoiled Sihanouk's celebration. The festival always lasted three days, at the time of the November full moon. The main feature was pirogue racing, accompanied by the clattering dancing of clowns chanting earthy verses. I was only a few feet from Sihanouk, and he sat through the whole of the third night's climactic proceedings looking glum and morose. The camp discoveries, he felt, had resulted from the correspondents' straying too far afield, and he soon banned all of them from the country.

Not long after that, the situation deteriorated rapidly. President Nixon's inexcusable secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969 was followed by the American ground-and-air invasion of May, 1970, but by then the coup toppling Sihanouk and installing General Lon Nol had taken place, and Sihanouk was in Peking, a guest of Premier Chou En-lai, whom he had always liked almost as much as he liked de Gaulle. Despite Sihanouk's political astuteness, he made a lot of mistakes. He was in Paris when the coup started, and he was invited to come back, still as Chief of State but without any powers. If he had returned, he might have been able to take over again when Cambodia began to collapse, and might have somehow held things together, but instead he panicked and took a plane to Moscow; he absorbed the full impact of the coup news there, whereupon he took off in further panic for Peking. He made another mistake when he returned to Cambodia after the Communist victory in April, 1975, to become figurehead Chief of State. Within about a year, he was made to quit, and live in solitude with his family, first in his palace and then in a guesthouse. Every now and then, the Pol Pot government would trot him out or publish supportive letters from him, but he was obviously little more than a prisoner, the victim of his own self-fulfilling prophecy—that when the Khmer Rouge took over, it would "spit me out like a cherrystone." But he had gone back despite his prophecy—perhaps because his patriotism had a streak of masochism in it, or perhaps because he simply couldn't bear to stay away from his beloved Cambodia any longer.

I don't know what Sihanouk will be able to achieve now, at the United Nations or anywhere else, but I'm afraid it won't be very much, and that is a pity, because he deserves better. He used to call himself a "royal Socialist"—an esoteric breed that any Communist government would hardly welcome—and I doubt whether the new Communist rulers of Cambodia, especially with the Vietnamese sitting on top of them, will have any use for Sihanouk. But, I repeat, don't count him out—he doesn't go down easily. He will unquestionably keep on denouncing the Vietnamese, even if it doesn't bother them much. Whatever happens to him henceforth, I prefer to think of the earlier, happier Prince, who was certainly more princely than democratic, but who ruled his people benignly and with consummate charm, wit, and aplomb. There was one day in the mid-sixties, before the war had reached its pinnacle of violence, when I went with him on a trip to open an orange-squeezing-and-juice-bottling plant outside Phnom Penh. All the ambassadors were along, their flags flying, and it was a gala occasion. The weather was sunny and warm, the air was fragrant with all sorts of lovely blossoms, and Sihanouk himself was blossoming and in fine form. He was so proud of his new factory! He danced around, beaming, patting his guests on the back, and shoving newly bottled samples at everyone. Some of the ladies also received little bottles of locally made perfume; it smelled pretty terrible, but they pretended that it was better than anything in Paris. At noon, we all piled back in our cars and returned to town for lunch, riding past waving, shouting crowds of Sihanouk's innocent, adoring "children." I wonder what has become of them all.

The Humanities

THE late Italian film director Luchino Visconti having been acknowledged by those who study the cinema to be a very great filmmaker, and a Visconti Film Retrospective having been scheduled at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, at Lincoln Center, and a preview screening of Visconti's last film, "The Innocent," having been set up in the Bruno Walter Auditorium at the Library on a recent Monday night, and the Italian Cultural Institute, which takes an interest in affairs of this sort, having arranged a special opening-night party afterward in its building at 686 Park Avenue (and, on the same night, downtown at the Schimmel Auditorium, in Tisch Hall, at New York University, in a speech sponsored by the New York Institute for the Humanities in coöperation with the N.Y.U. Program of Italian Studies and entitled "Bologna: The Exception or the Rule? An Experiment in Urban Forms," Professor Renato Zangheri, the Communist Mayor of Bologna, Italy, having said to a large audience of Italian students, Italian-Americans, and American students, "Bologna is generally regarded as a well-managed city, due in part to the fact that in Italy, where one supposes everything to be going badly, something is functioning, if only in a modest way"), and Dr. Marco Miele, director of the Italian Cultural Institute, having determined to provide for the guests two free bars and a buffet supper, and having engaged a catering firm called Les Diplomatiques, and the catering firm, under the direction of Mr. Giuseppe Rinaldi, having decided on a menu of Swedish meatballs, tortellini, rice pilaf, veal sautéed with mushrooms, bœuf bourguignonne, seafood Newburg, striped bass, salmon, cold roast beef, empanadas, and various cold salads (and Mayor Zangheri having said, "In Bologna, we are aiming for a polycentered city: not organized vertically, and not on the basis of a



"Once it catches on, the small-horse household-pet idea will go like blazes. And you may quote Mr. Pudney on that."

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hierarchy of values which descend from the center of the city toward the periphery; but, rather, a city organized horizontally, that is to say, in a democratic way"), and the caterers having set out the buffet in a room with the Italian racing bicycle used by Alfredo Binda to win the professional road-racing championship of the world in 1932 on display in the middle and pictures of famous artistic and non-artistic Italians—Pirandello on the set of one of his plays, Mussolini without a shirt on sitting on a sled in the snow—around the walls (and the Mayor having said, "A special effort was made to help the aged. We abandoned the old practice of sending them to nursing homes. Instead, we moved in the direction of providing needy older people with housing, medical care, and domestic help, thus avoiding brusque separations from their environment and isolation. We send them on vacation in the summer and in the winter"), and the public-relations firm of Nancy Seltzer & Associates having been put in charge of publicity for the screening and the party and having decided on a guest list that included the actor Vincent Gardenia, star of Broadway's "Ballroom," Eric Roberts, star of the movie "King of the Gypsies," Christopher Walken, an actor who might win an Academy Award for his role in the movie "The Deer Hunter," Geoffrey Holder, director of the Broadway musical "The Wiz," Helmut Berger, a German actor who played in Visconti's "The Damned," the actress Tammy Grimes, Waldo Salt, who wrote the screenplays for "The Shopworn Angel," "Taras Bulba," and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight," Mrs. Martin Bregman, whose husband produced the movie "Serpico," the Italian Consul General, Alessandro Cortese de Bosis, Paul Cohen and Robert Kaplan, whose company, Analysis Releasing Corporation, is distributing "The Innocent" in America, Giancarlo Giannini, star of "The Innocent," and others, and the public-relations firm having instructed its employees in charge of checking off guests at the door to be on the lookout for party crashers using the names of obscure foreign news services as their references (and the Mayor having said, "We consider the network of social and educational services of great importance. We eventually hope to have twenty-six square metres of social-service space per inhabitant of Bologna"), and the many guests having arrived at the party all at the same time, so that the process of coat checking was made very difficult, and the important people having been photographed at the door and having embraced and kissed certain of the other important people, Professor Renato Zangheri, the Mayor of Bologna himself, a slight man with an impressive nose and high eyebrows and with humorous lines around his eyes, wearing a dark suit and a wedding ring, his speech over and the questions from the audience fielded, having been invited to the party at the Italian Cultural Institute, instead went out to dinner with some friends.

GLUT OF STARS

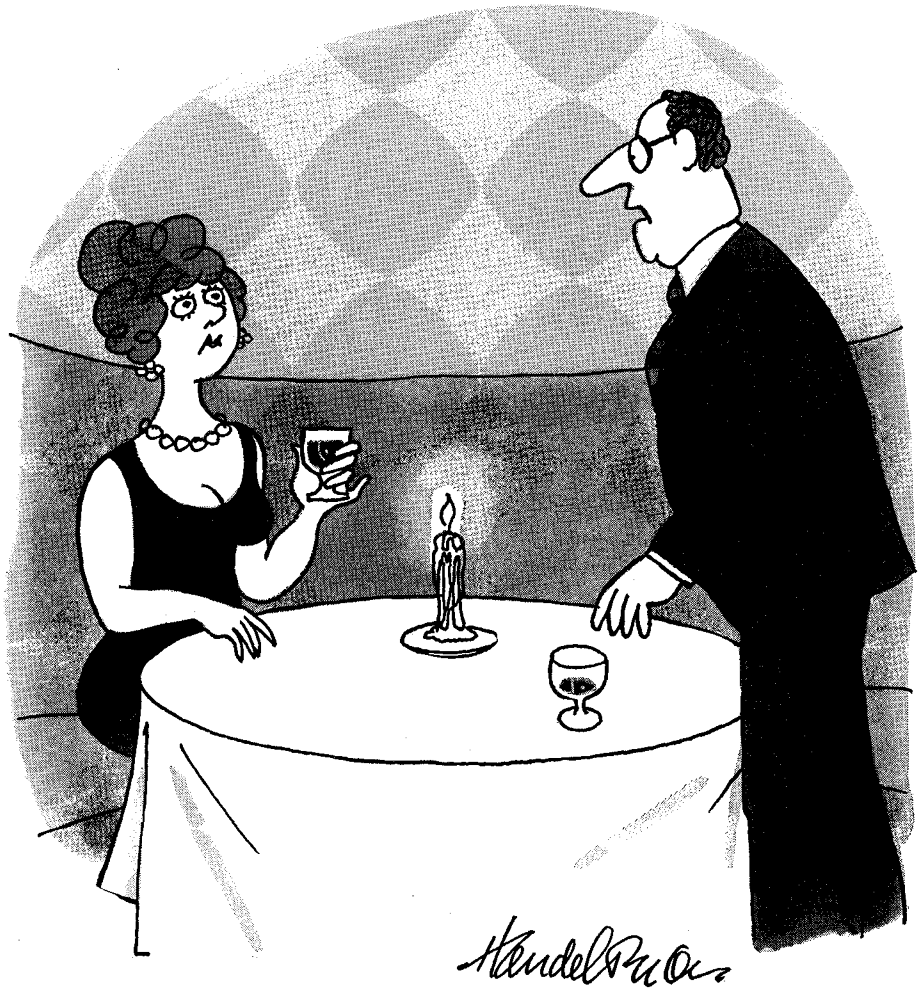
THIS week, next week, and in the weeks that will follow the next week, and for all the time after that, there will be a glut of stars at the Hotel Reine-American. Sitting at the bar, stirring those old drinks we used to love—the ones made with cream, with bitters, with colored syrup more potent than any whiskey: our stars. Waving across the lobby—our enormous lobby—wearing jaunty scarves tied around their necks: our stars. We have our stars in our entertainments and in our benefit theatricals. On our staircase—our famous staircase, winding down from the ballrooms—our stars pause to wave. From any kind of distance, the figures of the stars seem like sad little sticks—standing on our staircase, standing in our enormous lobby, waving their hands like sad little sticks. But up close they are the same as ever. The stars we used to love, from the old times when we loved the stars. When we loved them to play up like ladies and gentlemen in "Avenue Parade," and "Swing Fall," and "The Roentgen Story." When we loved Saly Begley singing his great songs in "Guam Canteen," and "But Not for Them," and "Morning." They're back. In tiny suites, efficiency apartments. At the Hotel Reine-American. They went away for a while, but now they're back. In the Hoyden Room. In the Bush Lounge. In the Catalypse Ballroom. At the Hotel Reine-American.

In those old days, we had nothing but stars. We knew about them. We knew the way Dorothy Yoir wanted her hair parted—all that hair, the way it tumbled down, making her look so tall, so knowing, when she was just a half-pint and so innocent, so innocent, robbed by her agent, that man who had the oil scheme, who put her in films for his own profit, films like "Dark Road," which were made with no skill, which showed her small size and, then, her age. We knew about her. We knew how old she was, and how much she owed.

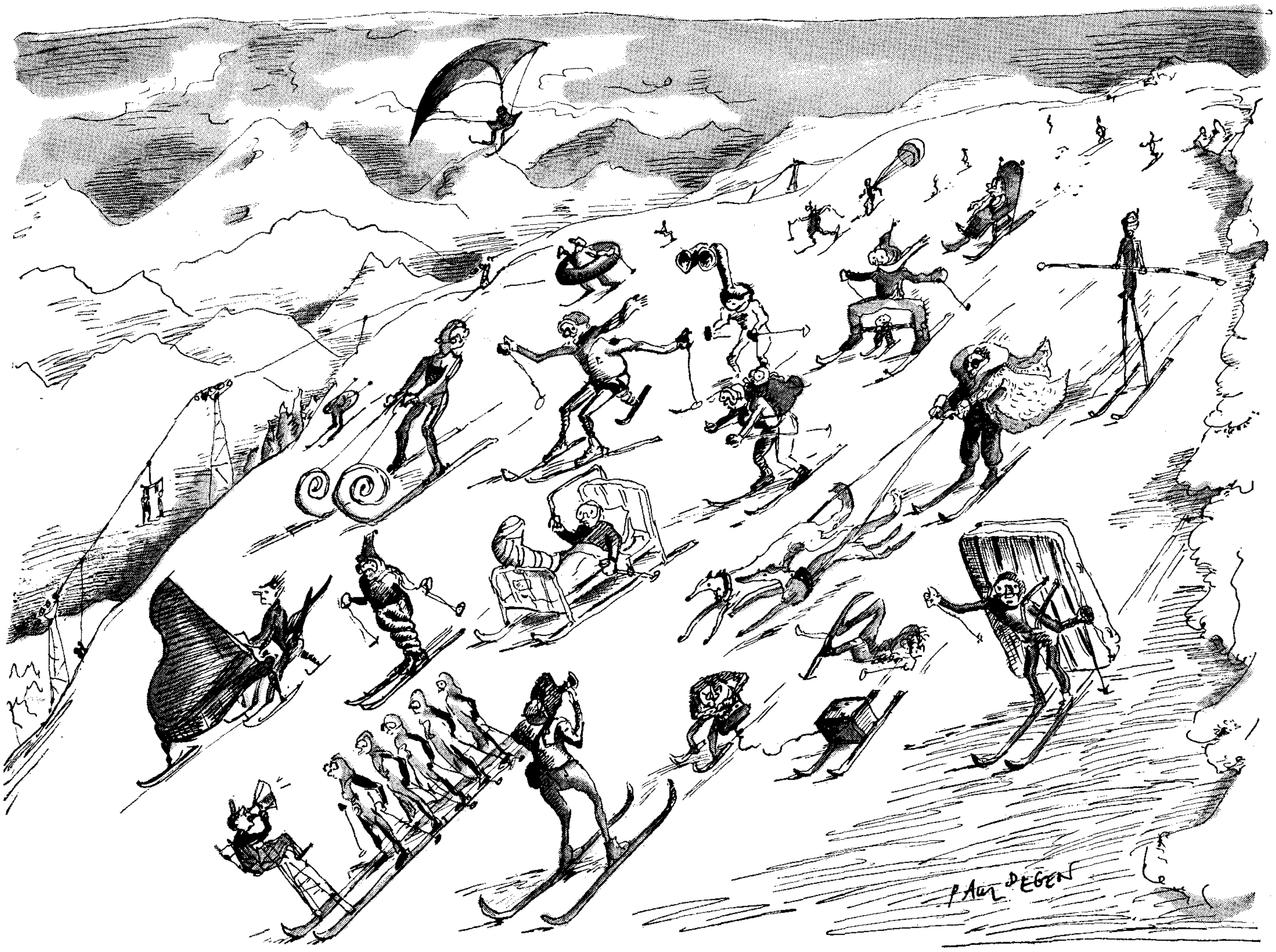
The stars went away for a while, but they are back. The stars take extra care now—that is the only difference. They walk in shorter steps—that is the only difference. Sometimes they stay in their rooms. Sometimes they walk up and down in the wide, airy corridors. Sometimes they will not move. Sometimes they stay totally still, as though they were waiting for something to happen—that is the only difference.

Now, and for some time to come, Saly Begley sings in the Catalypse Ballroom. Saly is moving slowly now—that is the only difference. His throat is tied up with odd pieces of cloth to keep out the damp—that is the only difference. He wears a caftan—that is the only difference. He carries his chin high, for reasons we know. He takes extra time in preparing his numbers, because he only wants to please. There was a time when he carried a small knife in a place just under his arm. There was a time when he was taken through the crowds by Tom Jussy and Frankie Vers, who knew how to squeeze and press a limb until it was dead. There was a time when he took the tower, the whole tower—not one room left for anybody else. But now he only wants to please. He takes extra time to please, to get the phrasing right on "Velvet Night and You," and "My Sad Hand," and "Poor Boy Ride." He says, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you, thank you."

Sometimes when Saly says "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you, thank you," our supervisory hostess laughs at him, just in fun. And then she insults him, just in fun, and then some of the other stars get up and hit him—ineffectual weak blows but with enough force to throw him off balance. At times like this, people remember Myna Rous, that enormous woman of seventy or eighty or more than that, who went so far back into the beginnings of the business that it was impossible to know if she antedated the beginnings of the business. People remember her special brand of earthy humor and her whispered intonation and the way she pushed people off the stage when she wanted to, using her knee and her short, stubby fingers, laughing and laughing while people fell, laughing while they slunk off, laughing while they pretended they liked it, pretended not to hate her for her temper and her fat and her incredible age. A few years ago, we named a special corner of the Catalypse Ballroom for Myna Rous when she tripped and fell headlong down the stairs of the entrance of another hotel, which had failed to install the



"Would you excuse me, Miss Arkwright? I just remembered that I promised to forsake all others."



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special friction pads necessary during the damp.

STARS keep coming back and back and back to the "Renny," and the "Renny" keeps on making new friends among the young stars—the stars from the newer times just after the times when we loved the stars, from the times when we began to have a different attitude, when the stars began to be more like us, not like the girl next door (who would be Molly Gest, the last Megam ingénue, who lives at the "Renny," thin now, and gaunt, her cheeks collapsed into her mouth in a way that precludes public appearance), not like anyone next door, but more like us. The young stars were shy at first, because they remembered the "Renny" legend from the days of their growing up, when Myna Rous and Lou Wedge and Frankie Spuri entertained for government figures, when the "Renny" was headquarters for the Claims Damage Settlement Commission, when Myna Rous whispered a shocking song that only she could get away with, shaking the giant hips that were hers alone, and caused a general laugh among men who did not laugh. They remembered when "At the Renny" meant beach spats on the beach, draperies trimmed with expensive fur, and diesel-powered buggies, attended by Southern people, running from the elevators to each room. They remembered a spirit of elegance and formality, and of course that spirit lives on: in the intensified security precautions (courtesy lines in the lobby, identification formations in the function areas, employees who know each guest by smell and touch), in the special measures against the damp, in the expensive friction spikes that are everywhere—everywhere walking is allowed—to scrape off the film that tends to accumulate now on the feet. But there is also a new spirit at the Reine-American, a spirit offered up in the spirit of the new stars, and influenced by them, by their way of life, by the way they toss the jam spoons onto the floor with a laugh, by the way they wrap their skin in shreds of old clothing bought *anywhere*—at the shops run by the people who scavenge in the old buildings, at the thrift shops for the poor people, the people with every kind of trouble.

The new stars have different needs. We know that. The new stars need special hot lines, special provisions for crisis intervention. The new stars want edges that can hurt. On certain days, their food must be served as kind of a gruel. We know it. But we find that the new stars also like many of the conveniences traditional at the Reine-American. The new stars like room service, for instance. Sometimes we don't let them have it, just for a joke. Then they have to queue up. Some stars are waiting for the elevator right now. People come up close. People breathe on their skin to test its tone and texture. People pass along smiles of recognition and go back to their own places in line. —GEORGE W. S. TROW

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7. THE THORNBERGS (Avon, 2.50) Coleen McCullough.—*List of best-selling paperbacks posted on a book rack in Mena, Ark.*

The heartwarming saga of three generations of outback rabbis.

CREDULOUS, ALL GOLD

An almost real speculation: parts
Will keep, parts
Drop. The lake in flood
O'erleaps or, rather, o'erlaps
Its banks—a full coffee cup
On a wobbly table.
Full of O's, mushrooms on October
Lawns, and how the leaves seem
Placed, as if on purpose.
As if?
Cried the oriole. As if.

Harder to remove than a cranberry
Stain, it occurs:
That one thing, unsayable
But assumed (the self, perhaps
In its most reduced, elusive sense,
An initial, remains
Unwritable), allows one to think God's name
Unpronounceable, and god in man.

Speech, too, is a kind of wickerwork
Woven about the sense and feel
Of things, the spirit's cage.
"Drop the bars, let it go, poor thing!"
But when that small bird escapes,
As it will, who could tame it,
Though it call out its name from afar?

Sparrows flock over a ballfield,
Staying on for the continent of winter
As the mother of all changes her clothes.
There is a time to huddle
Under hills indifferent to the wind
That tears them down, and a time to be drawn
Upward to an early bed.
Something is hanging in a tree—the thought
"Upon a leaf," and other gems
Of the external soul:
The rag a little person carries,
His talisman against the folds of darkness.

"Our sunrise in childhood is a candle in old age."
"Your gorgeous language, guilt and restitution."
The arras flaps. The wall is bare and cold.
"Decide. Are you a looker or a taker?"
"This napkin from Prince Henry's Portugal . . ."
I was there twice. They sold boats
Beaten out of gold and chased with silver
In the airport shop, the sun just risen,
The tarmac spackled by a sunrise squall.
But coming back the boy slept on through Lisbon,
And so farewell that westward with thy streams.

The child dreaded the day the sun would grow cold
And wondered what life was for, then,
And what people would do. Before
Came that beginning that happened long ago
And draws back, the way a wave curls back
To show the bottom, or the bottom of the wave.

Beyond the city limits, beyond,
In fact, the city of the mind—with its own
Crowd- and cloud-capped towers, surges, electricity—
Stands a vacant plain, where one
Is just the size one is, and distance
Brings forth things without comparison.
No shadows there, unless one hold a light up.
No darkness there, unless one's eyes are closed.
All still. Such starry music. Windy tremors.
A pebble's been displaced.
The worm labors in darkness.

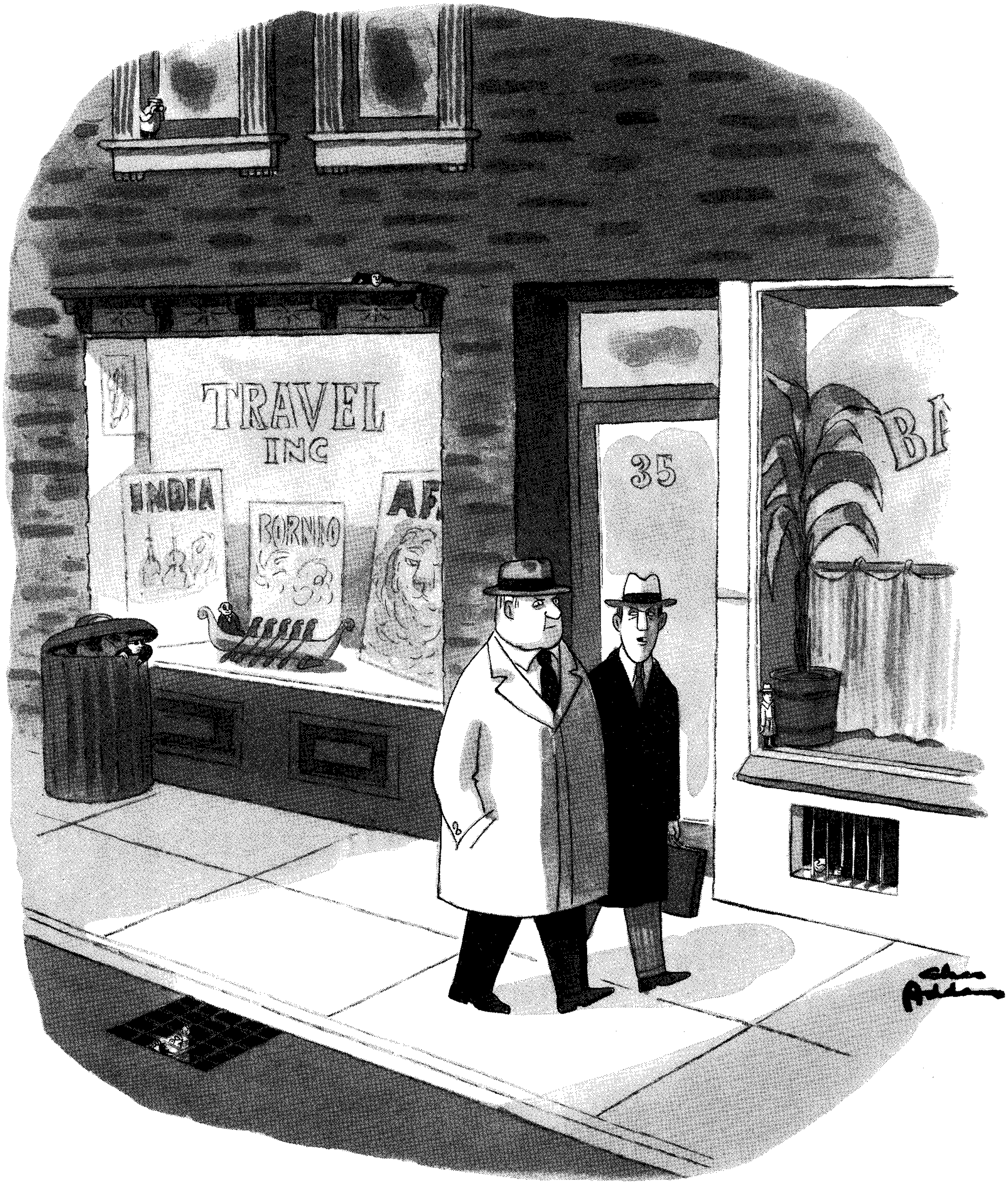
Measure, measure, measure, measure,
Measure out the days.
Card the cat and marry the canary.
Mop the floor.
Turn out the lights.
Fold the lofty linen up.
Our lives are rock.
The clear days water.
The air a thought.
A breath the border.
Measure, measure
Years brought by on trays.

Very soon I shall enter bitterness.
Very soon the sights will turn to windiness.
And soon the street,
the low grade's gentleness,
Descends the omnibus
That cometh after us.

Raft on a row of air.
We stay. The sun goes by.
Stars later. You and I
Are better when such things
Inside us glare. Pillows.
Sheets that slake.
The earth a bed.
The air a lake
For a time calm smooth.
By the time we notice
They stay, we move.

At night the covers close,
Sweet face, so you need look no more.
No more upon the cashmere days,
On clouds that ride the veil shoulders,
On Demeter crushing beetles, sowing grain,
On windows stained with ivy,
Windfall, landfall, footfalls in the hallway,
And no one before or behind.
A horse stomps in the emerald blast.
The shadows fall in colors,
Themselves degrees of darkness,
As Helios rings for his whetstone,
As a man taps his gold-tipped umbrella.

I know how I want it to end.
As it began, in silence,
And the drift of a large impatience.
As though, arms down, refusing
To fly, one could transcend
Not the arrangement
But the distance between bare trees
Beckoning the pomegranate sun
To mount yet lower in its solemn space,



"I keep getting this feeling we're being watched."

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And that transmitted firmament
That when I speak up turns
To cream swirls, smoke in a teacup.

The dead fold their umbrellas
And call for the gods, who remain
Beyond the hollow, sprinkling crumbs
Of light on shades afflicted
With a rapture of the shallows.
Shallow as a building in a puddle,
Shallow as Sarmatians sweeping over,
Shallow as the arch of an eyebrow,
Shallow as the full moon in a bare sky,
In a watercolor of Korean moonlight.
There, too, snow falls into the colorist's water,
A tern paused in imagined flight.

—Laurance Wieder

PRETTY ICE

I WAS up the whole night before my fiancé was due to arrive from the East—drinking coffee, restless and pacing, my ears ringing. When the television signed off, I sat down with a packet of the month's bills and figured amounts on a lined tally sheet in my checkbook. Under the spray of a high-intensity lamp, my left hand moved rapidly over the touch tablets of my calculator.

Will, my fiancé, was coming from Boston on the six-fifty train—the dawn train, almost the only train that still stopped in the small Ohio city where I lived. At six-fifteen I was still at my accounts; I was getting some pleasure from transcribing the squarish green figures that appeared in the window of my calculator. "Schwab Dental Clinic," I printed in a ravelled backhand. "Thirty-eight and $^{50}/_{100}$."

A car horn interrupted me. I looked over my desk top and out the living-room window of my rented house. The saplings in my little yard were encased in ice. There had been snow all week, and then an ice storm. In the glimmering driveway in front of my garage, my mother was peering out of her car. I got up and turned off my lamp and capped my ivory Montblanc pen. I found a coat in the semi-dark, in the hall, and wound a knitted muffler at my throat. Crossing the living room, I looked away from the big pine mirror; I didn't want to see how my face and hair looked after a night of doubts and accounting.

My yard was a frozen pond, and I was careful on the walkway. My mother beat her horn again. Frozen slush came through the toe of one of my chukka boots, and I stopped on the path and frowned at her. I could see her breath rolling away in clouds from the cranked-down window of her Mazda. I have never owned a car or learned to drive, but I had a low opinion of my mother's compact. My father and I used to enjoy big cars, with tops that came down. We were both tall, and we wanted what he called "stretch room." My father had been dead fourteen years, but I resented my mother's buying a car in which he wouldn't have fitted.

"Now what's wrong? Are you coming?" my mother said.

"Nothing's wrong except that my shoes are opening around the soles," I said. "I just paid a lot of money for them."

I got in on the passenger side. The car smelled of wet wool and Mother's hair spray. Someone had done her hair with a minty-white rinse, and the hair was held in place by a zebra-striped headband.

"I think you're getting a flat," I said. "That retread you bought for the left front is going."

She backed the car out of the drive, using the rearview mirror. "I finally got a boy I can trust, at the Exxon station," she said. "He says that tire will last until hot weather."

Out on the street, she accelerated too quickly and the rear of the car swung left. The tires whined for an instant on the old snow and then caught. We were knocked back in our seats a little, and an empty Kleenex box slipped off the dash and onto the floor carpet.

"This is going to be something," my mother said. "Will sure picked an awful day to come."

My mother had never met him. My courtship with Will had all happened in Boston. I was getting my doctorate there, in musicology. Will was involved with his research at Boston University, and teaching botany to undergraduates.

"You're sure he'll be at the station?" my mother said. "Can the trains go in this weather? I don't see how they do."

"I talked to him on the phone yesterday. He's coming."

"How did he sound?" my mother said. To my annoyance, she began to hum to herself.

I said, "He's had rotten news about his work, in fact. Terrible."

"Explain his work to me again," she said.

"He's a plant taxonomist."

"Yes?" my mother said. "What does that mean?"

"It means he doesn't have a lot of money," I said. "He studies grasses. He said on the phone he's been turned down for a research grant that would have meant a great deal to us. Apparently, the work he's been doing for the past seven or so years is irrelevant or outmoded. I guess 'superficial' is what he told me."

"I won't mention it to him, then," my mother said.

We came to the expressway. Mother steered the car through some small windblown snow dunes and down the entrance ramp. She followed two yellow salt trucks with winking blue beacons which were moving side by side down the center and right-hand lanes.

"I think losing the grant means we should postpone the wedding," I said. "I want Will to have his bearings before I step into his life for good."

"Don't wait too much longer, though," my mother said.

After a couple of miles, she swung off the expressway. We went past some tall high-tension towers with connecting cables that looked like staff lines on a sheet of music. We were in the decaying neighborhood near the tracks. "Now I know this is right," Mother said. "There's our old sign."

The sign was a tall billboard, black and white, that advertised my father's old dance studio. The studio had been closed for years, and the building it had been in was gone. The sign showed a man in a tuxedo waltzing a woman in an evening gown. I have always been sure it was a waltz. The dancers were nearly two stories high, and the weather had bleached them into phantoms. The lettering—the name of the studio, my father's name—had disappeared.

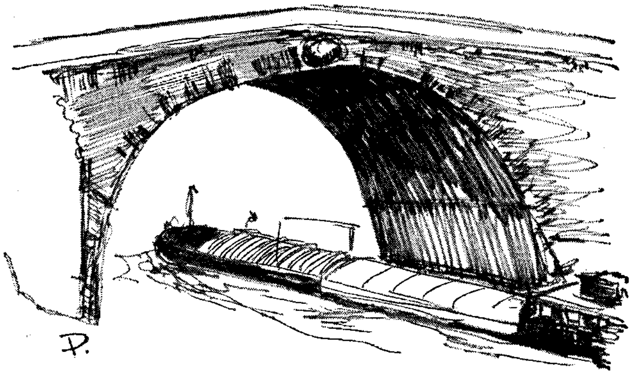
"They've changed everything," my mother said, peering about. "Can this be the station?"

We went up the little drive that wound past a cindery lot full of flatbed trucks and ended up at the smudgy brownstone depot.

"Is that your Will?" Mother said.

Will was on the station platform, leaning against a baggage truck. He had a duffelbag between his shoes and a plastic cup of coffee in his mittened hand. He seemed to have put on weight, girlishly, through the hips, and his face looked thicker to me, from temple to temple. His gold-rimmed spectacles looked too small.

My mother stopped in an empty cab lane, and I got out and called to Will. It wasn't far from the platform to the car, and Will's pack



wasn't a large one, but he seemed to be winded when he got to me. I let him kiss me, and then he stepped back and blew a cold breath and drank from the coffee cup, with his eyes on my face.

Mother was pretending to be busy with something in her handbag, not paying attention to me and Will.

"I look awful," I said.

"No, no, but I probably do," Will said. "No sleep, and I'm fat. So this is your town?"

He tossed the coffee cup at an oil drum and glanced around him at the cold train yards and low buildings. A brass foundry was throwing a yellowish column of smoke over a line of Canadian Pacific boxcars.

I said, "The problem is, you're looking at the wrong side of the tracks."

A wind whipped Will's lank hair across his face. "Does your mom smoke?" he said. "I ran out in the middle of the night on the train, and the club car was closed. Eight hours across Pennsylvania without a cigarette."

The car horn sounded as my mother climbed from behind the wheel. "That was an accident," she said, because I was frowning at her. "Hello, are you Will?" She came around the car and stood on tiptoes and kissed him. "You picked a miserable day to come visit us."

She was using her young-girl voice, and I was embarrassed for her. "He needs a cigarette," I said.

Will got into the back of the car and I sat beside my mother again. After we started up, Mother said, "Why doesn't Will stay at my place, in your old room, Beth? I'm all alone there, with plenty of space to kick around in."

"We'll be able to get him a good motel," I said quickly, before Will could answer. "Let's try that Ramada, over near the new elementary school." It was odd, after he had come all the way from Cambridge, but I didn't want him in my old room, in the house where I was raised.

"I'd put you up at my place," I said, "but there's mountains of tax stuff all over."

"You've been busy," Will said.

"Yes," I said.

I sat sidewise, looking at each of them in turn. Will had some blackish spots around his mouth—ball-point ink, maybe. I wished he had freshened up and put on a better shirt before leaving the train.

"It's up to you two, then," my mother said.

I could tell she was disappointed in Will. I don't know what she expected. I was thirty-one when I met him. I had probably dated fewer men in my life than she had gone out with in a single year at her sorority. She had always been successful with men.

"William was my late husband's name," my mother said. "Did Beth ever tell you?"

"No," Will said. He was smoking one of Mother's cigarettes.

"I always liked the name," she said. "Did you know we ran a dance studio?"

I groaned.

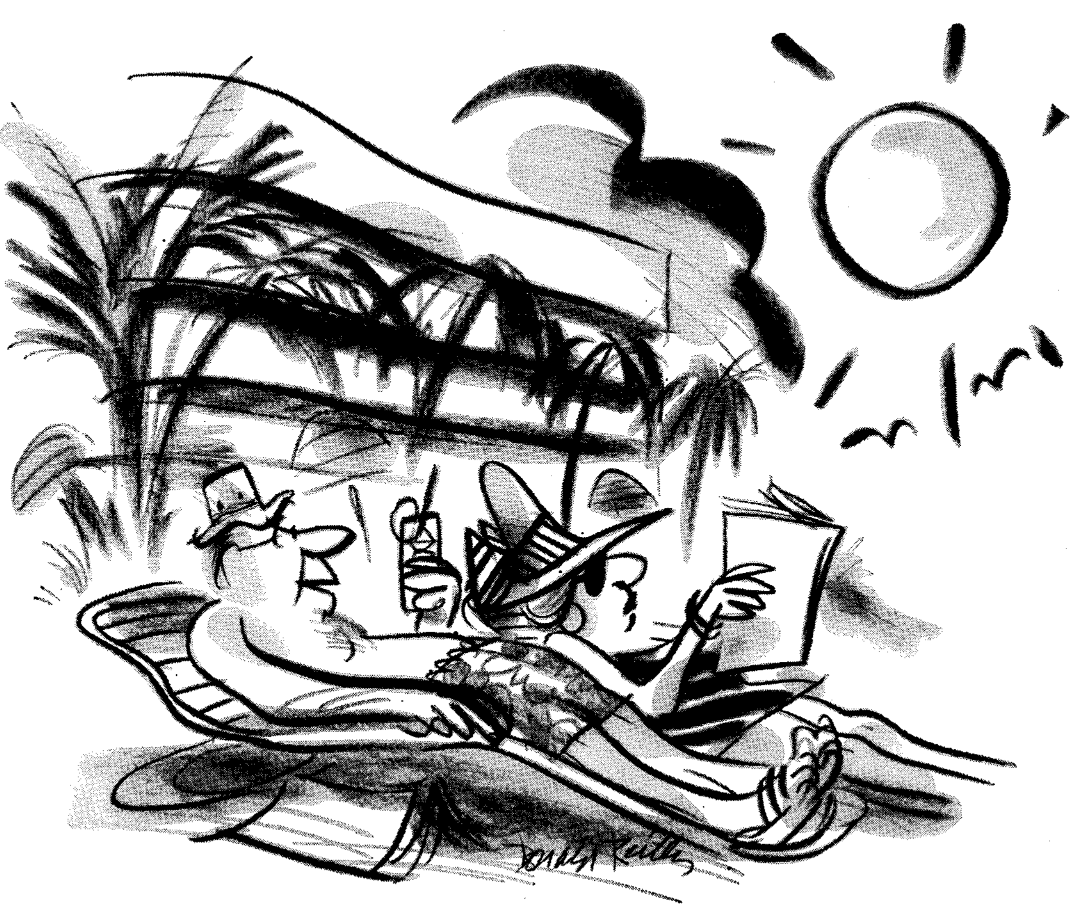
"Oh, let me brag if I want to," my mother said. "He was such a handsome man."

It was true. They were both handsome—mannequins, a pair of dolls who had spent half their lives in evening clothes. But my father had looked old in the end, in a business in which you had to stay young. He had trouble with his eyes, which were bruised-looking and watery, and he had to wear glasses with thick lenses.

I said, "It was in the dance studio where my father ended his life, you know. In the ballroom."

"You told me," Will said, at the same instant my mother said, "Don't talk about it."

My father did kill himself, with a service revolver. We never found out where he had bought it, or when. He was found in his warmup clothes—a pullover sweater and pleated pants. He was wearing his tap shoes, and he had a short towel folded around his neck. He had aimed the gun barrel down his mouth, so the bullet wouldn't shatter the wall of mirrors behind him. I was twenty then—old enough to find out how he did it, if not why.



"Oh, retirement's all right, I guess, but I miss seeing the way their faces lit up when I forked over the bribes."

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MY mother had made a wrong turn and we were on Buttles Avenue. "Go there," I said, pointing down a street beside Garfield Park. We passed a group of paperboys who were riding bikes with saddlebags. They were going slow, because of the ice.

"Are you very discouraged, Will?"

OH MY GOD! DO I REALLY LOOK LIKE HIM?
OH MY GOD! DO I REALLY LOOK LIKE HIM?
Lorenz

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my mother said. "Beth tells me you're having a run of bad luck."

"You could say so," Will said. "A little rough water."

"I'm sorry," Mother said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

Will said, "Well, this will be oversimplifying, but essentially what I do is take a weed and evaluate its structure and growth and habitat, and so forth."

"What's wrong with that?" my mother said.

"Nothing. But it isn't enough."

"I get it," my mother said uncertainly.

I had taken a mirror and a comb from my handbag, and I was trying for a clean center part in my hair. I was thinking about finishing my bill paying.

Will said, "What do you want to do after I check in, Beth? What about breakfast?"

"I've got to go home for a while and clean up that tax jazz, or I'll never rest," I said. "I'll just show up at your motel later. If we ever find it."

"That'll be fine," Will said.

Mother said, "I'd offer to serve you two dinner tonight, but I think you'll want to leave me out of it. I know how your father and I felt after he went away sometimes. Which way do I turn here?"

We had stopped at an intersection near the iron gates of the park. Behind the gates there was a frozen pond, where a single early-morning skater was skating backward, expertly crossing his blades.

I couldn't drive a car, but, like my father, I have always enjoyed maps and atlases. During automobile trips, I liked comparing distances on maps. I liked the words "latitude," "cartography," "meridian." It was extremely annoying to me that Mother had got us turned around and lost in our own city, and I was angry with Will all of a sudden, for wasting seven years on something superficial.

"What about up that way?" Will said to my mother, pointing to the left. "There's some traffic up by that light, at least."

I leaned forward in my seat and started combing my hair all over again.

"There's no hurry," my mother said.

"How do you mean?" I asked her.

"To get William to the motel," she said. "I know everybody complains, but I think an ice storm is a beautiful thing. Let's enjoy it."

She waved her cigarette at the windshield. The sun had burned through and was gleaming in the branches of all the maples and buckeye trees in the park. "It's twinkling like a stage set," Mother said.

"It is pretty," I said.

Will said, "It'll make a bad-looking spring. A lot of shrubs get damaged and turn brown, and the trees don't blossom right."

For once, I agreed with my mother. Everything was quiet and holding still. Everything was in place, the way it was supposed to be. I put my comb away and smiled back at Will, because I knew that after dinner that night I wouldn't be seeing him.

—MARY ROBISON

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Bar Harbor Times*]

The latest report from Les and Wes Van Cott... they are alive and doing well in Boulder, Colo. where they had their tires rotated. In Virginia, they thought their engine had blown up but it turned out to be ok. They are now on their way to California, still eating their way through the 200 lb. of tomatoes they took with them from their Northeast Harbor garden. They both have to eat their own share each day. The latest report from Northeast Harbor is that many people miss the Van Cotts.

POINT OF ROCKS

SEVERAL commuter trains left the District of Columbia for Maryland in the late afternoon, filled for the most part with cheerful, well-organized government employees. These were the people who could leave their desks on time and glide into the tended countryside to their home stations—Silver Spring, Gaithersburg, Point of Rocks. One of the trains left Union Station at five-fifty-five, and in its dishevelled coaches were the late workers—the tired secretaries and clerks—and the stragglers who had stopped off at bars and made themselves late. It was always crowded.

A young man and a small girl stood in the aisle of the five-fifty-five, with heavy, battered-looking suitcases at their feet. After the Aladdin-like Mormon temple was passed and the close-in passengers began to get off, the little girl sat by a window and the young man hoisted their luggage up onto the overhead racks. Already the late-spring sun was well behind the Blue Ridge.

Using the calm and quiet voice he believed reassured his child, Dana Ingles pointed out to her cows, solitary bank barns, and the gentle hills where early corn was just beginning to sprout. Underneath his manner, he felt foreboding and almost panic. He was changing jobs for the second time in a year.

The help-wanted ad in the Washington *Post* had offered a tenant house and wages for work on a beef farm. This would be the wildest thing yet, leaving the law firm to become a common laborer. But then he must consider. For a long time now, he had realized that the dangers and pace of city life were too much for the child. And, leaving the child aside, they were entirely too much for him. It was tempting to think of a simple life in the country. What was there to looking after a herd of brood cows, their food and procreation? A man of thirty-five who had qualified for as many jobs as he had ought to have no trouble. Yes, his decision must be right. In the country they would be without stimulation except for nature and books. It was no accident that the greater poets wrote pastorals. Why, somewhere in his father's notebooks he had found a line from Fu Hsuan, written around the second century A.D.: "Contentment with poverty is Fortune's best gift." He smiled at the Maryland afternoon. His briefcase held fresh references, typed and forged by himself. "To Whom It May Concern." A farmer would be the last person to write in, wait for confirmation, let the cows go hungry. There was nothing to fear. One must have the courage of one's convictions and plunge into the future.

Before he suspected the train could possibly be there, a voice was calling out, "Point of Rocks." Dana grabbed down the bags, heavy with books, and scooped the child under an arm. They had barely descended the metal ladder and jumped to the ground (no step was set off for passengers) when he heard the engine beginning to pull again.

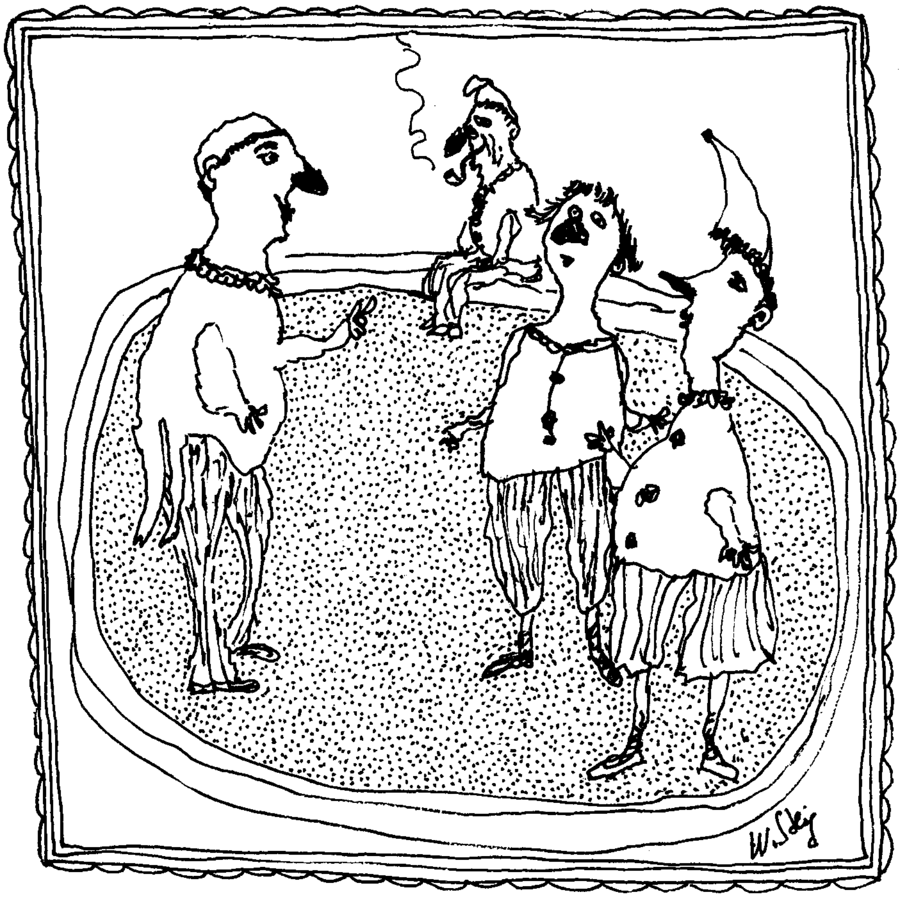
Those few passengers who had got off ahead of them were closing the doors of their cars. Ruby brake signals shone briefly, and, once the cars disappeared, the station was deserted. The air was cool and carried a light climatic fragrance. An inauspicious place to again be poor and friendless. No, no. The world was all alike. Surely the farmer, a Mr. Morecock, would be coming along to meet them. He had said over the phone he would be in a green Chevrolet pickup with white cattle racks.

Leaving the suitcases in a heap, Dana held the little girl to reassure them both, and began to walk about the station, looking this way and that. Any decent new employer would seek out strangers coming to work for him, not leave them to flounder around in a strange railway yard. Then he sighted a truck parked some distance away, its lights and motor off, apparently holding its ground. Timid and half angry, he went back for the suitcases, let the child walk, and they made their way as best they could over a span of stones and gravel.

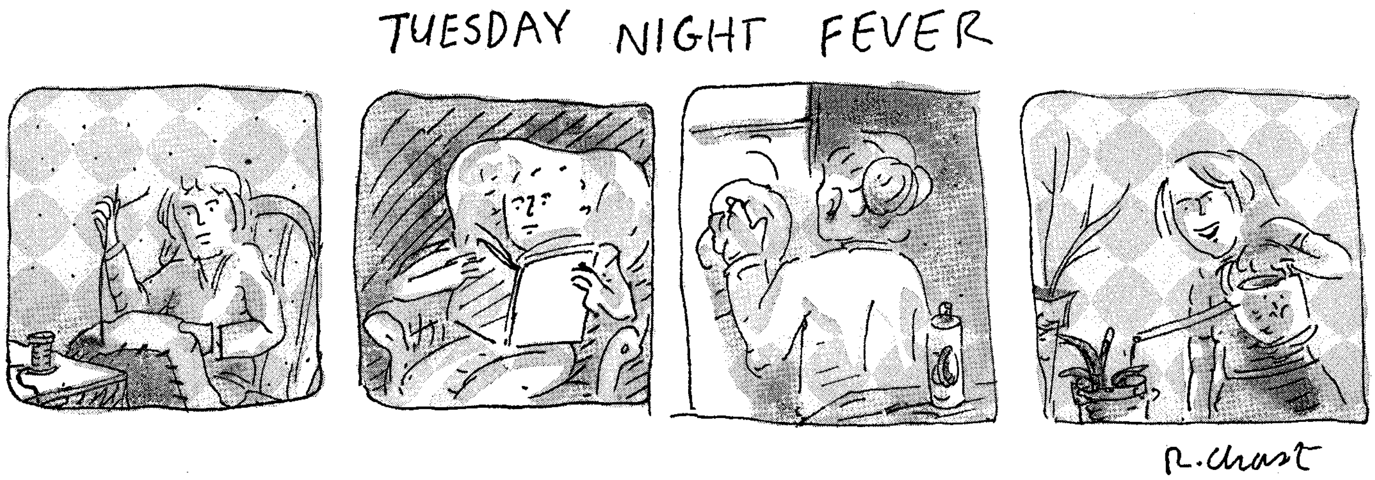
The truck was occupied by only one person, assuredly Mr. Morecock. He seemed in no hurry to identify himself, but as they came abreast he reached over and opened the passenger door. The inside of the cab was littered with Quaker cans, used filters, rags, and jumper cables. An attempt at introductions was cut short by the farmer's haste.

"Bad time of evening for me," Mr. Morecock said morosely, reaching down for one of the rags and wiping the sweat off his forehead. "The wife is keeping supper." He lurched the truck forward and changed into low gear to go up onto the bridge that crossed the Potomac River.

The bridge looked long and dangerous. State police were setting out flares around what seemed to be a hole near the center section. "Trucks," the farm-



Clown Family



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er explained in his flat Middle Atlantic accent. "Just came that way, too. A wonder I didn't hit it."

There was time now in the dim light from the dashboard to get a look at Mr. Morecock. His face was square and symmetrical, with small, latchlike eyes. There was no sign of mobility except for false teeth, which required resettling between certain syllables. "I expect you had a time," he said, "finding a place with *her*."

This uncouth stranger was referring to the child. How did one meet such rudeness? Speaking of her as a burden, someone to be put up with. They had cleared the bridge into northern Virginia, where mountains wiped out the remaining light from the west. Dana tried in his mind a number of appropriate statements: To the contrary, sir, we prefer the country. We had no trouble at all. "We prefer the country," he said. "Tired of city life." The farmer let this fall into a hedgy silence. "Well," he said at last, as if in grudging approval, "I can't blame you for that. We'll see how you handle machinery and such. Baler's just like an eggshell. Time you get ten thousand bales in the barn, you can tell me about the country."

To hear his own speech seemed to relax Mr. Morecock. He began a one-sided conversation that appeared to have as its subject the District of Columbia. He wouldn't go there, he said, under any conceivable circumstances. "Not if they gave it to me. Put me in the White House. Wouldn't want it." These remarks must have brought to the farmer's mind other reasons for shunning the nation's capital, for as he drove along he continued talking under his breath, perhaps giving himself the convenience of not having to part his teeth.

They had cleared the cliffs and were out now into the dim, rock-strewn fields of northern Virginia. After a mile or two, the truck turned right into a narrow lane, deeply rutted. The flat meadows on either side were green, topped by blooms of yellow wild flowers, which created the impression the sun had come back. The farmhouse stood two-story and neat, well kept, with slatted awnings. The truck did not slow down but went past and on toward a block of forest where the lane stopped and turned to grass, and the dim outlines of a log house emerged.

"It isn't anything fancy," Mr. Morecock said, as if he had been saving this news until the end of the drive. "Keeps the rain out. Got a good chimney to it."

They drew up at a square building set on the margin of woods. "Used to keep slaves here in old times," the farmer was saying congenially. "The way I hear it, they didn't work out. Ate their heads off and took sick in the snow." He stopped the truck and opened his door, moving slowly, as if his back hurt. He eyed the luggage critically as it was lifted from the pickup. "Full now," he said approvingly. "No room to take nothing with you when you quit me."

Perhaps these insulting remarks were acceptable rural humor. The log house stood defensively against the atmosphere of evening. It was hand-hewn, hunkered up, with only its chimney straight against the evening sky. The low front door, not more than five feet high, was wide open. Alternately jumping and listing—some trouble with his spine, no doubt—Mr. Morecock went in and lighted a kerosene lamp, which he adjusted until it cast an even glow across the one large room. From the rafters hung bunches of okra and beans—dried, tied with pieces of baling twine. The top of some rafters had rows of what might be apples and potatoes that looked shrivelled and half decomposed; they gave off a strong and yet not unpleasant odor.

"Fellow was in here never used up nothing," Mr. Morecock said. "Left it ruin. But then I guess you folks would rather the Tastee Freez."

At last the moment stood whole between them as they faced each other down. One must give respect always to age, to differences in background. It was true there was no running water. No furniture except for a sagging bed, freshly made, and an old enamel-topped table. Two or three cast-off chairs. The farmer was embarrassed to offer them so little. That was it. All right. The way to get along with ignorant country people was to overcome them with thanks. The child's delicate eyes were taking in the scene; she was plainly fascinated.

"We certainly thank you, sir. We'll be comfortable, I'm sure. Now just show me the well and I will get us some drinking water."

"If it's water you're wanting, there's aplenty of that to be had," Mr. Morecock said, pleasanter already. He started on an explanation of the economics of farming. "By the time you take your seed," he said, "and the same money for poison and that, and add your fertilizer, why there isn't anything in it." He looked worn and apologetic. "I've tried so many rascals. Some steal, some run at night and gamble. You said you didn't drink."

Opening one of the bags, Dana saw he had luck—it was the one with the plastic pitcher. "Let's get some water, sir."

Mr. Morecock retreated slowly, and they followed him into the dusk until he came to a pipe sticking out of the ground, where he bent and worked a hand pump. He disappeared abruptly toward the truck and they were left alone, but not before the sound of a splash had taken his place in the silence.

BACK in the house with the water, which tasted fresh and spring-like, Dana held and kissed the child while she struggled to get away. She had found the stub of a broom and wanted to sweep the floor, raising a pile of dust with a few leaves and pieces of straw. He unpacked a bottle of vodka, setting it with some books on the stone shelf over the fireplace. To think. There was no one out in the quiet rocky fields, dark now with night. What a shocking change they had made, and all for the better. He opened a can of kippered herrings and put two on what had become a wadded piece of bread, giving the child a canned Coke to go with her sandwich. They sat in the doorway to eat, staring out toward newly significant stars.

He must think things over again. Hadn't he acted once more on impulse? What would Mr. Cole at the law firm think, his leaving without any notice? He would try it, that was what he would do, try it here two days—Saturday and Sunday—and if by Sunday evening it didn't look this good he could still get back to the city first thing Monday morning. He would rent a room, take the child to the same old day-care center (he had paid a month in advance, and burned no bridges). When Mr. Cole got to Connecticut Avenue at ten o'clock, there he would be, sitting casually at his desk typing on the pleadings. Who would be any the wiser? The rail schedule showed the same commuter trains running back to Union Station every weekday morning. It was close enough here at this farm to walk to the Point of Rocks station if they had to, even with some of the luggage. Or, in case they decided to stay, he would write Mr. Cole a note. What would appeal to such a lawyer, swamped in Fairfax amenities, as cause for a clerk to leave? A crime against nature, perhaps, whatever that was. He laughed aloud, delighting the child, who had gone back to her broom and believed herself the center of his amusement.

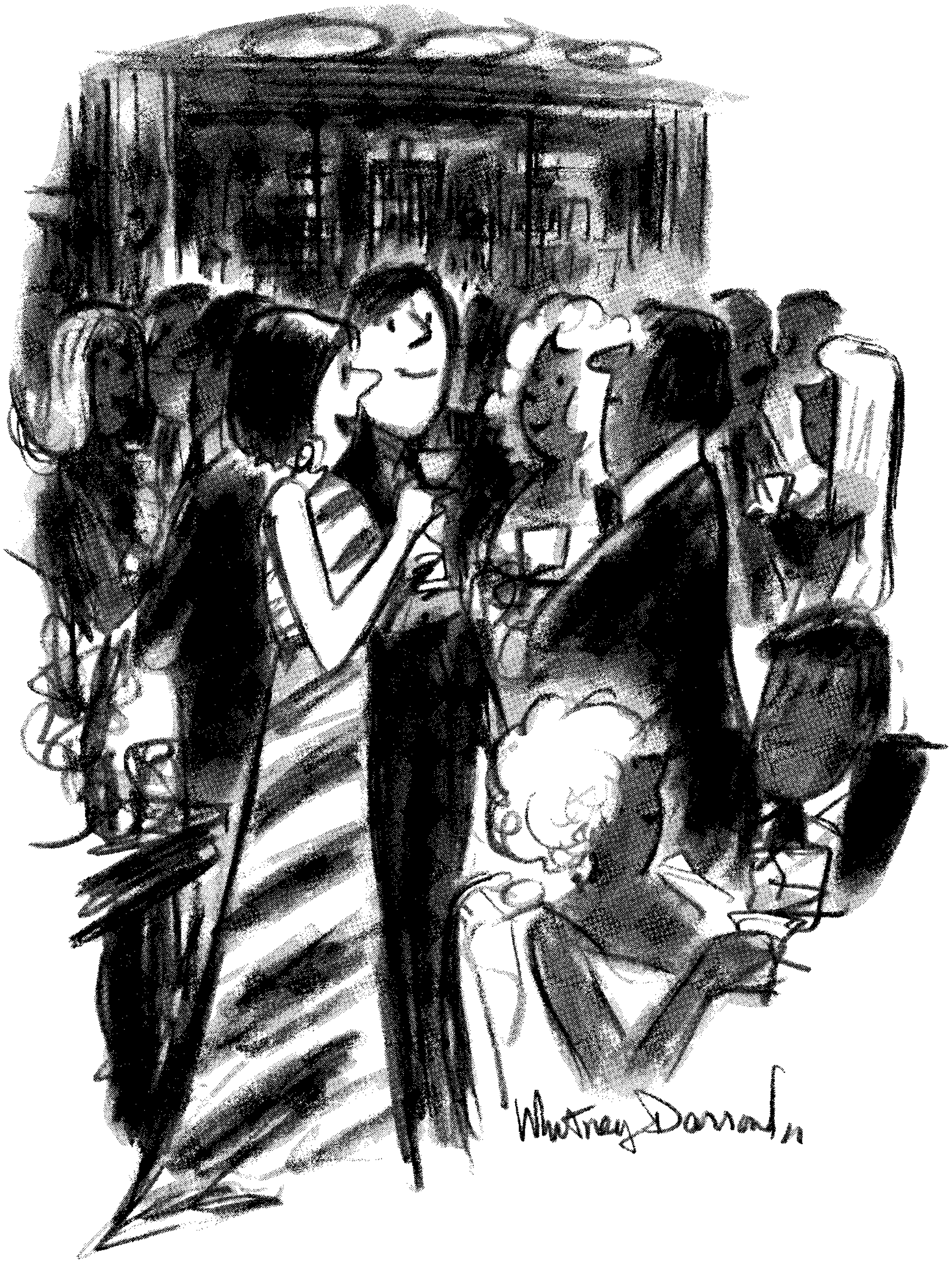
No, the lawyer would have to have facts. Even then, with his enthusiastic *pro bono*, he would expect his clerk to offer help to the criminal instead of running away. It would be tricky, getting a substantial reason for quitting. How about a rumor, wind of a child molested, right in the next apartment, while he was out for milk? That would do. Mr. Cole would jump to one of his pat conclusions: a father had overreacted. He might even send a memorandum down to Personnel. Put him on leave of absence.

The lawyer's whole attention could then turn toward the unfortunate molester. He would be grieved to death there was somebody still at large with problems unresolved. He would forage half a day among the government's programs for the culturally disadvantaged.

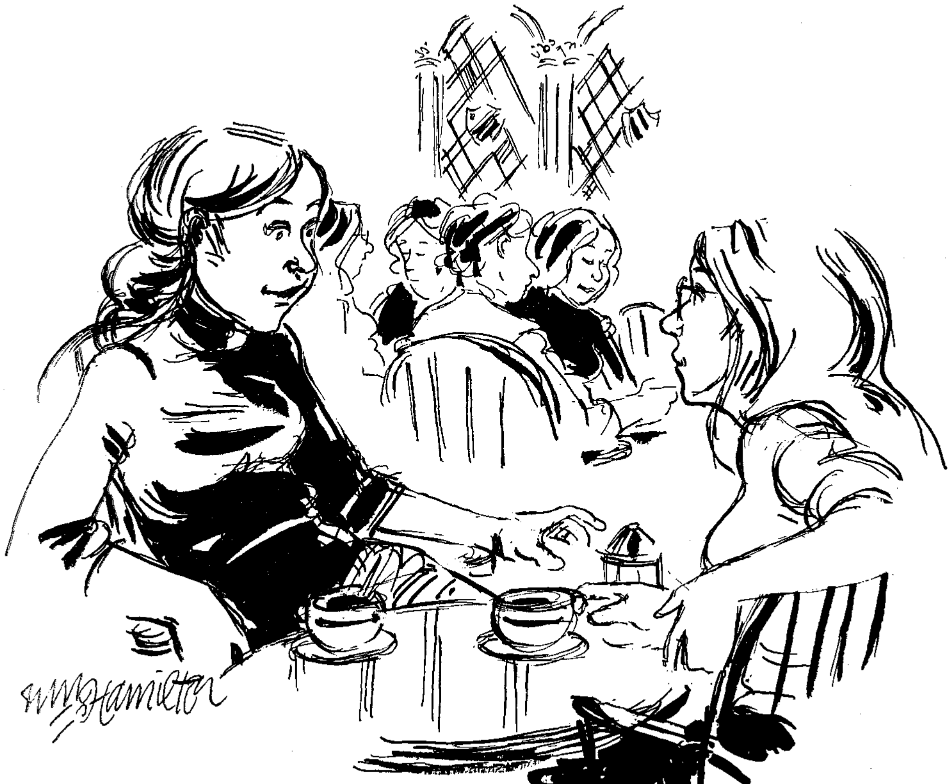
Simply phrase the note with a mixture of panic and courtesy. It was bound to be well received. After all, Mr. Cole's older brother was still a family friend. Or hadn't that one died? When you thought of anyone you hadn't seen in a week, you could never be perfectly sure.

Well, so much for this first day, for their first taste of freedom. Before he took a drink, they would get ready for bed. Mr. Morecock was no more than a character out of stock and would sleep hard and unsuspiciously. Why shouldn't he, God knew, in such a place as this—no sirens, hoots, no screams from the street. No streets to scream in, even. He would have a sip of vodka with the pure country water.

They had an unvarying routine, he and the child. After her gown was on, he read a little "Alice." Then prayers, but just a quick Hail Mary tonight, as he was not up to even one Our Father. When the child was flat in bed, he gazed down into her face, leaned into her contentment. Her eyes carried the solemn blue he imagined came from a dozen lonely mothers, born over



"We've decided to tough it out this winter."



"Twenty-four years old, and he already has a pseudonym."

again. And folded inside her were all the codes of the past, which he would not allow to be destroyed by America the beautiful. Honor. Had he had one drink or two? The honor and faith of the dead. Yes, this complete isolation was just what they had to have, what both of them were craving. They would be like Jews and create their own survival on family memory and faith. On and on through countless crazy centuries. The city, so close and so far, had strained them too long. They would stay; it was decided. Stay and restore an elderly farmer's faith in human nature.

As soon as the child was asleep, he began to drink in earnest. The room, with its spareness and the glow of the lamp, took on a benign composure. He closed the funny little door against the cool of night. Summer was close and there no doubt would be frogs and crickets, doves with their steady mourning. He would enjoy the work tomorrow. It would be good to get the sun and air and do some heavy work, the child right beside him, learning all that he knew.

A while ago he had felt tired, but now he was over-alert. He wanted to think of how smoothly he had got away from the endless stack of pleadings on his desk at Cole & Cole. Even though they gave raises in salary, expenses took them up. Here, where he couldn't even get to a store, he would save part of the small wages and buy the child more books. That was all she would have in this great bogus country: her informed mind and heart. And of course she would have grown up with him. They would go to Mass, walking wherever it was. People would think of them as a pious father and daughter and they would never be discovered. He had to laugh out loud. Even though we are nobody, we will never be discovered.

He was in bed fully dressed and yet entirely unaware of having lain down. How long he had been asleep he did not know. He was awakened by a noise. The door was shut, but where was the little window? Someone was breaking in. The vodka bottle was empty, and he had forgotten to hide it. Since sobriety was a condition of employment, the suspicious farmer was coming in to check up on his word. Dana hopped up and began to search the floor for the bottle, coming upon it just as he could hear the older man breathing hard under the window, where he must have got in. He jammed it under the mattress and stood up, his head clearing rapidly. "What do you want?" he asked. His voice fell just short of the notes he had intended.

There was only the noise of breathing. Yes, his plan to go back to Mr. Cole was the logical thing to do. The city's busiest lawyers left you alone at night. They would not even phone after five when they couldn't find a file. Suddenly he was indignant. Where was this heathen farmer? From the start, he hadn't liked his looks. The center of his forehead tingled as he slowly approached the window. There the farmer was, standing with arms akimbo, smelling the air and clucking. He would punch the old man out, coming upon them unannounced. Carefully, steadily, he drew back his right arm. Then, clearly sensing the farmer's exact location on the right side of the window, he lurched forward, his fist shooting forward.

It was a moment before he could evaluate results. He was sitting up in bed, and Mr. Cole was standing over a crib, admiring a little baby. My child is a little baby, and here I thought she was five. "I'm sorry I left the firm," he said, retrieving his city diction and monitoring it carefully. "It was a matter of necessity." Mr. Cole seemed not to mind—indeed, to think nothing of it, continuing to make a fuss over the baby. Perhaps he should get up. He should thank him again for the silver porridge bowl. No, the elder Cole had sent that. Then he should state unequivocally that he would be at work as usual Monday morning. But telling a man you worked for that you would be at work seemed a silly thing to do. And why had he not fallen just now when he assaulted the figure he took to be Mr. Morecock?

He got up, and embarrassment fell away as details of the dream receded. . . . Everything here was fine, matching recent memory. The child, big and in bed. The strange room. And the gentle sense of surrounding fields, vacant of opinion. —Berry Morgan

HARSH CLIMATE

The brain, too, happens to be
Very cold,
According to
Albertus Magnus.

Something like a stretch of tundra
On the scale of the universe.
Galactic wind.
Lofty icebergs in the distance.

Polar night.
A large ocean liner caught in the ice.
A few lights still burning on the deck.
Silence and fierce cold.

—Charles Simic

A REPORTER AT LARGE

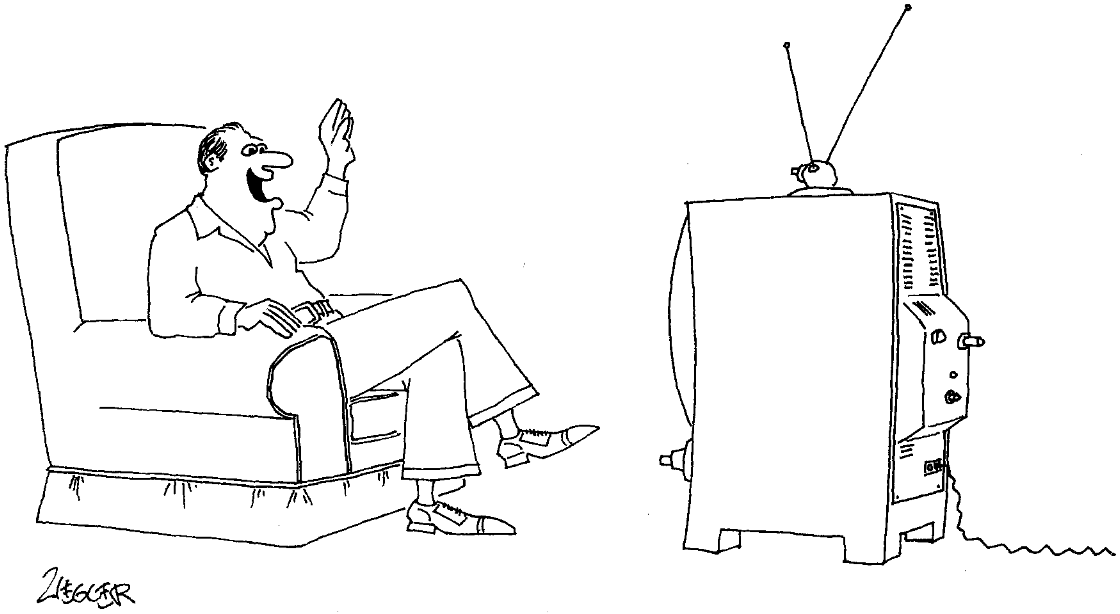
THE NEGOTIATION

I—CHANGES IN THE BALANCE OF POWER

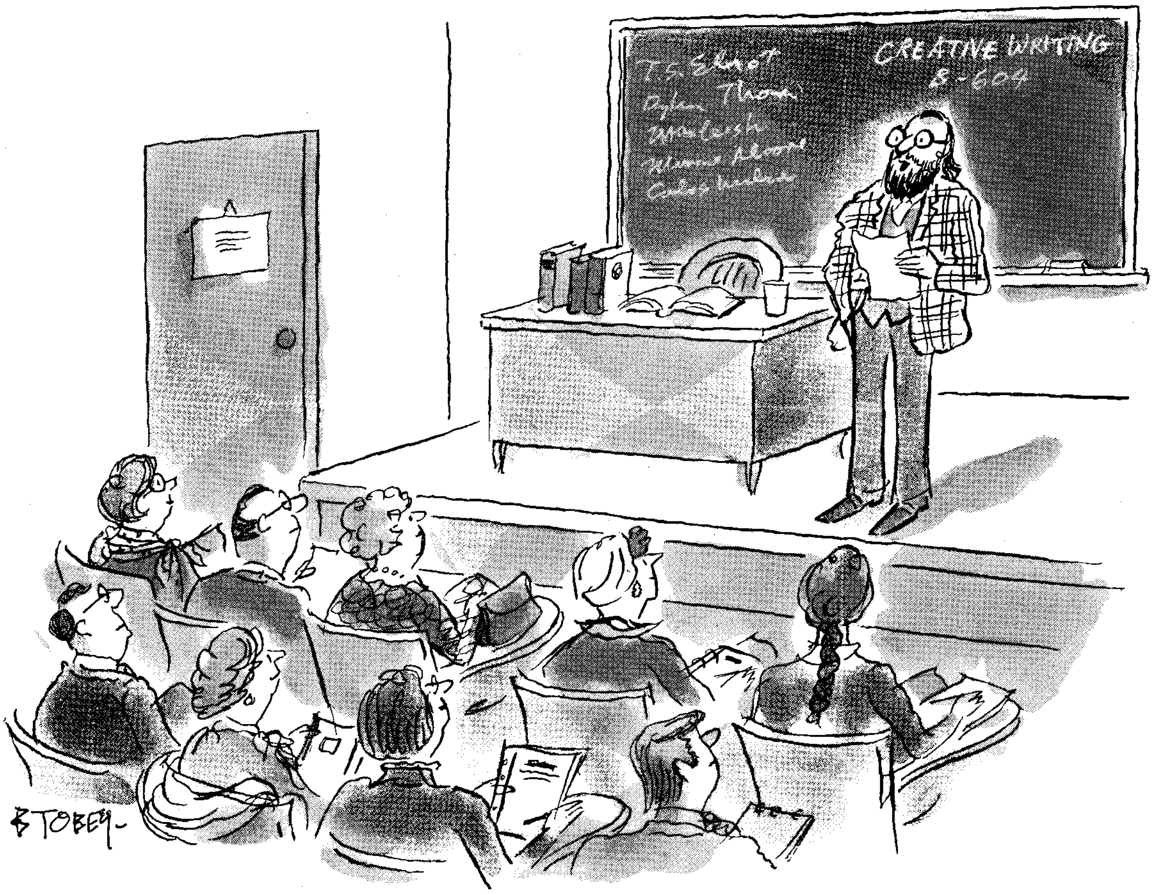
A LIFETIME of stilling labor-management conflict has engraved one maxim deep in the private philosophy of Theodore W. Kheel, the tireless industrial peacemaker who nudged New York City's daily newspapers and their unions into agreement on new contract terms last November, after a pressmen's strike had shut down the *Times* and the *News* for three months and the *Post* for nearly two. The Kheel maxim is "There is no cure for stupidity," and he frequently had to fight back the urge to use it as he watched one prospective settlement after another vanish in the miasma of double-dealing and mistrust which hung over the negotiations. By the time it was all over, after a final forty-eight hours of non-stop haggling, the ebullience of the professional mediator had taken over and Kheel was joining with the groggy field marshals on both sides in proclaiming another triumph for collective bargaining. My own belief was that he had been closer to the mark when he confided to me in a moment of despair at the midway point, "This has got to go down as one of the most botched-up negotiations in history."

It was not the first time I had heard expressions of wretchedness from mediators seeking to be helpful in the recurrent battles between the city's newspapers and their unionized employees. My mind went back twelve years to the hundred-and-forty-day strike that doomed the infant *World-Journal-Tribune*, an amalgam of three once strong papers, whose publishers had hoped that publication under a single masthead would heal the wounds inflicted by an earlier citywide newspaper strike—the one that dragged on for a hundred and fourteen days in 1962-63. In the 1966 strike, Mayor John V. Lindsay had called in David L. Cole, former director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, as his special representative, and the frustrations that Cole encountered in trying to keep the salvage operation from foundering before the merged paper ever got out its first issue made him feel he ought to write a book with a chapter entitled "Strikes I Have Hated." First place on the dishonor roll was to be reserved for that 1966 strike.

My post as a labor commentator for the *Times*—from which I retired a year ago—had given me a ringside seat at all the negotiations of the last quarter century, and these included several that ranked as classics of ineptitude. But I had hoped that an enduring turn toward sanity might have come in 1974, when the *Times* and the *News* concluded a trailblazing automation pact with the oldest and, in recent years, the most belligerent of the ten unions representing their editorial, clerical, and mechanical employees—New York Typographical Union No. 6, which has long been known as Big Six, because of its traditional role as leader among the newspaper unions. The typographical union bargains for the employees called printers—who, as it happens, do no printing. That is the function of the pressmen, who operate the huge rotary presses that spin out hundreds of thousands of papers every day in cellars below the newspaper plants. The job of the printers over the years was to operate the Linotypes—the clanking, lead-spattered machines that translated copy for articles and advertisements into hot metal type; when the type cooled, the printers fitted it into page-size forms, from which metal molds were made for use on the presses. The composing rooms, where the printers did their work, had remained fundamentally unchanged since the invention of the Linotype machine nearly a century ago, but the 1974 agreement with Big Six opened their doors to a revolution in printing technology. It allowed the New York publishers to set type through the use of computers, lasers, and other forms of electronic wizardry—which are in the process of abolishing all need for the printers and their union. Under the agreement, which was the product of a decade-long struggle, the employers got unlimited freedom to avail themselves of any type of advanced technology they desired and to decide how many workers, or how few, were needed to operate their equipment. The Linotype machines moved into oblivion, along with a bookful of featherbedding work rules, and the way was cleared for operating changes that spilled out of



"Hiya, Johnny! Who are your guests tonight? Don Rickles? A funny man. A funny man. A funny, funny, funny man. Charo? Hi, Charo! Love your hair. Gonna dance for us tonight, Charo? That's good! Glen Campbell? I love this guy. I'm a rhinestone cowboy—right, Glen? Ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. Carl Sagan? Whoops! You'll be on way past my bedtime, Carl. Say hi to Carl for me, though, will you, Johnny?"



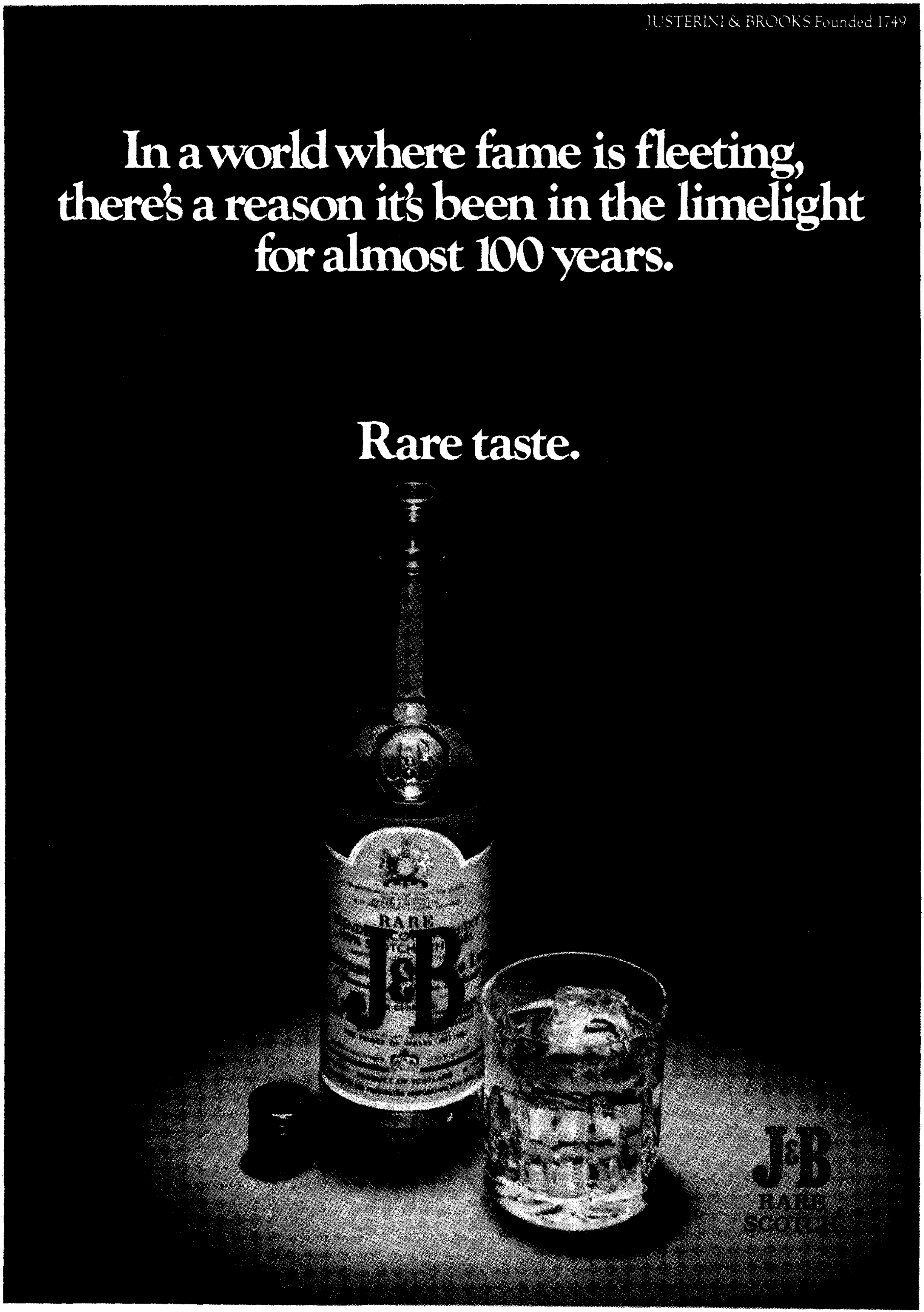
"First, I'd like to read a poem I wrote when I was five years old."

• •

the composing rooms into all other parts of the papers. In return for agreeing to these changes, the printers, members of a union that traces its origins to Colonial days, received lifetime job guarantees of a scope that gives them more security than their publishers have. No matter how little work there is for them to do, they cannot be fired—not even if new owners take over their papers. To underscore the idea that this package of reciprocal benefits was meant to signal the beginning of a new era, the publishers and the union committed themselves to peace in the composing rooms until 1984—an armistice of unprecedented length for any major industry.

When it became obvious that last year's negotiating round with the pressmen—New York Newspaper Printing Pressmen's Local Union No. 2—and the eight other newspaper unions not bound by the long-term pact with Big Six would be difficult, I decided to see whether reason's brief reign was about to end and, if so, how and why. Certain changes that had occurred in the power balance during the last four years required little exploration. I knew without asking that unlocking the composing-room door to automation had, of itself, given a strong forward push to an already well-developed movement among publishers all over the country to make themselves invulnerable to shutdown by strikes. New technology in almost every department has rendered obsolete the unions' jealously guarded lines of craft monopoly; now a handful of executives and confidential secretaries with a modicum of special training can do everything necessary to produce a paper. Miles A. Patrone, vice-president for labor relations of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, summed up the new situation for me last summer as he prepared to retire after twenty-one years as chief labor adviser to the nation's dailies. "We are dealing with a bunch of anachronisms," he said when I called him at the association's headquarters, in Reston, Virginia. "All the unions are vestigial these days."

Just how far the pendulum had swung in favor of the publishers was underscored on October 1, 1975, when two hundred and five union pressmen at the Washington *Post* walked out in a strike that swiftly turned into a union disaster. In one sense, the pressmen lost the strike before they ever reached the picket line. The unionists smashed all nine presses and set one afire as they started out of the building—actions that cost them public sympathy and alienated many inside labor. Behind the sabotage lay a suspicion on the part of many pressmen that in pre-strike bargaining the *Post's* rigid stand in favor of drastic cuts in pressroom manning and in wasteful work rules was part of a calculated effort to break their union. That suspicion had been fortified by the paper's decision before the strike deadline to send fifty-five nonunion white-collar employees to a "school for scabs," run by Southern publishers in Oklahoma City, for a crash course in press operation. Whatever designs Katharine Graham, the *Post's* publisher, may have harbored initially, every management action following the night of the long wrenches pointed inescapably toward a determination to oust the union permanently. After a single day's suspension, the *Post* resumed publication by using helicopters to ferry printing plates from its picket-ringed plant in downtown Washington to six nonunion newspapers in Virginia and Maryland that acted as interim printing centers. As soon as the *Post's* presses were operable again, a makeshift crew of thirty-five *Post* supervisory and clerical employees took over the bulk of the functions normally performed by five times as many union pressmen. Large numbers of reporters and business employees, outraged by the vandalism, came to work through the picket lines. What would have been the stickiest problem of all for most struck papers—how to get the printed papers out of the plant and into the hands of readers—was no problem for the *Post*. Its regular drivers were all nonunion employees of independent distributors, and heavy police details discouraged interference with truck movement by the pickets. The strike wound up in total union surrender. The pressmen abandoned the picket line with neither a contract nor any assurance of reinstatement. In return for withdrawal by management of a fifteen-



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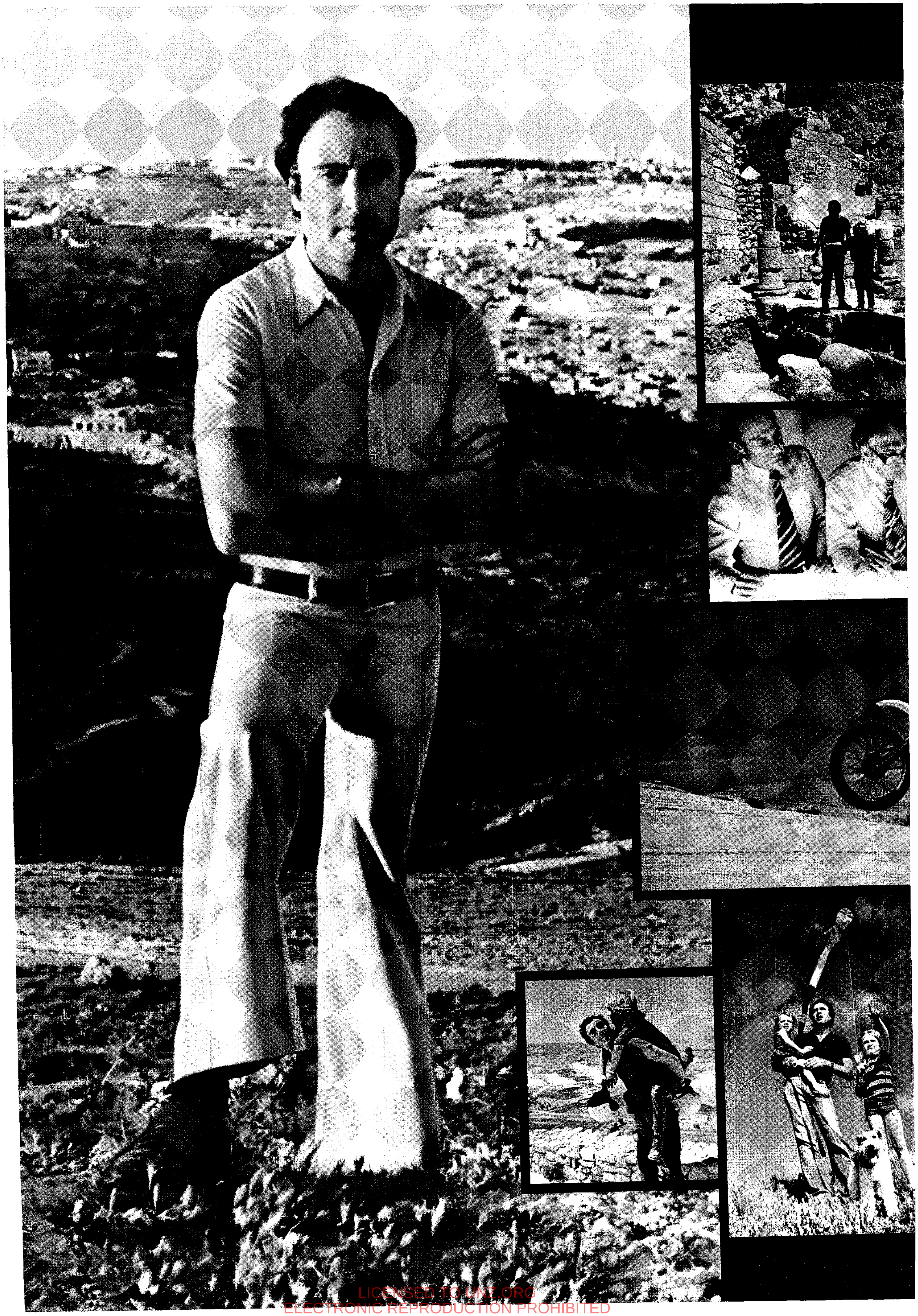

The high school dropout who reeducated the printing industry.

A movie of the life of Efraim Arazi would definitely not be done in black and white. This colorful entrepreneur has been doing things in an unorthodox but highly successful way since he left high school.

At 21, Arazi, a native Israeli, left Jerusalem to seek new challenges in America. He took with him fifty dollars, some electronics training from the Israel Air Force and a faith in his ability to make the future work.

"Your worst mistake is to come to a dead stop just because the future is unclear."

Ten years later, Arazi returned to Israel with a B.S. from MIT, advanced electronics training from Harvard and Itek Corporation, and plans for a corporation called SCI-TEX.

In 1972, SCI-TEX revolutionized the textile printing industry with a computer-controlled system for creating full-color knitted samples in 15 minutes—a process that previously took two weeks. A second system, introduced in 1975, included an argon laser camera for color separation negatives for decorative applications.

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In just 10 years, SCI-TEX has become the acknowledged leader in the field of electronic data-processing of color images.

"We are running between the legs of giants, we are doing something here and something there which otherwise should have been Control Data, IBM, or RCA."

Arazi is an expert skier and motorcycle racer. "Most of my real racing is against myself. I won't take silly chances, but I love to race very hard." His son, Michael, and daughter, Monica, join him on outings to the historic countryside around Jerusalem. The Judaean Desert is Arazi's practice area for dirt bike competitions.

A man who constantly ventures into new markets has to be well-informed. Arazi puts SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN at the top of his reading list.

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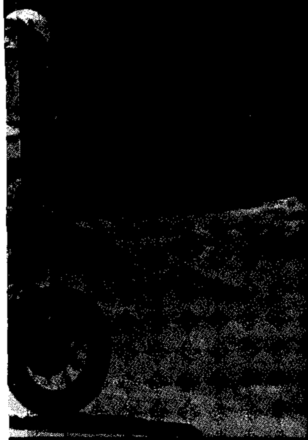

Photography by Frank Maresca

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To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Taste a little elegance tonight. Have a Rose's Gimlet.

"Last year, I was sharp all the way through. This year, I can't seem to get started."

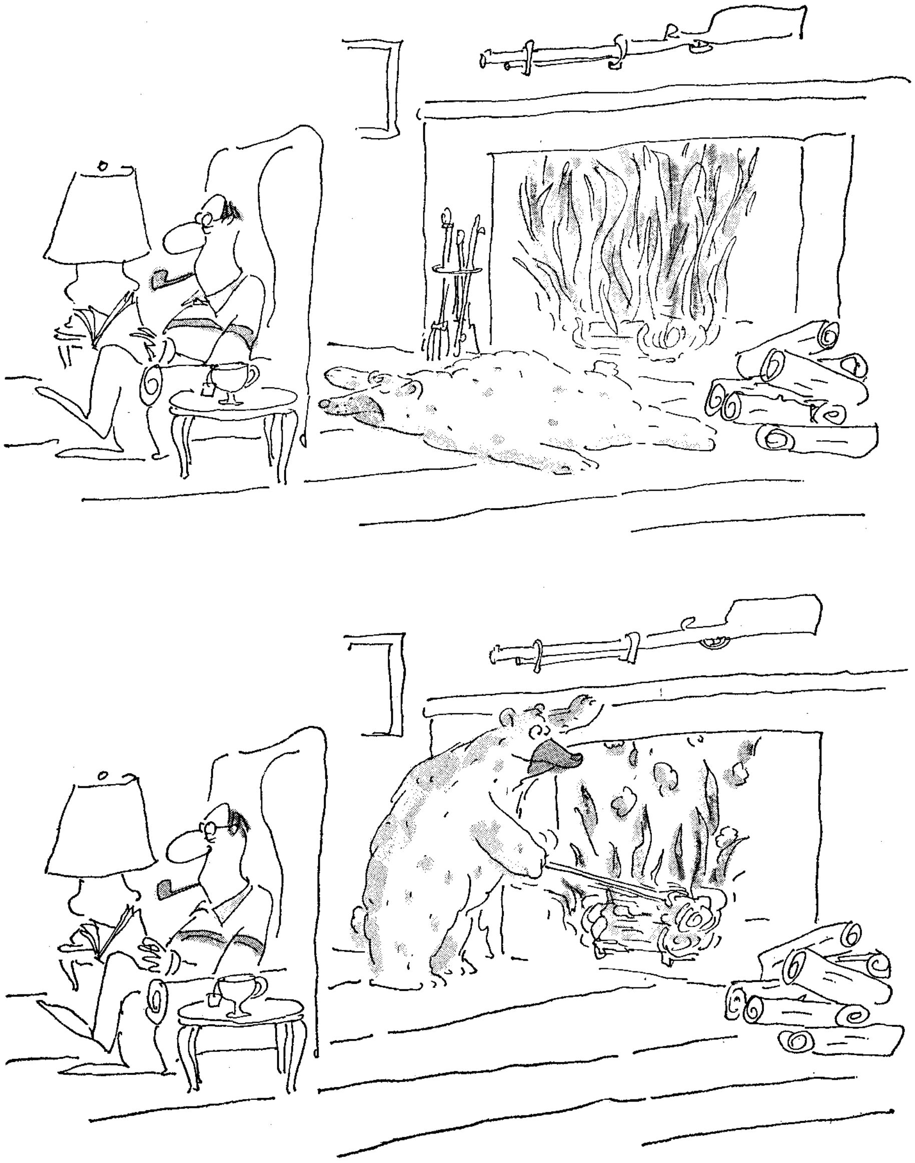
million-dollar damage suit and other pending court actions, the union gave up a twenty-million-dollar countersuit. Only fifty-three of the old pressmen are back on the payroll, half of them outside the pressroom, and every one resigned from the union before returning.

That debacle for the Washington pressmen's union threw a shadow over both sides in New York last year as they approached the expiration, on March 30th, of the newspaper-union contracts. At every stage, what came to be known as the Washington *Post* syndrome magnified tensions and made accommodations elusive. The unions were aware that publishers in other cities had found it possible to get rid of the pressmen's union even without a "smoking gun" of the kind that the Washington strikers had handed the *Post* by wrecking the presses. In Dallas, pressmen at the *Morning News* and the *Times Herald* had struck in May, 1974, to protest management's insistence on a free hand in deciding how many people were needed on each press. Other craft unions ignored the picket lines, and the pressmen were out for good. The same thing happened in the same month at the Kansas City *Star* after that paper fired ninety-eight of its union pressmen in a dispute over the dismissal of one unionist. For the first week of the conflict, five hundred members of other printing crafts refused to go to work, but their resolution evaporated when supervisors and other nonunion workers kept the paper coming out with the aid of computerized typesetting. Permanent replacements were hired for the ousted pressmen—but now there were only half as many as had originally worked at the *Star*.

The multiplying evidence that technological change had made it easier than ever before for publishers to best unions in tests of economic strength had caused many pressmen's locals to move in a direction that most had once considered unthinkable. In the past, the most sacrosanct provisions in their contracts had always been those fixing the number of journeymen and apprentice pressmen required to staff each press. Now, instead of recoiling from any employer initiative to scale down these inflated manning tables, union locals in dozens of cities were scrambling to make adjustments that would preserve the largest possible measure of employment and income security for their members. This change in the unions' thinking was brought about by automation, even though there had been no technological developments for the pressroom to equal those in the composing room. Unlike the setting of type, the operation of presses had long been highly automated, and further degrees of automation would not greatly reduce the number of workers needed in a pressroom. The issue in the pressrooms was not that the publishers wanted to replace the pressmen with machines; it was that the publishers were bound by union contracts to hire more men than they needed for the operation of the machines they already had. And now technological advances outside the pressroom had given the publishers the means to fight this overstaffing: with so many of the other craft jobs being done by machines, it was comparatively easy for the publishers to replace pressmen with nonunion workers and to print their papers with every union on strike.

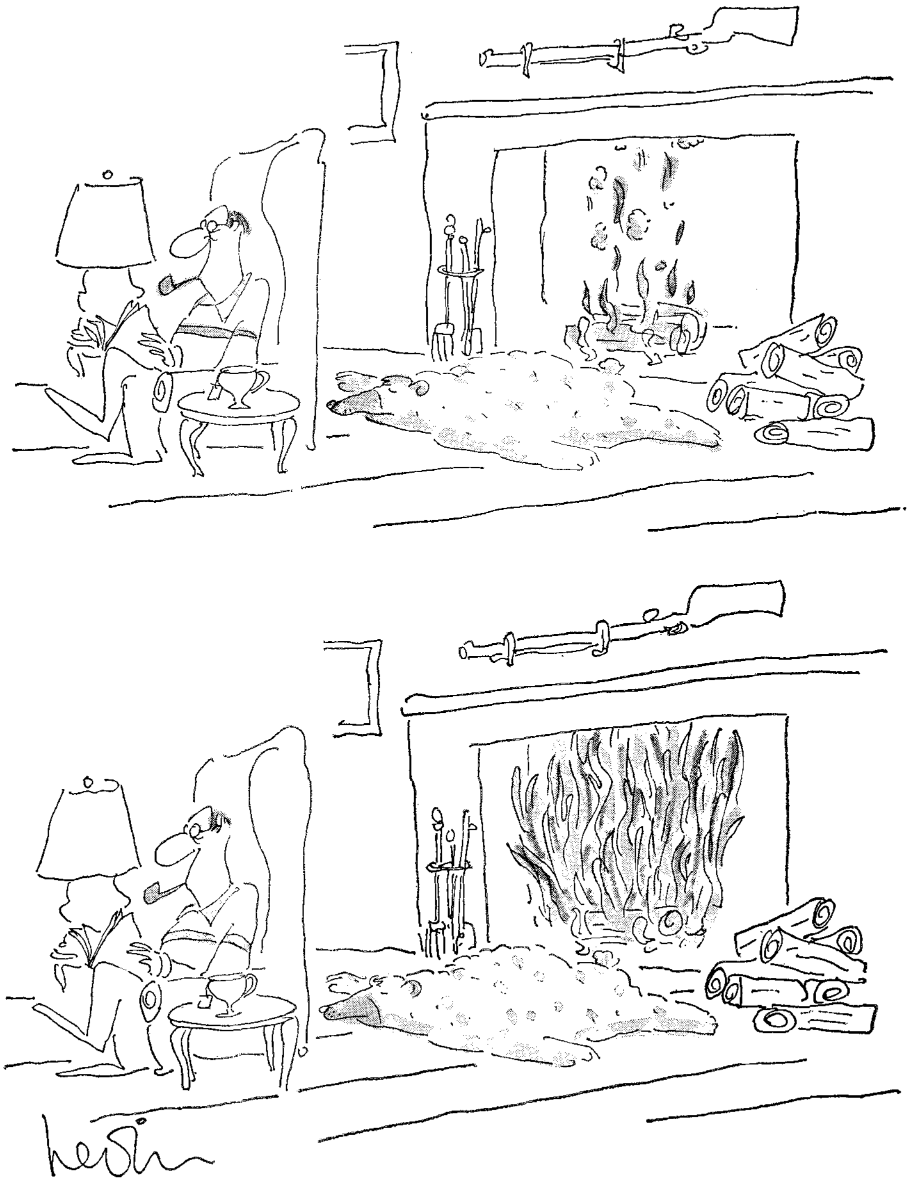
IT was no secret to anyone in Local No. 2 that the publishers of New York City's three major dailies—Arthur Ochs (Punch) Sulzberger, of the *Times*; W. H. (Tex) James, of the *News*; and Rupert Murdoch, of the *Post*—had resolved to make 1978 the year for achieving large-scale economies in the cost of manning their pressrooms. At the *Times*' annual shareholders' meeting on April 26, 1977, Sulzberger noted that the paper had at least fifty per cent more people on its presses than any of its competitors for circulation and advertising in the suburbs, and said he was "very confident" that a better balance could be achieved in the next contract. He urged the union to coöperate in an early start on negotiation, so that the human problems involved in a squeeze-out of jobs could be adjusted equitably.

That note of sweet reasonableness was almost the last heard on either side in the ensuing year and a half of stalemate. Part of the problem was inherent in the nature of the pressmen's union. It is the most ingrown union in the city, even by the clannish standards that are common in old-line craft unions. Overwhelmingly Irish-Catholic, its membership, numbering fifteen hundred and eight, includes at least two hundred whose grandfathers worked on the New York newspapers, and even a few whose ancestors were pressmen here when Alexander Hamilton founded the *Post*, in 1801. So rigorously controlled is admission to the union that apprentices, or "boys," are obliged to wait nineteen or twenty years before qualifying for cards as full-fledged members. Some are still "boys" at age fifty or sixty. The members are conservative politically, as they demonstrated when the press crews at the *Times* shut down the paper one night during the Vietnam War rather than run an editorial critical of United States involvement. (President Nixon sent an emissary to convey his personal congratulations on their patriotism.) In much the same manner as coal miners, working in Stygian tunnels walled off from the world, the pressmen take pride in a bunker philosophy of disdain for the effete workers in the city room and the business offices above their subbasement stronghold. Even though the presses are automated, they still require tinkering and adjustment, and the men work amid a deafening roar, on equipment slippery with ink and grease. But change is not a thing the pressmen reach out for, even in the face of such oppressive working conditions. Quieter, cleaner presses are on the way in many cities; one of the first, nearing completion at the Detroit *Free Press*, will have a soundproof, air-conditioned control booth, where the setting of the newsprint rolls and the intensity of the ink will be handled by operators at consoles. No such installation is immediately in store in New York, nor is the union clamoring for it. Its concern as last year's negotiation drew near was to hang on to as much as it could of what it had. What it had, counting built-in overtime pay that over a period of more than a half century had become a way of life, was an average wage in 1977 of twenty-six thousand dollars, exclusive of employer payments for pensions and other fringe benefits. The ingrained overmanning and premium pay were largely the result of accommodations that had been made for the benefit of the employers under a roller-coaster hiring pattern geared to their need for extra personnel on Fridays and Saturdays to get out their bulky Sunday editions: the union functioned as a supplier of "casual" labor, under a system akin to the shape-up, through which union longshoremen used to be employed on the piers. With so little having lately been changed in pressroom technology, the union could see no valid reason for the publishers' insistence on tearing down this long-established network of working relationships.



In addition to job protection for those already inside the select circle of membership, the union leaders had to give thought to safeguarding the union itself as an institution. The members of Local No. 2 were not reconciled to acceptance of an attrition formula that would represent a slow-action death sentence for their union, bringing it a step nearer extinction every time a pressman died or quit. In that sense, the unborn pressman required protection along with every present holder of a union card. For the publishers, that was a situation a hundred and eighty degrees away from the one they wanted. They had crossed that threshold in the composing room, where Bertram A. Powers, the president of Big Six, never chose to make it an issue. He fought for people in jobs, not for the number of jobs. So long as every printer on the papers' payrolls got an unqualified guarantee of full-time pay for life, the Big Six leader was ready to cede unlimited control over manning to management, subject only to considerations of health and safety. That had been the big turn of 1974. It never was made with comparable fullness in the pressroom imbroglio of 1978.

The union's distaste for the approaching showdown was strengthened by changes it saw occurring among those who determined policy on the three papers. The *Times*, for many years the chief dove on the employer side in any union negotiation, had begun a sharp swing toward toughness in the 1973-74 tussle that culminated in the agreement for composing-room automation. The *Times* had made itself the hub of a communications conglomerate—daily and weekly newspapers, radio and television stations, a book-publishing affiliate, and a growing list of magazines—thus broadening the resources on which the paper could draw to ride out a long strike. It had also forged a solid negotiating bond with the *News*, which in prior years had regularly berated *Times* bargainers for their generosity. The engineer of the switch in the *Times'* policy was Walter E. Mattson, the paper's executive vice-president and general manager, whose authority has kept expanding since 1974, until now, at forty-six, he is Sulzberger's principal counsellor on all matters affecting the busi-



ness destinies of the paper. The changes that Mattson brought to labor relations were based on two tenets. One was that years of *Times* submissiveness in collective bargaining had allowed the unions to make the business unmanageable. The other was that a failure to reëstablish enough control to make *Times* labor costs competitive with those of suburban papers would leave it with earnings too meagre to finance the worldwide news staff on which it relied for journalistic supremacy. In his mind, quality and profits were inextricably linked. Mattson is a big man—six feet three and two hundred and ten pounds—with thinning blond hair. He has protuberant eyes, which light with missionary zeal when he is running through a chart talk on the demographic challenges the *Times* faces in advertising and circulation. An expertise in computerized printing brought Mattson to the top, and he often gives the impression of an ambulatory computer as he rattles off data on publishing economics and technology in encyclopedic volume.

At the *News*, which had always been regarded by the unions as the leader of the publishers' war party, the pressmen found reason to fear an even harsher attitude than usual in the 1978 contract talks. Though it was still the country's largest paper, with a daily circulation of nearly two million, the *News* had slipped in recent years from exceptionally high profitability to a level at which it barely broke even. Its corporate parent, the Chicago *Tribune*, had signalled a determination to reverse the slide in earnings by sending in its own director of operations, Joseph F. Barletta, to shake up the *News* management. Barletta, a soft-spoken Pennsylvania lawyer who had spent five years at the *Wall Street Journal* and six years at the *Tribune*, all in labor relations, came to the *News*, as vice-president and director of employee relations, on his fortieth birthday, October 1, 1976. Fourteen months later, he was promoted to general manager—a post in which he has taken over many of the executive responsibilities formerly in the domain of Tex James, the paper's publisher. Barletta, who is dark-haired and of middle height, is extremely polite. I had never met him before the strike, and, after hearing from old friends on both the union and management sides about the "wild man" spirit he had supposedly injected into industrial-relations practices at the *News*, I was startled to find nothing about him remotely bombastic or overbearing. Newspaper executives under strike siege are rarely the most communicative of informants, but he proved totally frank even when it came to developments that did not go according to plan or wound up as outright disasters. Before the negotiation began, Barletta took two actions that seemed to the union to justify the reputation for hard-line labor relations which had accompanied him from Chicago. One was his hiring of Gregory L. Thornton, an abrasive young lawyer from the Gannett chain, as his successor in immediate charge of *News* employee relations. By the union's yardstick, Thornton's most memorable achievement for the chain had been to break a pressmen's local at the Plainfield, New Jersey, *Courier-News*. The other disquieting move that Barletta was responsible for was the surprise arrival on Washington's Birthday last year of a process-server at the home, in Dix Hills, Long Island, of William J. Kennedy, Jr., the president of the pressmen's union. He brought notice that a court order had been issued authorizing the execution at nine-thirty the next morning of a lien on the union's funds to satisfy a long-overdue judgment of a hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred dollars against it for two wildcat work disruptions in 1971. The union's lawyer, John Feerick, was in Florida for a week-long holiday with his family. Feerick called the *News* attorneys to request a week's delay, on grounds of professional courtesy. They called back to say the answer was no. Through associates in his New York office, Feerick did save the union's treasury, by obtaining an injunction at the same time the union money was being seized, but the sudden demand for payment added to Kennedy's sense that, as Feerick put it later, "a Pearl Harbor was developing against the pressmen."

No less worrisome to the union was the presence of Rupert Murdoch among the shapers of management policy. None of the pressmen knew much about the flamboyant Australian who had bought the *Post* two years before, reportedly for thirty-two million dollars, but what they knew they did not like. Murdoch was telling everyone who came near him that over the past forty years *Post* publishers had been demonstrating their "liberalism" by abandoning management prerogatives to the unions and saddling the paper with high-priced deadwood. Though most of his complaints were aimed at the contract with the New York Newspaper Guild, representing reporters, editors, clerks, and other white-collar employees, featherbedding in the pressroom irked Murdoch almost as much. And he never hesitated to proclaim that the city's only evening paper was losing ten million dollars a year and that he would have to close it unless sizable economies could be made everywhere. Murdoch had built up a press empire spanning three continents on a sensationalist foundation of crime news and generous displays of female flesh. Some of his newspapers and magazines are descendants of the old "penny dreadfuls," but readers have not been driven away by the regularity with which critics deplore their vacuity or the depths of bad taste to which they often descend. Small, slim, and sharp-featured, Murdoch is swift of speech and swifter of action. Now forty-six, he lives in an opulent Fifth Avenue duplex, but he charges around the *Post* in his shirtsleeves, with all the insouciance of a copy boy. Even those who have nothing kind to say about either his publications or his business ethics are constantly astonished at how engaging and unassuming he usually is in personal relations. But where money or power is at stake he battles fiercely, as he proved in 1975, when he routed Clay Felker, Ted Kheel, and a syndicate of other well-connected New Yorkers in a turbulent fight for financial control of *New York* magazine and the *Village Voice.*

Admitting Murdoch to the club was something that the other two papers had not found easy. The *Post* had been an outsider in citywide newspaper negotiations since 1963, when Murdoch's predecessor, Dorothy Schiff, deserted the other publishers by making an independent deal to resume publication four weeks before the general settlement of the hundred-and-fourteen-day strike by the printers. Neither the *Times* nor the *News* trusted Mrs. Schiff after that, and there were plenty of people in the upper echelons of both papers who put no greater faith in Murdoch. Every sounding they took from British and Australian publishers who had worked with him brought back an admonition to beware. Quite apart from such warnings, neither paper had much love for the swashbuckling newcomer. The *Times*, as the Olympus of newspaper journalism, wanted to remain strictly aloof from Murdoch's sensationalism. The *News* had a strong pocketbook motive for backing away from the new press lord on South Street. Ever since his arrival in New York, he had been hinting at plans to set up a tabloid in the morning field to compete with the *News* for readers interested in a heavy diet of sex and sports. Nevertheless, it was the *News* that took the initiative in trying to get the three incongruous partners to present a united front at the bargaining table. After preliminary conversations between Barletta and Mattson, James, of the *News*, invited Sulzberger and Murdoch and their ranking aides to a dinner on August 8, 1977, at the Board Room, a private dining club on Park Avenue.

The dinner went famously, with everyone agreeing that the financial stability of all three papers depended on showing the unions who was boss. The best way to do that, it was also agreed, was to convince them that the publishers had the willingness and the ability to operate in the face of a strike. No detailed strategy was laid out, no compact sealed, but the discussion centered on the pressroom as the place where the most consequential savings could be made now that automation had come to the composing room. All this bellicose talk, however, did *not* rule out a recognition that the publishers' interests would be better served if the pressmen could be persuaded to settle without a strike, on terms that would bring their manning and overtime rules into line with those prevailing in the suburbs, in return for job-security guarantees comparable to the ones that the printers had received in 1974. Even before the Board Room dinner, the *Times*—partly in conjunction with the *News* and partly on its own—had embarked on an exploration to determine whether there was any realistic chance of getting a strike-free contract that would give the papers the desired changes in manning and work rules. The scouting party consisted of the one top executive with whom William Kennedy, the pressmen's president, felt comfortable in the charged atmosphere created by the new lineup among the publishers. He was John Mortimer, senior vice-president for industrial relations at the *Times*. Mortimer, who is still boyish-looking at the age of fifty-five, has been in labor relations for thirty years—at the *Times* since 1962 and at the *News* for fourteen years before that—and has been on friendly terms with all the newspaper unions throughout his career. His basic good will remained unassailable in Kennedy's estimation, in spite of Kennedy's mounting fear that the rest of the employer team was plotting to destroy his union.

THE chief of the city's pressmen is a stocky, perpetually rumpled, and often gruff man of fifty-six. He is not one to welcome strangers, even under the most tranquil conditions. Like many in his rank and file, he is the product of a closed society bounded by the union and the Church. Kennedy's grandfather, a New York policeman, had the right connections to get Kennedy's father into the pressroom at William Randolph Hearst's old New York *American.* After twelve years there, he went to the *News*, where he stayed until his death, in 1961. His son came into the *News* pressroom in 1940, fresh from a Brooklyn parochial high school. The apprenticeship was nineteen years then, but by the time the younger Kennedy had served in the Navy aboard troop transports in both the Atlantic and the Pacific in the Second World War and returned to New York in 1946, the wait for a journeyman's card was down to fourteen years. He worked for four papers after the war, every one of them now dead. Courses at the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations, in Chelsea, under Father Philip Carey, mentor of scores of top unionists, led Kennedy into pressmen's politics. He won the union presidency in 1966, in a contest that revolved around complaints by Kennedy that the old officers had let the pressmen fall far behind the Big Six printers in contract gains. One result of his victory was a stiffening of union demands in the lethal *World-Journal-Tribune* strike then in progress. Another was the start of a bitter and unrelenting feud between Kennedy and Bert Powers,

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The difference between the "sticker price" and the wholesale price—that's what the dealer pays us—is called the markup, or dealer's discount. This changes from time to time, but as a general rule the markup on small cars is lower than on full-size cars.

The dealer's markup helps to pay his rent, taxes, salaries, utility bills—all that it costs to run a business. And he also has to make a profit, or he can't stay in business. Last year, GM dealers reported about two cents profit on each dollar of sales. As you can see, competition doesn't leave the average dealer a very big margin of profit.

You can affect the price you pay. It depends on the marketplace, for one thing. You may get a bigger break if you choose a slower-selling model or a car the dealer already has in stock. The latest sales figures published in many newspapers will give you some idea of how cars are selling, although the demand for a particular model may be greater or less in your area.

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Most buyers trade in a used car when they buy a new one. And the value of used cars varies according to demand as well as to their condition. Performance and appearance count, so it's a good idea to maintain your car and keep it clean. The more you can get for your old car, the less will be your out-of-pocket cost to replace it with a new one.

But whichever car you choose, the price should never be your only consideration. The dealer's reputation and his service capability are also important.

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the strong-willed leader of the printers. Extra bitterness had been injected into their mutual hostility in May, 1974, when the pressmen joined the drivers and all the other newspaper unions in crossing the printers' picket lines at the *News* in a strike precipitated by the paper's decision to put automated typesetting processes into use without a go-ahead from the Powers union. The *News* had taken this action in order to free its composing room from the crippling effects of a slowdown instituted by the Big Six president in the climactic phases of the struggle over the automation pact. The success of the management maneuver, carried through with a good deal of clandestine assistance from the *Times*, provided dramatic evidence of the extent to which computerized printing would enable the papers in New York, most union of union towns, to keep publishing in the face of a strike by a pivotal craft. It also demonstrated with stunning force that the traditional "blood brotherhood" of newspaper unionism had weakened to the point where no group could count automatically on the inviolability of its picket lines. That 1974 lesson in the need to protect one's flanks was much in Kennedy's mind as he studied with increasing puzzlement alternating signals he received from the publishers' two-track approach to the 1978 negotiation—one track aimed at convincing him that the publishers genuinely wanted peace with honor for both sides on the pressroom-manning issue, and the other at leaving no doubt of their readiness to publish without his union if they did not get the cuts they wanted.

Apart from Mortimer's behind-the-scenes attempts to acquaint Kennedy with the publishers' objectives, the one specific early development on the peace track was a meeting on June 14, 1977, in the industrial-relations department of the *Times*. Kennedy had been invited to bring a committee to hear about plans of the *Times* and the *News* for calling in a firm of consulting engineers to make a time-and-motion study of the manpower needed for safe, efficient press operation. The unionist came alone and listened with folded arms and set jaw, despite repeated management assurances that the study was not intended to sandbag the pressmen in the contract talks and that the papers would welcome union involvement in its planning and execution. Kennedy rejected the idea of joint sponsorship, but his union interposed no obstacles when analysts from the Technical Service Company, of Denver, appeared in order to clock operations in the pressrooms of the two papers. To no one's surprise, the engineers' report confirmed the employers' view that they had many more people than they needed, and indicated that existing manning tables could be cut by fifty per cent or more without hazard.

By this time, however, Kennedy saw things happening on the war track which banished any slight expectation he might ever have had that the question of how many pressmen were too many was going to be settled through cloistered argument over the merits of an engineering survey. The advent of the March 30th expiration date for all the newspaper contracts (except the continuing pact with the printers) had brought a flurry of tests by the *Post* and the *News* of the adequacy of their preparations to operate if one or more unions struck. Murdoch put on his demonstration with characteristic derring-do. One weekend, he flew in a planeload of technicians from two papers he owns in San Antonio and bused them to the *Post* plant—idle on weekends—to prove that they could produce papers without a union member in the place. The demonstration left unanswered the question of how the papers would be delivered to readers, but it nevertheless conveyed the impression that Murdoch was losing no sleep over the likelihood that his union drivers would refuse to work. The *News* was less ostentatious about its dry runs. It had sent some of its nonunion people to the Oklahoma City training center that the Washington *Post* had used before repulsing its press union, and on several spring Mondays—Monday normally being a day of inactivity at an auxiliary printing plant it maintains in Brooklyn—the tabloid quietly arranged to have dummy editions run off there by these quick-study alternates for its regular pressmen, stereotypers, paperhandlers, and mailers, along with some other nonunion employees who had received emergency training in the 1974 battle with the printers. The *Times* went through no similar exercise but did let it be known that it had trained people at Oklahoma City and elsewhere for possible strike duty. "All the time the *Times* was playing the 'good guy' role, I knew they were part of this fear campaign," Kennedy recalled in one of our conversations much later. "Mortimer

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"Is it the ambiance?" the friend inquired.

The Traveler replied, "Of course there has to be a certain chemistry and geometry to a great hotel that makes me immediately want to stay. But a lot of quite ordinary hotels have achieved this feat through exceptional architecture and artful mimicry. But this certainly does not make them great hotels."

"Then it must be the facilities?" his friend questioned.

The traveler answered, "I do expect an *over abundance* of facilities. After all, I do want to be able to indulge my whims regardless of whatever mood I'm in. But facilities have never made a great hotel."

"The service, it must be the service," his friend exclaimed.

The traveler smiled and said, "Ah, the service. Yes, the service has to be just so. And indeed, of everything we've talked about, service is the most important. But a number of hotels have great service and they're still not great hotels."

Then, in anticipation of his friend's next question, the traveler continued, "Well, what is it, then?...Very simply, it is an attitude the great hotels have that the others don't.

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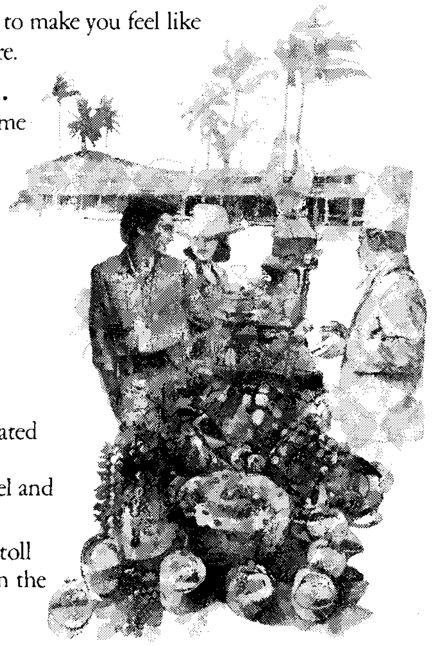

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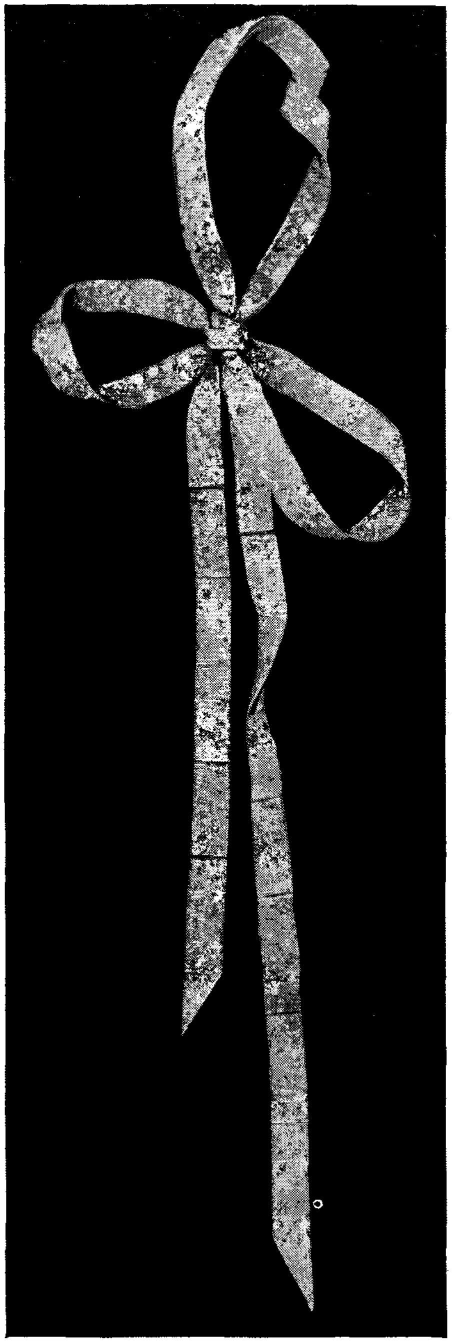

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told me himself that he had been trained as a pressman at the Miami *Herald*." Kennedy's feeling that the publishers were out to cow him became overwhelming when his lawyers, Feerick and Michael M. Connery, who were members of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, a giant law firm that specializes in corporate reorganizations, brought doleful tidings back from meetings with Wall Street associates. "There'll be bloodletting when the pressmen's contract comes to a crunch—your client's blood" was the warning that Connery said he had been given by a member of a law firm close to both the *Times* and the *News*.

All this convinced Kennedy that the key to mounting a successful resistance lay not with his own union but with the drivers'. If the drivers went through the picket lines, the papers would come out, and the pressmen would have no leverage. If the drivers stayed away from work, there would be no papers on the street, and the normal interplay of economic forces would shape the outcome of the strike. This awareness represented no blinding insight. The publishers were equally conscious that the one union they could not do without was the drivers'. So was each of the other unions with a contract up for renegotiation. The problem they all had was that they could get no illumination from Douglas La Chance, the modish young man who heads the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers Union, on what his fourteen hundred and fifty members would do. "I'm not going to be the bullets in your gun, and I'm not going to be the bullets in the publishers' gun" was his standard answer to every inquiring union leader.

The drivers' union is the only independent among the ten newspaper unions. It is not affiliated with either the A.F.L.-C.I.O. or the Allied Printing Trades Council, the coördinating group to which all the others belong. It is also outside the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, but its reputation for probity is comparable. Over the years, there have been several investigations into alleged underworld penetration of the union and of the wholesale news distributors with whom it has a maze of abstruse relationships. Early in the century, the drivers' union was known as a Hearst company union. Its first president was the circulation manager for the old *Evening Journal*. When he left to become a prosperous news dealer, his place as union president was taken by his successor as circulation manager until he, too, went off to rejoin the bosses. Payoffs to union officials used to be common, but after the Senate Select Committee on Improper Practices in the Labor or Management Field, with Robert F. Kennedy as chief counsel, turned a spotlight on such illegal payments twenty years ago, the New York publishers ordered abandonment of all under-the-table arrangements. But distribution practices for newspapers and magazines in the metropolitan area remain a twilight zone of union-enforced monopolies, in which special fees and other exactions abound.

The drivers' union has no funds with which to pay strike benefits, and the other unions have always viewed it as the one most likely to break ranks when someone else's strike begins to squeeze. Against that backdrop, William Kennedy told his attorneys early in the year that the most welcome thing that could happen, from his standpoint, would be for the publishers to go to the mat with some other union before they forced a showdown with the pressmen. As Kennedy saw it, such a preliminary scuffle would provide a kind of "shakedown cruise" for assessing how strongly the pressmen could rely on the drivers if they themselves had to take to the picket line.

An opportunity of the kind that Kennedy had hoped for did finally present itself, through a tangled series of developments on the employer side. These stemmed from a tactical decision by the three publishers to shelve the question of the pressmen during the month before the union contracts expired and concentrate on the drivers and the Newspaper Guild. All three papers came to the 1978 Guild talks with demands for reductions in union security and exclusion of hundreds of workers from Guild jurisdiction. However, the management attempt to form a troika for the accomplishment of a common program quickly disintegrated, because the concessions that Murdoch insisted on getting from the Guild were too extreme for his newfound partners. Two specific Murdoch proposals led to this first parting of the ways. One was that, in view of his weekly operating losses of two hundred thousand dollars, all the unions, including the Guild, should accept a wage freeze for the first year of the new contract. The other was a demand that the Guild give the *Post* a one-time right to discharge employees whom it considered "incompatible" with the publishing philosophy of the new management. Murdoch wanted the right, which the

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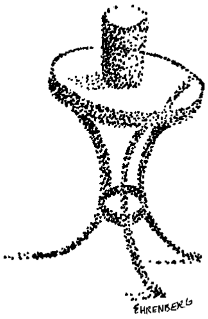
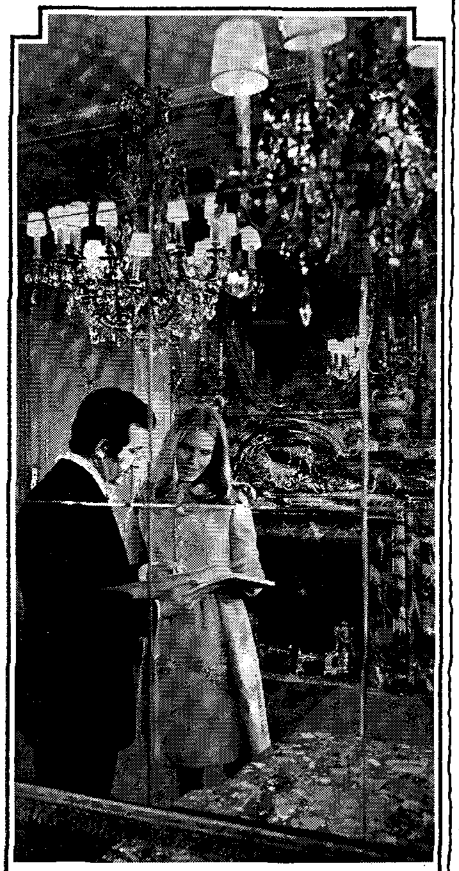
Guild immediately termed "an Auschwitz clause," to get rid of a third of the *Post's* four hundred and sixty Guild members, without regard for seniority. Mattson and Barletta told Murdoch he would have to go it alone on both points. They did not believe that, in a period when inflation was heading back toward double-digit levels, either the *Times* or the *News* could tell its workers that they would have to pass up a pay increase for a year. As for the proposal to lop off a third of the *Post* staff with no criterion other than management whim, both considered such a goal so violative of every principle of unionism that they would not dream of committing their papers to shut down to help the *Post* achieve it. Their position came as no great shock to Murdoch. He told them that his stake in establishing control over quality and cost in the news and business operation of the *Post* was too high to abandon. His intention, he said, was to slug it out with the Guild by himself and leave it up to the *Times* and the *News* to negotiate a contract with the drivers. The two other publishers immediately suspected that he already had a private deal with La Chance to keep drivers at work delivering the *Post* if the *Times* and the *News* failed to get an agreement before the March 30th deadline. Murdoch ridiculed any such suggestion, insisting that his only motivation for wanting to divide the bargaining responsibility was the high priority he attached to chopping up the Guild unit.



Disappointing as the swift rupture of their alliance was, the *Times* and the *News* were not altogether unhappy to have the volatile Australian remain an outsider in the all-important negotiations with the drivers. I had a chance meeting with Punch Sulzberger at about this time, and he said, "The man is wild. We'll support him on the things we have in common, but not on the crazy kind of things he's after with the Guild." Barletta's feeling was much the same. "Our meetings on the Guild business were right off the wall," he said to me afterward. "Murdoch had his hit list, and he was highly emotional about it. I told Mattson, 'The dollars are in the pressroom, but Murdoch feels that the Guild has to be paramount.' " In their approach to the drivers, the *Times* and the *News* did not come to the table, as they did with the Guild and the pressmen, bearing a thick catalogue of demands. In their eagerness to get the drivers under contract, and thus improve the chances of keeping them at work if another union struck, both papers reverted to the traditional pattern of letting the union do most of the demanding. However, two things that management considered important did slow the talks down. One was a *News*-initiated proposal for keeping internal union politics out of the grievance machinery in the handling of the wildcat strikes that kept halting truck-loading operations. The other was a *Times* plan for more regular refilling of the blue-and-white newspaper-vending machines that have been multiplying on city streets as newsstands approach extinction. They are called "honor boxes," because they open when the price of a paper is deposited, the customer being trusted to take just one. The fee that the drivers were to get for improved servicing of the boxes became a sticking point in the talks. So did an extra payment of one-half of one per cent of all wages, which the union needed in order to avert a looming deficit in its health-and-welfare fund. A thirty-one-hour marathon session after the clock was stopped at midnight on March 30th produced a tentative wage settlement. It called for a first-year increase of twenty-three dollars in the old weekly rate of three hundred and thirty-two, another twenty-three-dollar increase the second year, and a twenty-two-dollar increase the third.

The pay accord averted any immediate strike, and also fixed a wage pattern that was to remain invariable for the pressmen and all the other unions in the months ahead. But the continued inability of the papers and the unions to agree on the revised grievance system, on honor-box payments, and on more money for the welfare fund blocked the signing of a final contract with the drivers. Subcommittees worked on a round-the-clock basis to clear up these issues through an intricate series of tie-in deals. When everything seemed on the point of falling into place, intra-union politics got in the way. La Chance was in the midst of a fierce election fight while the contract was in its tensest stage of negotiation. He left the talks with the publishers to go to a preëlection membership meeting, where he found himself under immediate challenge by his rank-and-file opponents to tell what he had done to insure solvency for the welfare fund. La Chance replied that



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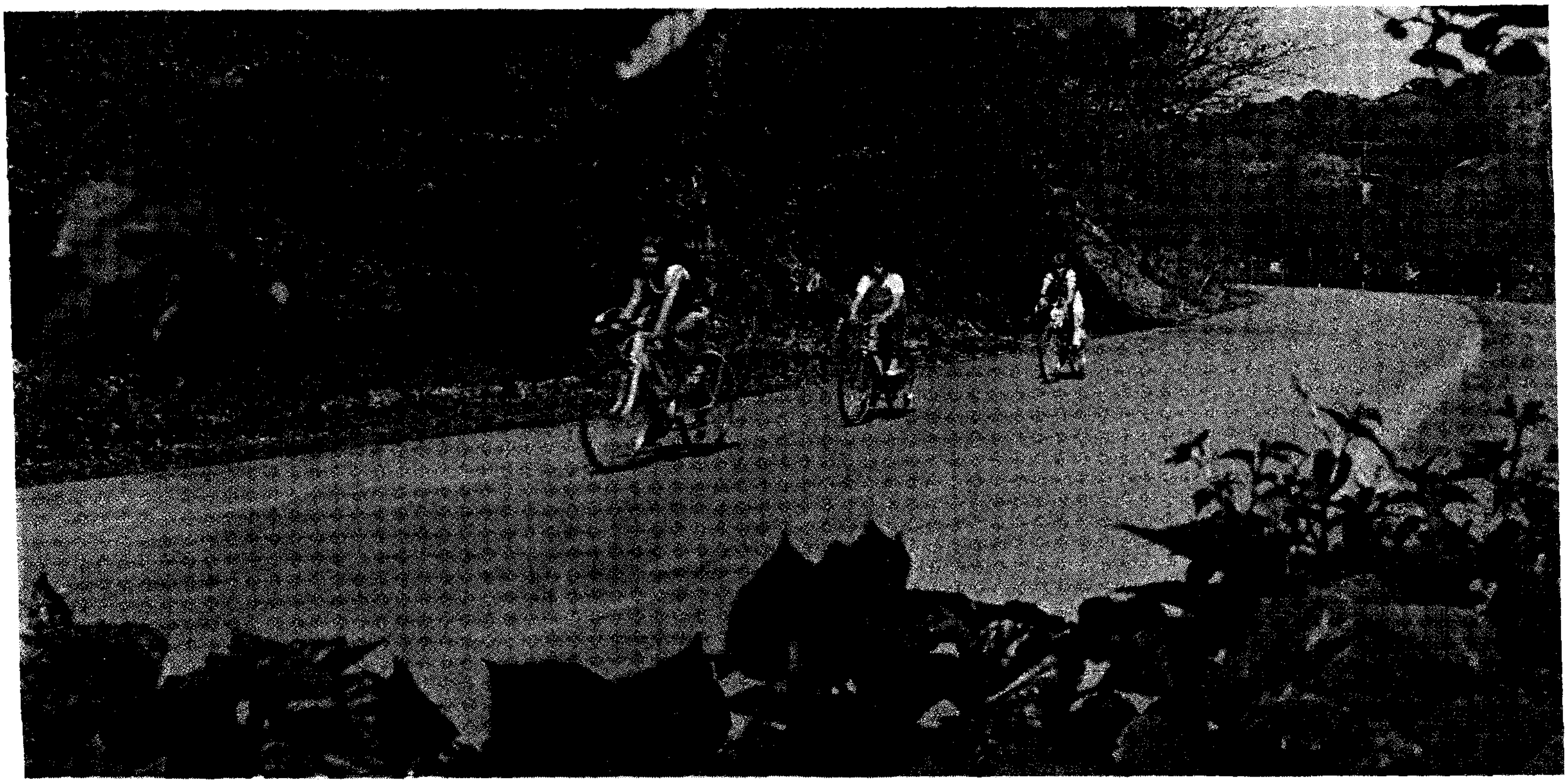

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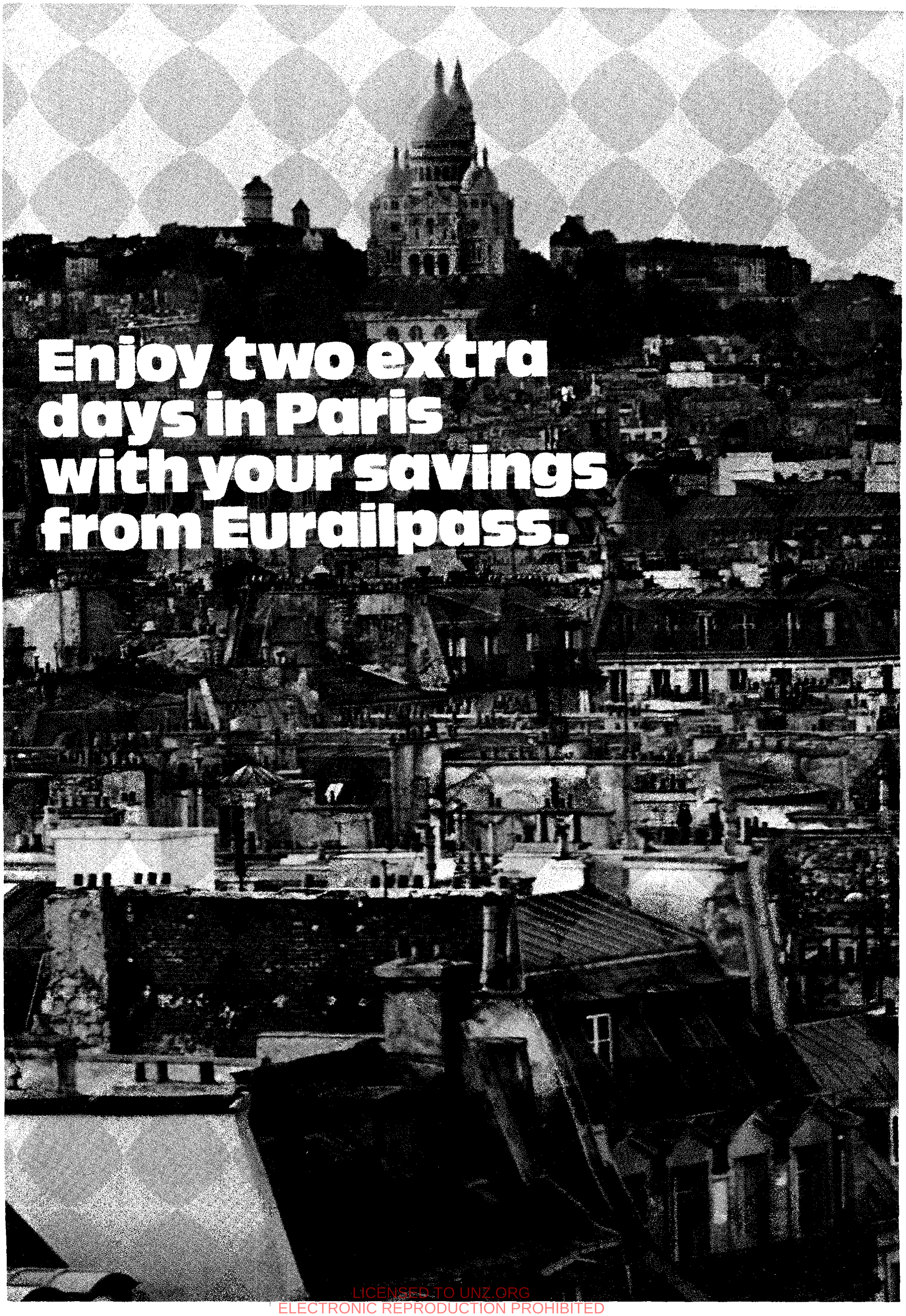
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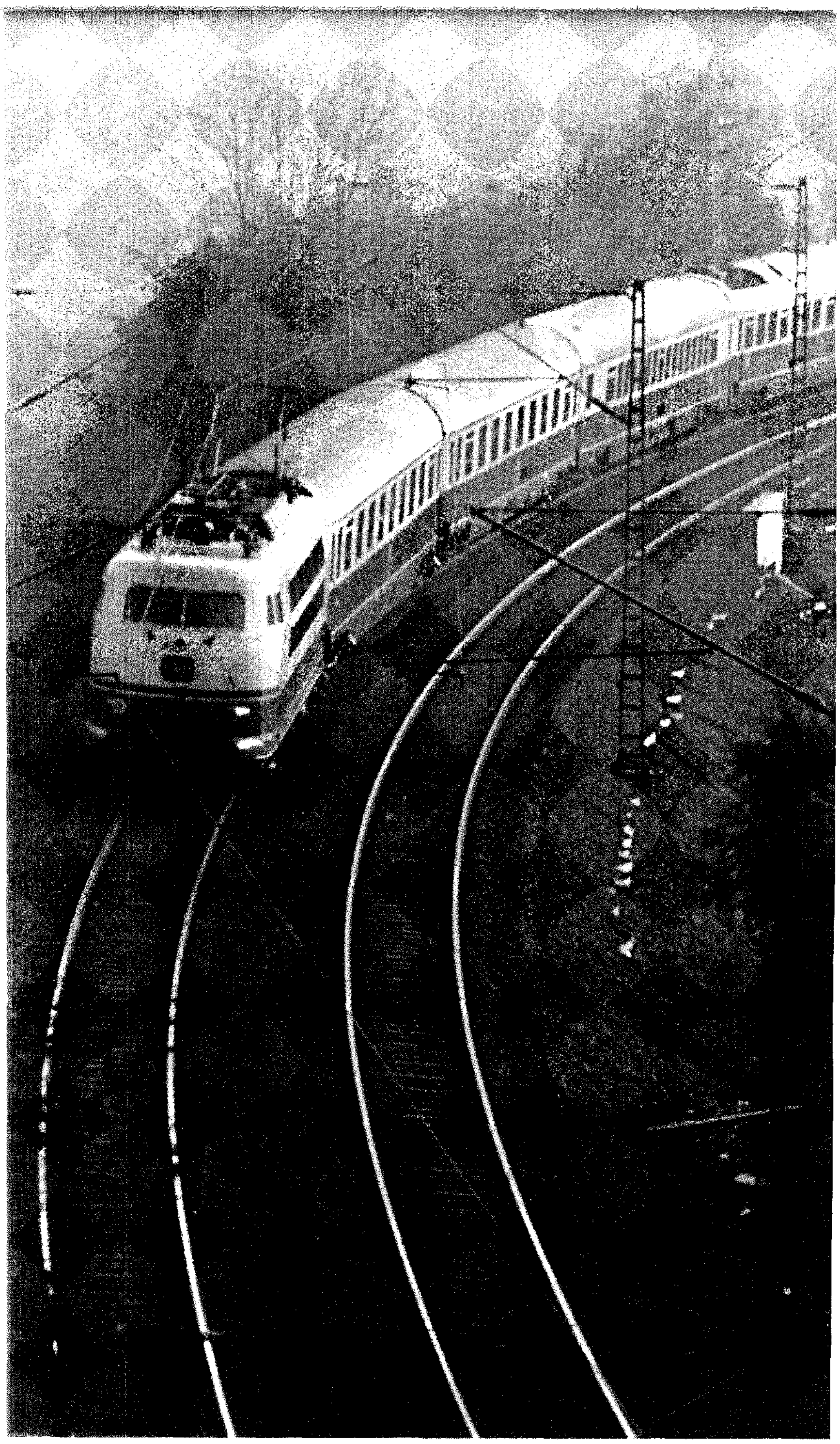

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the papers had agreed to make the fund whole by paying the extra one-half of one per cent for the contract's first year. That satisfied the members but not the facts. The publishers had tied their commitment on the money to union acceptance of new language covering the honor boxes. La Chance was in no mood to jeopardize his re-election chances by bringing up the honor-box arrangement—one he knew would evoke few cheers.

Following the session, La Chance urged the papers to replenish the welfare funds on a no-strings basis, lest the necessity for setting the record straight upset the whole agreement. He warned that the union would sign no contract until the additional money was forthcoming. But the publishers remained adamant. The result was to leave everything in a state of suspension through the full span of the battle with the pressmen, and to deprive the papers of a resource they might have used to keep the drivers working when the picket lines went up. La Chance was left free to weave and dodge in a way that kept all the contestants confused about where he would be in any crisis. Seven months later, after the long slumber of the presses, the publishers ended their holdout and agreed to the one-time payment of one-half of one per cent to the undernourished welfare fund; the revised language on honor boxes never did get into the drivers' contract, making the whole gambit by the papers an exercise in futility that did irreparable damage to their over-all tactical position.

While the *Times* and the *News* were stumbling into this cul-de-sac, Murdoch was trying to get the Guild to meet his demands. The *Post* set a series of deadlines for terminating its contract and putting new terms into effect unilaterally, whereupon the Guild got assurances of full support from the Allied Printing Trades Council. But it called no strike even when the *Post* did end its contract, in mid-April. One deterrent was worry that a walkout might prove ineffective, because of the absence of any clear-cut backing from the only indispensable union, the drivers'. Another deterrent ran in the opposite direction: it was fear that success in shutting down the *Post* while the two other papers were publishing might impel Murdoch to give up the *Post* for good.

Caught in this no-win situation, the Guild welcomed an invitation to the Washington headquarters of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, whose regional representatives in New

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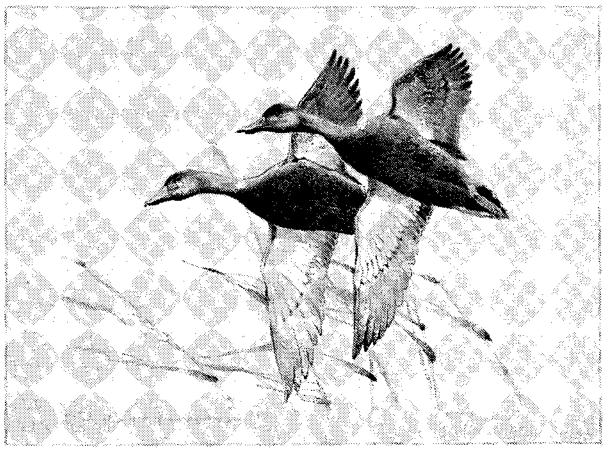

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York had been monitoring the dispute from its earliest days. At the capital meeting, the first signs emerged that Murdoch was prepared to compromise on his "Auschwitz clause." As a way around his original insistence on freedom to squeeze out a third of the staff by management dictate, mediators helped negotiators for the *Post* and the Guild work out a formula for increasing the standard severance-pay guarantees. The purpose was to encourage people to leave of their own accord by offering them more money to get out. A hundred and twenty-two employees took advantage of the liberalized payments, and Murdoch got most of the rest of the staff cut he was looking for by laying off eighteen people at the bottom of the seniority roll. That left an imposing list of givebacks still on Murdoch's "must" list, but the defusing of the central issue made both sides content to leave the balance of the contract for resolution later.

With trouble at the *Post* averted at least temporarily, the *Times* and the *News*, still operating without Murdoch, turned their attention back to the main event—the fight to cut pressroom labor costs. They had presented their first formal contract offer to Kennedy early in March, but there had been no serious bargaining then. The publishers asked full freedom to assign pressmen in line with their own judgment of need, and also sought blanket abolition of time-hallowed work rules. Kennedy dismissed the entire package as an attempt to destroy his union. He refused even to discuss it. After two months of drift, the two papers decided that nothing would ever be settled unless they injected some sense of urgency into the proceedings. On May 9th, therefore, they notified the union that a new contract covering pressmen must be concluded by the Fourth of July weekend; otherwise, they would post their own rules unilaterally. In a letter to all *Times* employees the next day, Sulzberger said that the deadline had been set for two reasons. The first was the necessity of relief from manning requirements that forced the *Times* to employ twice as many pressmen as it needed or as its suburban competitors used. He stressed the fact that the *Times* was asking for nothing that had not already been granted in similar circumstances by pressmen's locals in many other cities. The second reason was that the Independence Day weekend had been picked as the time for carrying out one of the most fundamental transformations in printing practice to flow from the automation of the composing room. This involved the switch from hot metal to photocomposition (so-called cold type) in the setting of all type for the paper—a process that brought computers and lasers into full play. The last of the *Times'* hundred and twenty-nine Linotype machines were to be retired that weekend, along with the ponderous steel tables on which, since the days of Adolph S. Ochs, lead type had been fitted into the page forms and wheeled off for casting into heavy metal stereotype mats. Now the reporters, columnists, and editors were to double as typesetters, with stories being automatically fed from a video display terminal (an electronic mating of a typewriter keyboard with a closed-circuit television service) into a computer for conversion into long strips of phototype at a pace two hundred times as fast as a skilled union printer could set them. For the pressroom, the changeover to cold type meant the first significant technological change in half a century. No longer was it necessary to clamp onto the presses a forty-three-pound metal mold for each page of the paper. Now all that was needed was a plastic plate weighing a few ounces. A thinning out of pressroom personnel ought to accompany the thinning out of the plates, Sulzberger asserted.

The publisher's letter failed to mention a third factor that entered into the timing. The holiday weekend represented the start of the two-month period in which most people take their vacations, and in which readership, advertising, and profits are invariably at their lowest. For the publishers, that meant an extended period in which they could take a strike with minimal financial damage. And a second tactical benefit to the employers might flow from that fact. Since New York State law permits unemployment-insurance payments to strikers only after eight weeks away from work, the knowledge that the papers could easily hold out all summer long might of itself militate against a strike by the pressmen.

Unexpectedly, the countdown atmosphere that the publishers had hoped to engender through their deadline was dissipated by a diversionary move from their own side of the fence. The *News* decided that it ought to plunge into the vacuum in Guild bargaining which had been created by Murdoch's suspension

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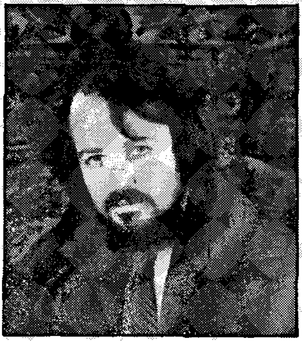

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of hostilities after he found a way to shave unwanted employees off his payroll. Still on the table at all three papers were employer demands for the elimination of many contract clauses the Guild had won in other years, and the *News* felt that none of these revisions would ever be obtained by the publishers unless the issue was forced before the seemingly inevitable clash with the pressmen. The *Times*, through Mattson and Mortimer, tried to persuade the *News* to hold off. This was not because it questioned the desirability of the changes that the *News* was seeking but because it believed that any effort to get the changes in the middle of the psychological warfare with the pressmen was too risky. Barletta persisted, on the ground that the momentum for concessions from the Guild was bound to disappear in the universal eagerness for a speedy mop-up of all contracts still outstanding after a pressroom settlement, especially if the settlement followed a long strike. "We never knew what the *Post* would do in our Guild situation," Barletta said later. "We didn't even have an ironclad commitment in advance from the *Times*."

The talks between the *News* and the Guild went badly. Harry Fisdell, the executive vice-president of the New York Guild, who was the union's chief negotiator, is slow-spoken and indecisive, in sharp contrast to the acerbic imperiousness of Gregory Thornton, who headed the management delegation. The mixture did not make for progress. On May 25th, Thornton called Fisdell to notify him that a letter was being hand-delivered informing him that the *News* had terminated its contract and would no longer observe the old provisions for checking off union dues, sending all unresolved grievances to arbitration, and requiring certain classes of employees to belong to the union. Things went downhill from there. The *Times* announced publicly that it would support the *News* in the event of a shutdown, but it did not specify what form the support would take.

John Zancanaro, a national representative of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, who had been sent from Washington to head a peacemaking team, proposed to the Guild and the *News* a settlement package that called for a half-dozen retreats by the Guild from existing rights. The union said yes, management no. Management wanted more givebacks from the union. On June 13th, the Guild struck, confident that it would have the support of the Allied Printing Trades Council, but still unsure where the drivers would stand. There was less uncertainty on management's side. Its representatives had assured the mediators the day before that they were certain there would be enough drivers manning *News* trucks to allow the paper to get out most of its usual press run.

That was more or less the way things turned out on the strike's first day. The unions making up the Allied Printing Trades Council refused to cross the Guild picket lines. They stayed away in response to a plea by their president, George E. McDonald, of the New York Mailers Union No. 6, whose members run the automated equipment that bundles and labels the printed papers when they come up from the pressroom on their way to the loading platforms, where they are picked up by the drivers. Among the Allied unions, the only abstainers from the sympathy boycott were the members of the printers' union, Big Six, who could not stay out without imperilling the lifetime job guarantees of their long-term contract. The crucial decision was up to La Chance, and after several hours of debate among the drivers he himself led most of the Tuesday-night crew at the *News* past the Guild pickets. His action enabled the tabloid to distribute six hundred thousand papers—roughly a third of its customary total—even though the trucks had to run through fusillades of rocks and bottles. The next day, the distribution total was raised to seven hundred thousand papers, all produced by a hundred and fifty nonunion employees inside the *News* building, on East Forty-second Street, with the aid of the union printers.

Kennedy, of the pressmen, studied these developments with at least as much active interest as anyone in the Guild. His union had never been noted for friendliness with the union of scribblers and clerks, but the *News* strike supplied precisely the type of "shakedown cruise" he had regarded from the first as highly useful in appraising the power balance his union eventually would have to face. The pressmen's chief was omnipresent on the Guild picket lines, crossing and recrossing the street outside the *News* loading platforms to slow the passage of trucks. Members of his union and its allies the paperhandlers walked with picket signs far into the night. They applied every form of persuasion, verbal and nonverbal, to discourage the drivers from coming to work—this despite constant reiteration by La Chance's aides that what happened in a Guild strike should not be taken as any portent of how the drivers would act in a walkout by the pressmen.

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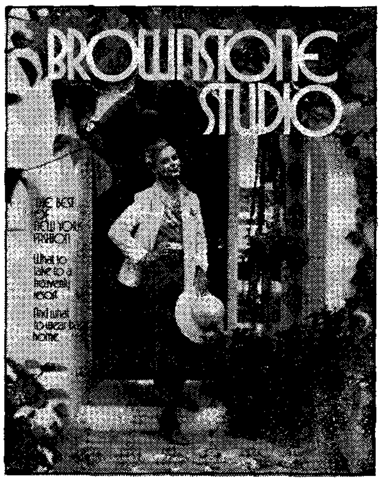

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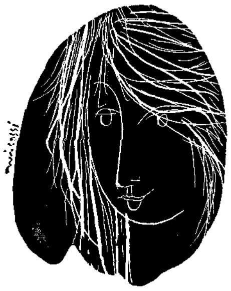
Allied affiliates were also busy trying to persuade the drivers not to cross the lines. So were longtime critics of La Chance inside his own union. By the strike's third day, Thursday, all this pressure, coupled with growing worry among the drivers about their physical safety, brought a turnaround in policy. La Chance emerged from a rancorous meeting of several hundred drivers in the *News* garage and announced that none of the drivers would work any longer. "I will not have my union divided," he said. "I will not have brother against brother." This decision caused an immediate abandonment of further plans to publish, and restored the Guild's lost muscle at the bargaining table.



Even before the drivers' refusal to work, the *Times* had acted to terminate its own Guild contract, as a sign of concrete support for the struck paper, and had threatened to suspend publication. On Friday, Barletta pressed Mattson to pinpoint a time for shutting the *Times* and thus increasing the incentive of the unions honoring the Guild picket lines to clamor for a quick settlement. Mattson said that immediate notice would be given that the *Times* would stop publishing at 8 A.M. Monday unless the *News* was back on the street by then. Barletta would have been happier if the *Times* had offered to sacrifice its fat Sunday edition, but the *Times* maintains that its only purpose was to pick the date it considered most likely to open a window for a settlement. With the *Times* pinned down, Barletta turned to the *Post*, in the hope that the shutdown threat could be made citywide. The word he got back from South Street was that Murdoch was somewhere between Hong Kong and Sydney and could not be reached. In his absence, no one at the *Post* felt able to make a pledge of the sort Barletta wanted. This hesitancy was explained by references to warnings from *Post* lawyers that the arrangements under which the Guild had coöperated in inducing more than a hundred employees to take their money and run might make the paper liable to charges of unfair labor practices if it shut down now.

One indisputable change emerged from all this writhing on both sides: the Guild negotiations came out of the deep freeze in which they had been kept while the drivers were reporting for work. Zancanaro, the captain of the federal mediation team, labored to put together a new peace package by shuttling between Thornton and Fisdell. This time, however, he had two unofficial aides with more clout than any ordinary mediators. Mortimer, of the *Times*, and McDonald, of the Allied Printing Trades Council, kept feeding ideas into the mixture and vetoing those they felt might be too unpalatable to one side or the other. When the package was assembled, the *Times* used its weight with the *News* to make sure there would not be another management turndown of the kind that had killed Zancanaro's pre-strike plan. McDonald did not even wait for the Guild negotiating committee to begin its formal study of the proposed settlement before issuing his own endorsement in behalf of the Allied. He said that the other unions would not desert the Guild if it rejected the package, but he warned that anything they did might be rendered academic by a three-paper lockout, which would make all newspaper workers idle.

Under this external pressure, the rank and file of the Guild unit at the *News*, which had thirteen hundred and forty members, gave unenthusiastic approval to the settlement on the strike's fifth day, and the tabloid was able to put out an emaciated Sunday paper with the cheery headline "HI THERE! GLAD TO BE BACK." The contract included a dozen givebacks, most of them at the expense of future employees, but the *News* did not get the concession that the Guild had found most objectionable: a proposal that half of all general wage increases be set aside for allocation by management to those employees it considered most deserving.

There was some legacy of disaffection inside the Guild at the strong-arming by the Allied, but the strike's more substantial carry-over was in the realignment of power it seemed to portend for the talks between the pressmen and the publishers. Kennedy could scarcely contain his delight. "La Chance would have been a kingmaker were it not for the Guild strike," Mike Connery, Kennedy's counsel, observed afterward. "He had to bend to keep from losing his members. He had to cease functioning as the power broker he would have been if his inability to bring his members across the lines had not been shown up."

La Chance didn't see it that way. Nothing could alter the reality that his union did have make-or-break power in every contest involving the newspapers, and before the pressmen had staggered to the finish in the long negotiation they were cheering him as their most helpful ally. Even after his embarrassment in the Guild strike, the unflappable leader of the drivers had a ready justification for his contradictory moves. When he was leading his men in, he said that his aim was to promote an early settlement and to guard against a "holocaust" that would put everybody on the street. When he led them out, he said that the personal safety of his men and the need for unity in the local had to take first place.

The only comfort the publishers could derive from the entire episode was a modest advance in their joint desire to recapture some benefits and prerogatives they had ceded to the Guild. La Chance, whose possible support had figured largely in their planning for the central battle with the pressmen, had now been proved something less than master in his own house. Worst of all, the time spent in the Guild excursion had obliged the *Times* and the *News* to postpone their deadline for a contract with the pressmen from July 4th to August 8th. A month of the low-profit period that the papers had been counting on to contain their possible losses and exhaust the unions in a strike had vanished irretrievably.

THE publishers' foremost task as they prepared to deal with the pressmen was to prevent a complete rupture in their strained relations before any of the principal pressroom goals were achieved. That endeavor was to take turns much stranger than the many bizarre ones I could remember from the hundred-and-fourteen-day strike fifteen years ago, though there were now only three papers, instead of the seven of citywide circulation and the two others in Long Island City which contributed to the confusion then.

The process of healing the wounds left by the Guild strike began with a meeting between the *Post* and the *News*, to which the *Times*, with its history of capitulation to the unions, was not invited. The session grew out of a luncheon that Thornton, the *News* employee-relations director, had on June 29th with Martin M. Fischbein, Murdoch's special assistant, who had come to the *Post* three months before, after several years as a research assistant to Theodore Kheel at Automation House, an industrial-relations center that Kheel presides over in a converted mansion on East Sixty-eighth Street. The two young executives laid the groundwork for a top-level attempt on July 13th to work out a common *Post-News* program for the pressroom

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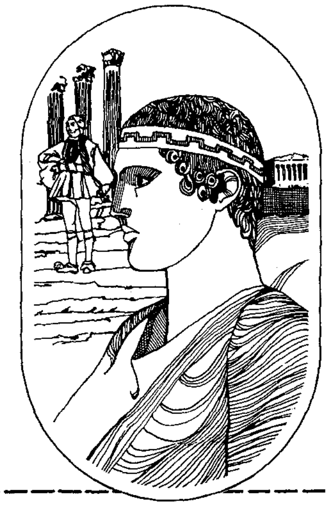

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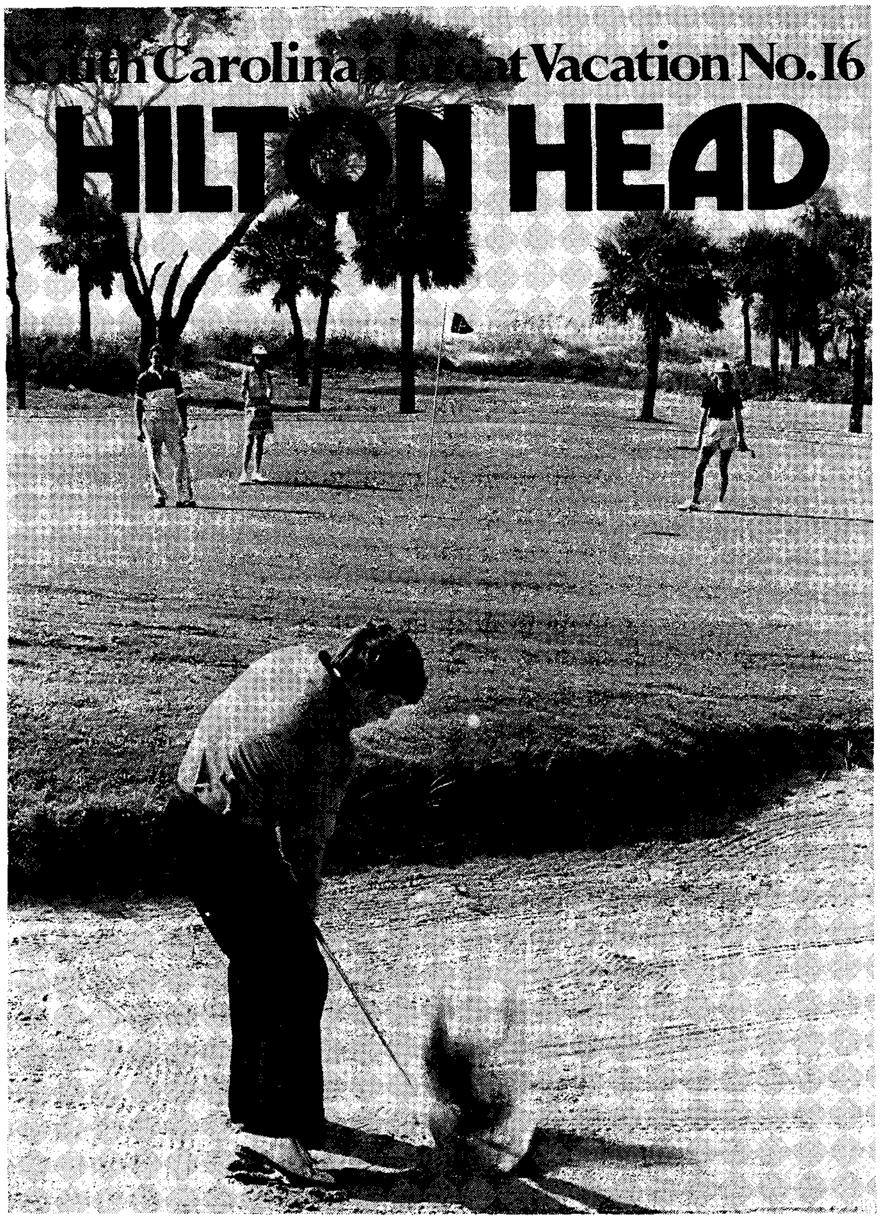
negotiations. Barletta and Thornton met with Murdoch and his ranking advisers at the *Post* and agreed that the right goal for all the publishers would be insistence on operating their pressrooms under a system known as room manning instead of under the old system, which is called unit manning. Under unit manning, a newspaper is bound by contract to assign a fixed number of men to each press and to various auxiliary functions, such as maintenance and cleanup. Under room manning, current employees of a newspaper would receive lifetime job security and the newspaper would receive, in return, the right to deploy its pressmen as it saw fit and to steadily reduce the number of pressmen through attrition until it was employing no more than it actually needed to operate the pressroom. Room manning would represent a revolution in pressroom practice as fundamental as the one that was effected in the composing room under the 1974 automation agreement. Because room manning would give the publishers so much more power, union resistance to its introduction was sure to be much more dogged than that involved in a fight to lower job ceilings under unit manning.

For Murdoch, the potential scope of the savings was made graphic by a comparison of costs in the pressroom of the *Post* with those in the pressrooms of the two newspapers he owns in San Antonio, where room manning prevails under union contract. At the *Post*, the basic crew on each press consisted of seventeen journeymen and juniors; in San Antonio, the number had been fixed by management at seven. The cost in direct wages and fringe benefits of maintaining each New York pressman averaged roughly thirty thousand dollars a year. On that basis, the institution of room manning here could mean a reduction in the annual labor bill for each standard press from five hundred and ten thousand dollars to two hundred and ten thousand. And comparison with the Texas papers indicated that similar savings were possible in the crews assigned to maintenance and cleanup. If the total reduction came to fifty per cent—a goal that Murdoch considered quite feasible—the three New York publishers could look forward to a collective saving of well over twenty million dollars a year in their pressrooms. Murdoch did not disguise his fear that the *Times* might give in and agree to a retention of unit manning, with some reduction in the existing assignment quotas, unless the *Post* and the *News* stood firmly together in favor of room manning. He offered to bring his paper back into the united front if Barletta would arrange a three-way meeting for the purpose of selling room manning to Mattson.

The *Times* executive did meet with Murdoch and Barletta, at a dinner at Christ Cella, near the *News*, on July 18th. What understanding the three of them reached is now clouded in disagreement. There is no dispute that they agreed on room manning as a common platform on which they would stand as they approached the August 8th deadline. The question is whether they explicitly left an escape hatch open for a fallback to a scaled-down system of unit manning if that proved a more attainable objective. Murdoch's version is that if he had felt there was any waffling in their commitment he would never have embarked on a venture that would mean shutting down his paper along with the two others. In his judgment, accepting any form of unit manning would simply make the 1978 battle a prelude to another battle, later on, to achieve the full employer control over pressroom operations which only room manning could bring. As Murdoch tells it, the decision at the Christ Cella dinner had no loopholes. The only small qualification he is willing to make is that Mattson did have "some vague plan to get down to room manning over six years and dress it up in a way that could let Kennedy call it unit manning." Murdoch says he sought to undergird the alliance by proposing that each paper post a million dollars in a forfeit fund, with the money to go to its erstwhile partners if it deserted the quest for room manning; according to his story, the idea died when Barletta observed that such plans never worked. Mattson and Barletta dismiss most of the Murdoch account as fiction. They both say the notion of a forfeit fund was never broached. As for room manning, their version is that all three expressed readiness to take a strike over the issue, but with the understanding that they would move on to another position if the pressmen indicated that they were prepared to go along with comprehensive cuts in unit manning. "We agreed it was not wise to freeze ourselves in concrete" is Barletta's recollection.

Whatever the conversation at the dinner table, there is abundant external evidence that the *Times* never had its heart in an all-out fight for room manning. The *Times*' horizon of expectation was indicated in the May 10th letter Sulzberger sent its staff, and it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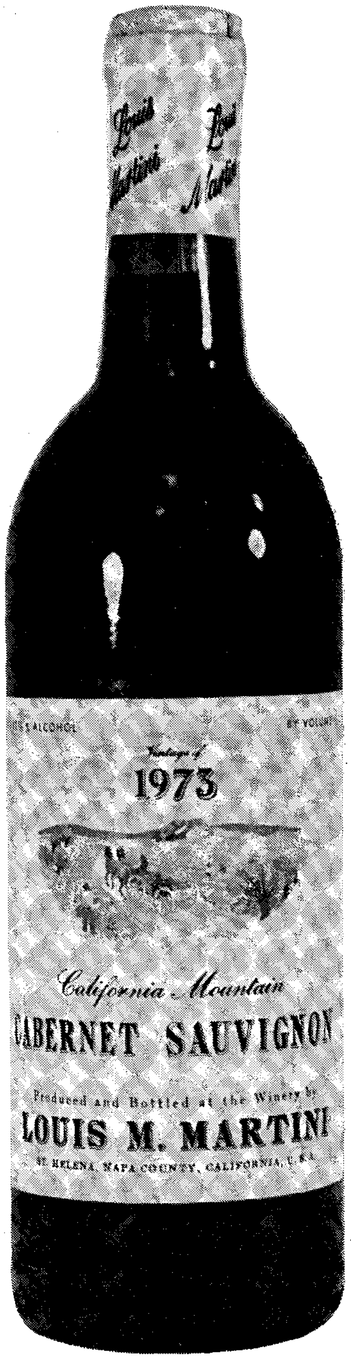

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was limited to adjustments that would put its pressroom manning on a par with that of suburban papers. That was the maximum it regarded as realistically attainable, or even needed. Such a half-loaf approach did not appeal at all to Murdoch, whose journalistic empire had been built on taking high risks for high stakes. It was Barletta who supplied the glue that held Mattson and Murdoch together. He favored room manning but was much more willing than the *Post* publisher to accept the fact that a large investment in income guarantees would be required to get it, if it could be got at all. Barletta had a basic philosophy in the middleman role he found himself assuming: "If I could get Mattson up and Murdoch down, I figured we'd be O.K."

Despite all the subsequent bickering over who said what to whom, the immediate effect of the dinner was to resolidify the alliance, though Murdoch, as he walked down the street with Barletta afterward, was still expressing doubts about how much backbone Mattson would show. Three days later, at a routine negotiating session between the publishers and the pressmen in the regional offices of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, Sidney Orenstein, a labor lawyer for the *Post*, notified the union that the *Post* was joining the *Times* and the *News* in demanding a contract by August 8th. Kennedy replied that if the *Post* wanted to play with the fat cats it would have to give what the fat cats did in the final contract. This, Orenstein said, was not what the *Post* had in mind. If the *Post* was to stay in business, it would still need special treatment to cut its heavy deficit. Murdoch was out for the best of both worlds.

WHILE the three publishers were still patching the holes in their front, the *Times* had carried through on July 3rd its changeover to cold type. The switch from the old forty-three-pound metal mats on the presses to the light plastic plates had given the *Times* management its first chance to gauge the willingness of the Kennedy union to approve any reduction in personnel. The union proved cooperative to the extent of acknowledging that the junking of the heavy lead mats did justify some cut in the complement of sixty-eight apprentices assigned to press duty in the West Forty-third Street plant. Management felt that the appropriate manning figure, until the new contract was completed, was thirty-nine; the union wanted it

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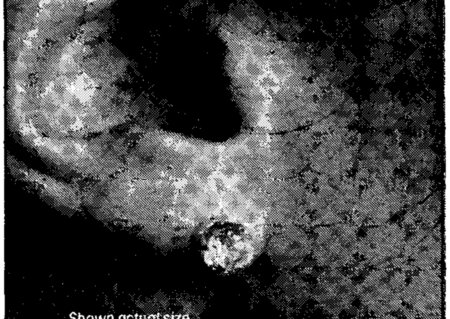

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fixed at fifty-one. Agreement was reached without fanfare on a compromise total of forty-five—a cut of one-third from the original complement. There was no change in the total of a hundred and forty-four journeymen assigned to the twelve presses at the plant.

At the same time that this progress was being made, Mortimer, of the *Times*, was continuing his quiet efforts to persuade Kennedy that a strike could be avoided if the union provided some believable sign before August 8th that it would allow a general revision in manning, to bring New York levels even with those in the two major suburban papers with unionized pressrooms—*Newsday*, on Long Island, an affiliate of the Los Angeles *Times*, and the Newark *Star-Ledger*, part of the Newhouse chain. Most other suburban dailies, including such big ones as the Bergen *Record* and the Westchester-Rockland papers of the Gannett chain, are nonunion and have much smaller press crews than either *Newsday* or the *Star-Ledger*. The two papers that the *Times* was seeking to match employed, on a unit basis, thirty to thirty-five per cent fewer pressmen than the New York contract required.

In June and early July, the belief at the *Times* was that the possibility of settling without a strike was better than fifty-fifty. In a conversation with Bert Powers, of the printers, Mattson expressed confidence that there would be no shutdown. But the optimism ebbed sharply as the showdown date neared; shortly before time ran out, Mattson and Mortimer informed the *Times* board of directors that the chances of a strike were at least eighty per cent. One reason was that operations in the *Times* pressroom had begun to be impeded by harassing actions and other signs of disaffection resulting from the interim manning cut. The absence of many workers on vacation helped ease the transition, but not enough to reassure management. Another reason for management's pessimism was a feeling among all the papers that there was too little responsiveness from the union and no discernible effort on its part to prepare its rank and file for the psychological jolt that would inevitably accompany any substantial cuts in the manning tables, which had evolved out of the pressmen's last citywide strike, in 1923. Letters of management intent, arbitration awards, and side agreements made with the employers over the years had revised the original tables, and the union continued to argue that

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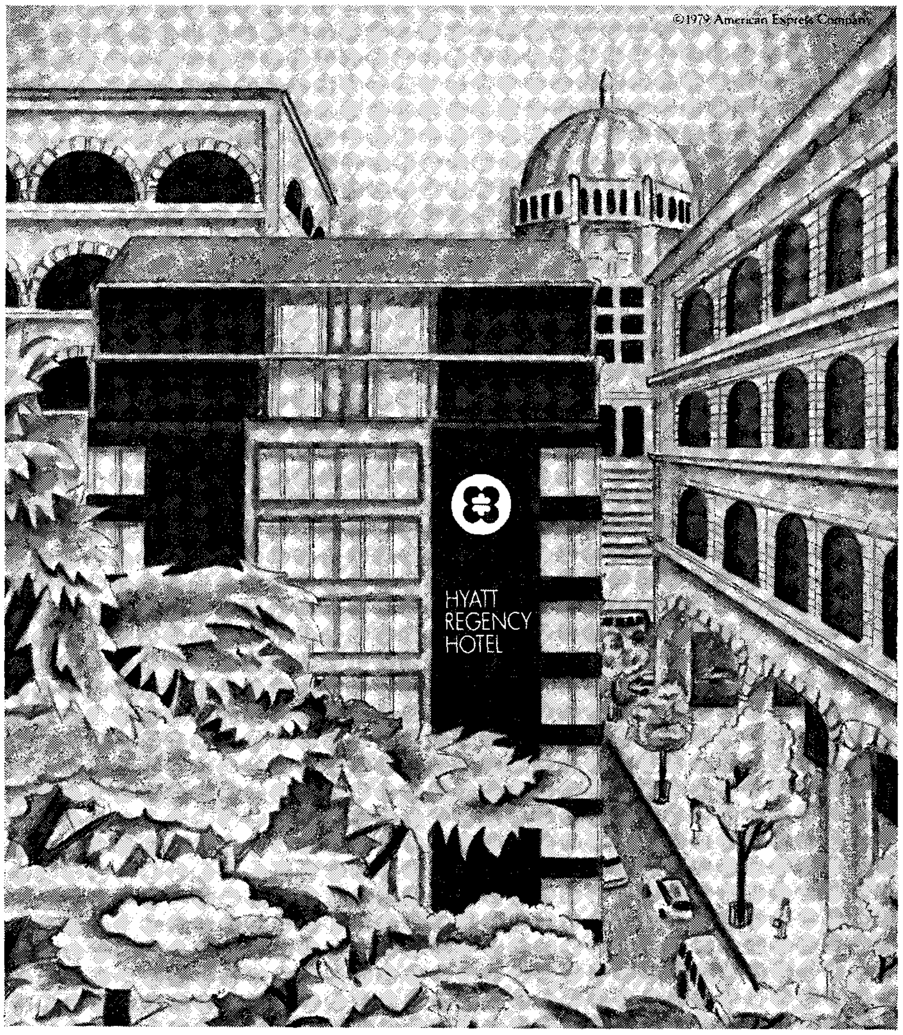

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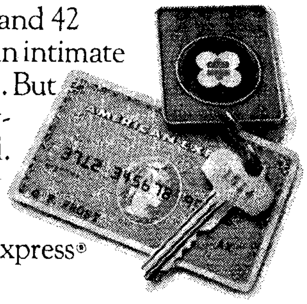

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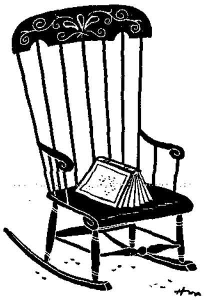
no further change was warranted except where the content of jobs was altered by such innovations as the new plastic printing plates.

To make matters gloomier, Mortimer had been put on a short leash by the *Times'* two partners, who feared he would give Kennedy an erroneous impression that the publishers could be appeased with relatively modest concessions. Kennedy says he got a call from Mortimer informing him, shortly before Murdoch returned to the fold, that Thornton, of the *News*, would have to be present at all their future meetings. When Mortimer and Thornton had breakfast with Kennedy at the Biltmore, four days before the contract deadline, Murdoch was outraged that the *Post* had not even been informed in advance, much less invited to sit in. Barletta called Murdoch after the meeting to tell him it had got nowhere, but Murdoch's hackles rose again when he learned that Mortimer and Kennedy had ridden off in the same cab.

In the final seventy-two hours before the time limit the publishers had set for a new agreement, they decided that what they needed most was a new mediator. The Federal Mediation Service had sent in a procession of old hands at peacemaking, but none had satisfied the papers. That weekend, they called Wayne L. Horvitz, the national director of the service, in Washington, and asked him to assign his chief deputy, Kenneth E. Moffett, who had had experience in disputes involving pressmen in St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, and several other cities. Horvitz said he would make the assignment only if the union joined in the request and if the papers assured him that they did not plan to stonewall and leave Moffett looking silly. Kennedy's lawyers did some checking of their own and reported to him that Moffett was a man of integrity, whom the pressmen could trust, even though one of his earlier assignments had been the disastrous pressmen's strike at the Washington *Post* in 1975. On that basis, Kennedy agreed that a new face would be welcome, and seconded the request for Moffett.



Moffett arrived on deadline day, Tuesday, August 8th, and had little difficulty convincing the publishers that he needed a twenty-four-hour postponement, to discover whether any fresh proposal could be coaxed out of Kennedy. However, when Kennedy came forward with his proposal the next afternoon, at the Doral Inn, on Lexington Avenue, it swiftly became clear that there was a great distance between what he was prepared to offer and what the publishers felt they had to have. It was no less clear that somewhere along the line Kennedy had received a dreadfully wrong impression of how many concessions he would have to make in order to get past zero hour safely. Kennedy's program called for dropping one journeyman from the complement of twelve normally assigned to each press at the New York papers. This would bring the journeyman figure even with the eleven-man total at the Newark *Star-Ledger* but leave it one above the ten men at *Newsday*. The elimination of one journeyman from each crew proved to be exactly the formula embodied in the settlement that was agreed to twelve weeks later, but it drew no employer applause when Kennedy first presented it, because it was not accompanied by any other cuts in a long list that the employers wanted the union to volunteer. The first inclination of all the publisher representatives at the bargaining table was to reject the proposal forthwith, but Moffett persuaded them to designate a five-man team to meet immediately with Kennedy and determine whether he was in any mood to move further. Kennedy is given to long silences, and the supplemental talk produced more irritation than illumination.

The bargaining team for each paper then went to its own suite at the Doral for a caucus to consider whether the publishers should proceed at once to post new work rules, abolishing all the manning tables and other requirements of the old contract—an action that they were well aware would result in an immediate strike. Strangely, the only caucus in which there was any suggestion that it might be a good idea to grant another twenty-four-hour postponement was the one presided over by the superhawk, Rupert Murdoch. The attorneys who had spoken for him in the bargaining, Howard M. Squadron and Sidney Orenstein, described Kennedy as a "turtle-like bargainer" and said they considered it worthwhile to continue the negotiations through the night, in the hope that he would open up some additional area of give. Neither expressed any serious expectation that Kennedy would ever surrender on room manning without a strike, but

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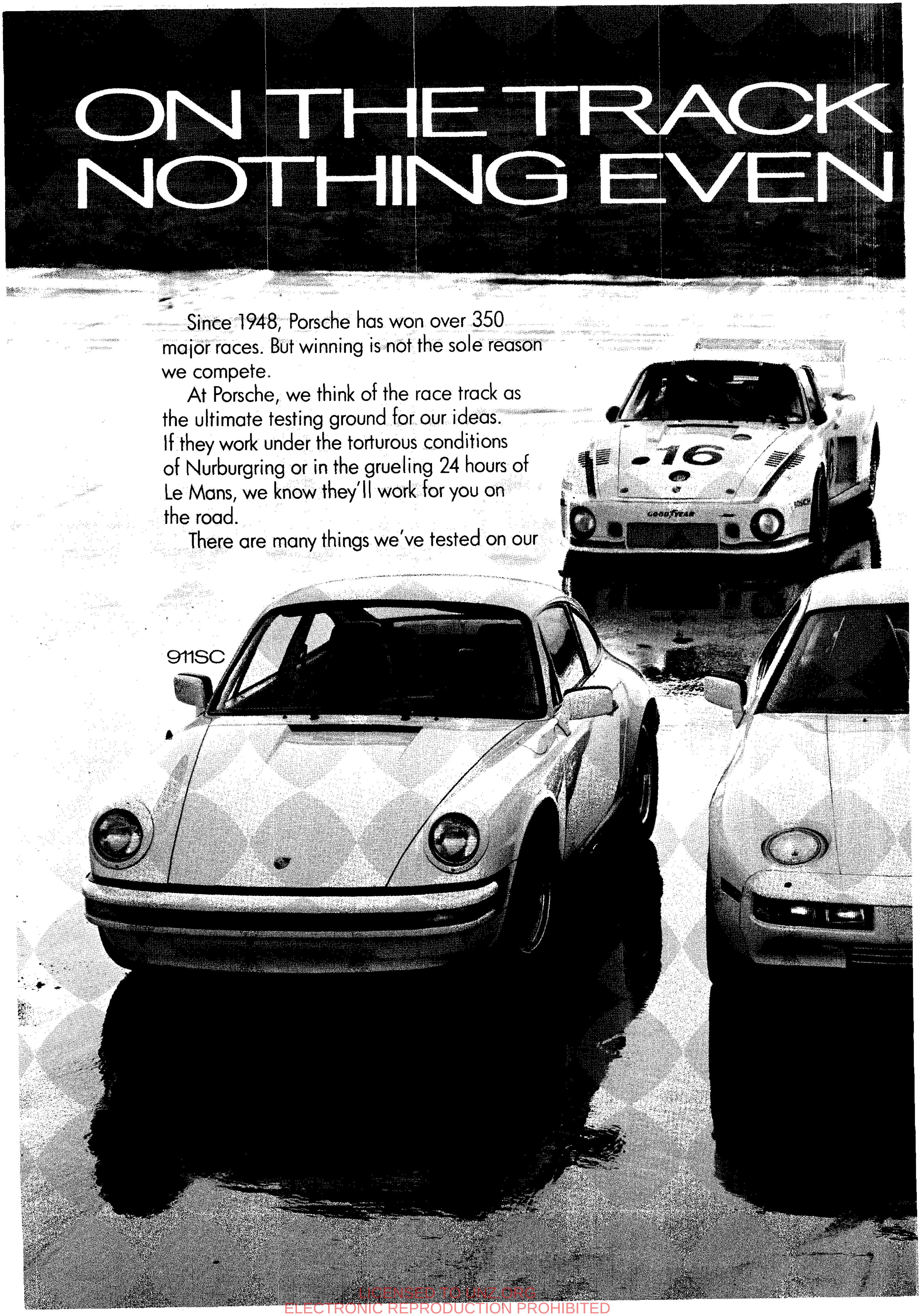

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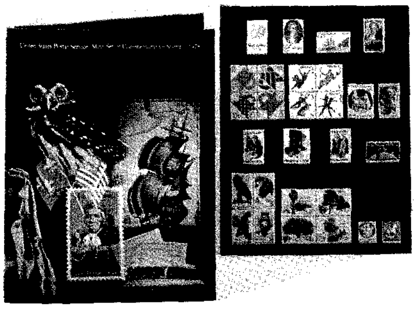

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they felt that any improvement he might make in the union offer would give the publishers a better launching pad for future negotiations.

When Murdoch, Mattson, and Barletta assembled in the *Times* suite a few minutes later to pool the results of their caucuses, Mattson was the first to speak. He said he had already called Sulzberger to tell him that the *Times* ought to post the new rules. His announcement stunned Murdoch. "The *Times* playing the game of hawk—I couldn't believe my ears," he said to me later. Not wanting to be outdone in militancy, Murdoch voted to go ahead right away on changing the rules. Barletta was vastly amused. He had expected that the *News* would have to be a tie breaker, voting with the *Post* against the *Times* for immediate action, lest the publishers lose credibility in the pressmen's eyes. Even the first day's postponement had seemed a mistake to Barletta. "If you guys insist," he said mockingly to Mattson and Murdoch, "God damn it, we'll have to post."

It was now almost 7 P.M., the time for pressmen to start work at the *News*, and the publishers rushed to communicate their unanimous decision to their papers. Unfortunately, they were slower in getting the word to Kennedy, via Moffett. The union president's first intimation that there would be no second postponement came when his counsel, John Feerick, went down to the lobby of the Doral to get some crackers. Reporters informed him that the rules were being posted at that very moment. When Feerick carried that word back upstairs, Kennedy stormed out of the union caucus room and into the suite in which the papers were telling Moffett what they had decided. "You wanted a strike, and you're going to have it!" he shouted.

Kennedy's vehemence was not merely a reaction to the indignity of his being the last to know what the publishers were doing to him and his union. He felt betrayed by the coldness of the employer response to a move he had hoped would demonstrate his sincerity. He says that the impression he had received from Mortimer in the week before the showdown was that he would be "in the ballpark" if he came in with a proposal on journeymen that was close to the manning at the *Star-Ledger* and at *Newsday*. As he understood it, his proposal should have laid the foundation for further discussion and cancelled the deadline. Feerick supports his client's version; he says that he received a call from Kennedy early on August 9th, the day the offer was to be made, saying, "We are getting close to the language stage"—labor-management jargon signifying that it is almost time to start translating a proposed settlement into formal contract terms. Kennedy made it clear to Feerick that he expected no settlement that night, but he added that he thought the move he planned to make would clear the way for fast progress toward a resolution of all issues. *Times* officials say there was nothing in the preliminary explorations which could properly have led Kennedy to believe that dropping one journeyman was all he had to do to stave off the posting of new rules. In their view, his offer fell so far short that any effort to build on it would be futile without the spur to additional concessions that unilateral posting was designed to provide.

The refusal of all three publishers to put off the deadline brought back Kennedy's original strong fears that their aim was to demolish his union, on the model of the Washington *Post*. By his estimate, their posting of rules that cut the pressroom job total in half and left them free to cut still more put the publishers, not the union, in the position of calling the strike and blacking out the papers. The employers applied a different yardstick. By their estimate, no less drastic action would ever get them economies comparable to those already authorized by scores of pressmen's locals for newspapers elsewhere—economies that the New York publishers viewed as essential to both the quality and the survival of their papers.

THE papers' decision to seize the initiative by making a move that was certain to force a suspension of publication completed a change in labor policy which had been developing slowly over the last two decades. Where once publishers deplored union-initiated shutdowns as abuses of power and violations, in spirit if not in law, of the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press, they now concluded that any management approach based on a duty to keep coming out every day merely invited ever greater exactions by the unions. That lesson had been underscored by the increasing frequency and severity of newspaper strikes and by the lengthening list of deceased newspapers. Now that technology and inter-union feuds had increased the publishers' power to resist successfully, they saw a chance to go on the attack themselves, as a means of redressing the tipped balance.

This change had been most marked at the *Times*, which had the greatest

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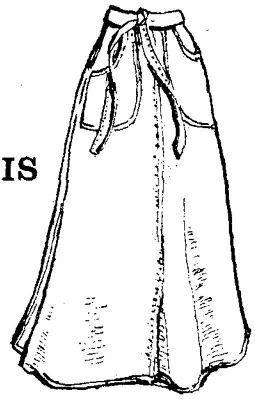

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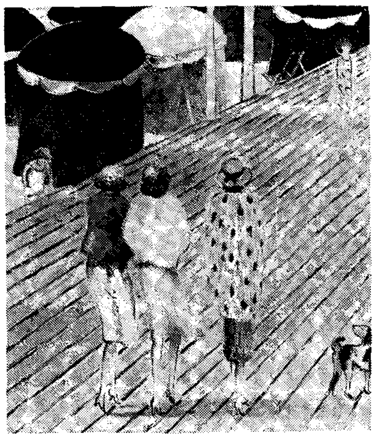

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reason to feel victimized by past union moves—taking advantage of its belief that nothing could really happen in the world unless it was recorded in the *Times.* Just how great the shift had been was made vivid for me by memories of a particularly painful experience the *Times* had undergone in 1956 as a result of the conviction it then held that the most important thing in any negotiation was to avoid a strike. The seven dailies operating in the city were bargaining with the Newspaper Guild that year, and I had an insider's knowledge of the proceedings, because I was serving as a member of the union committee representing the *Times* staff. The old contract was scheduled to expire at midnight October 31st, a few days before the Presidential election, in which the voters were to choose for a second time between Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai E. Stevenson. Foreign news developments in this period were so exciting—there was the Suez crisis, with its threat of global conflict, and the march of Soviet troops into Hungary to put down freedom fighters there—that the campaign was all but crowded off the front page. The idea that a strike by its writers and clerks might close the *Times* when its readers had such need for an uninterrupted flow of information and analysis was unthinkable to its then publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger (whose son now heads the paper). Sulzberger instructed Louis M. Loeb, a distinguished Wall Street lawyer who was serving as chief negotiator for the *Times,* to tell the Guild frankly that the paper was ready to make any settlement within reason if it could be assured there would be no strike.

This took a bit of doing, because the complexities of Guild bargaining that year did not lend themselves to easy assumption by the *Times* of its customary role as pattern-setter on the wage front. The union's chief contract goal was a citywide pension system, embracing all seven of the city's dailies. The *Times* already had a pension program for its employees, so Loeb proposed that the paper negotiate a money package covering wages and other basic issues, and leave to the other publishers a determination of how much they would add to the package to finance pensions. Whatever that supplemental sum proved to be, Loeb promised, it would become part of the *Times* commitment, with the new money to be applied to increased health protection or other fringe benefits. Private agreement was reached on a pay raise of six dollars a week, and the *Times* bargainers on both sides sat back serenely to await the outcome of the pension talks with the other papers. The union ran into a blank wall with every one of them. Without exception, they dug in on the view that the *Times* had given too much and that no understanding between the *Times* and the Guild could bind them to commit more money than they considered appropriate.

That employer position remained frozen as the clock in the dingy offices of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, behind Pennsylvania Station, ticked out the final hours of the expiring contract. As the negotiators in the seven conference rooms recessed for a pre-deadline supper, one question was on all minds: which of the holdouts would Thomas J. Murphy, then the Guild's executive vice-president, single out for a strike when everyone returned? The only committee that remained confident it had nothing to worry about was the one I was on, representing the *Times* staff. Most of the unionists repaired to the bar at the Guild club, on West Forty-fourth Street, where sandwiches and coffee awaited them. I noticed that Tom Murphy was not bothering with either. He was belting down one shot of whiskey after another—an alarming sign of strain. I knew him too well to expect any advance hint of his plan, but I was not wholly surprised when he entered the *Times* conference room a few minutes after our return to the mediation service and announced to the management and unit bargainers that the *Times* would be "No. 1 on the hit parade" if the deadline passed with no satisfactory offer on the table from any paper.

Loeb, normally an icicle of self-control, was startled into incoherence by the unexpectedness of this notice. His face, which was ordinarily florid, turned even redder, then was drained of color. His agitation was so intense that most members of the Guild committee looked away, abashed. When Loeb could master his speech, he told Murphy that twenty years of dealing with unions had left him unprepared for such a repudiation of an understanding made and carried out in good faith. He repeated his often stated belief that it was inappropriate for the *Times* to decide what amount other publishers would have to give to a pension fund that the *Times* would not be in. Nevertheless, if the *Times* was going to be blackmailed into that unwelcome position because of its firm resolve to keep publishing, he said, it had to know Murphy's price for a complete package,

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so that Loeb could put the matter up to the publisher for decision in the ten minutes left before midnight. Murphy said he wanted three dollars a week more, and after phoning Sulzberger Loeb returned to declare that the *Times* would give the extra money, thus establishing by indirection a pattern for the other papers on their initial contribution to the citywide pension fund. That done, Loeb, in trembling tones, added a personal postscript: the Guild would never see him at its bargaining table again.

When I asked Murphy later how he could have been so duplicitous, he explained sheepishly that his only alternative was a certain strike at another paper, which would inflict prolonged hardship on hundreds of Guild members and their families. The knowledge that the *Times* would meet whatever price Murphy set removed that danger by hooking every other publisher into an identical settlement. The other papers had not expected the *Times* to be involved in the pension negotiation, and if Murphy hadn't made his surprise move they would have resisted an increase until one of them was struck. But the follow-the-leader principle was so well established in bargaining among New York newspapers that none of them could hope to hold out successfully after an agreement had been signed by one of them.

A succession of only slightly less exasperating union experiences had by last year brought the *Times* to the conclusion that bargaining would never become a two-way street unless the publishers showed as much aggressiveness in fighting to get back lost rights as the unions had in fighting to take them away. That philosophy, now almost universally popular among publishers in unionized cities, lay behind the decision of the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post* to put up the notices that precipitated the 1978 strike.

ON the strike's third day, Kennedy reached out for a private meeting with Mortimer to try to get a better reading of the publishers' thinking, but again the word he got back was that Mortimer could no longer meet with him alone. As a result, the formal negotiations languished while the papers scurried to protect their prized home-delivery systems. Murdoch had the most active interest in that protection. Not long after he acquired the *Post*, in 1976, he bolstered its circulation by buying the home-delivery list of the Long Island *Press*, newly deceased, thus making most of its hundred and fifty thousand paid subscribers captive readers of the *Post*. A long strike might cause these subscribers to drift away unless Murdoch could supply an interim paper—one that would be just good enough to hold their interest but not so good as to make them hope that the *Post* would stay down forever. To cope with the problem, Murdoch made a secret deal with Frederick Iseman, an upward-bound young entrepreneur who was launching the *Daily Metro* to cash in on advertising and readership marooned by the absence of the major dailies. The *Post* publisher helped the newcomer with several hundred thousand dollars in start-up loans, lined up advertisers for him, and provided needed passports for coöperation from distributors. Murdoch also took a lien on the paper, and when this became known it aroused some suspicions that he nurtured thoughts of using it as the nucleus of a post-strike morning paper. That possibility disappeared when the paper folded the day the *Post* came back.

The *Times* established a less intimate bond with the *City News*, which was a strike daily run by Charles Hagedorn, a publisher of neighborhood papers, and his son Chris. The *Times* arranged to have its wholesale distributors deliver the *City News* to people who normally took the *Times*, and it handled the billing from the *City News* to the distributors for such deliveries. This access to a lush market of high-income readers gave the Hagedorn paper the inside track on advertising, and readers had to wade through acres of store ads. Its staff enjoyed itself hugely, putting out a breezy paper that was short only of news.

The *News* was the last to tie up with a strike paper—and the most reluctant. Barletta believed that to give any encouragement to the hustlers seeking to fill the void left by the big papers' non-publication would simply make it harder for the publishers to marshal the external pressures they were counting on to advance their cause. In Barletta's judgment, one obvious disadvantage of helping to provide mass circulation for the interim papers was that this would provide work for idle drivers and thus lessen the heat on La Chance, whose union was the only one paying no benefits; by rotating such work, La Chance could give all his members sufficient income to halt any wave of demands that they cross the pressmen's lines. Another disadvantage that Barletta saw in backing the substitute journals was that their availability reduced public clamor for an end to the strike, and so made it easier for the pressmen to hold out. In the 1962-63 strike, demands for restoring the normal flow of information in New York had come from public officials at every level up to President John F. Kennedy. This time, no one in the White House even bothered to phone.

Barletta's arguments for aloofness failed to persuade his strike comrades. Murdoch was already so deeply entwined with the *Daily Metro* that he would not even discuss the matter. Mattson argued that the *Times'* plans would be helpful in keeping its entire delivery system from falling apart through disuse, as it had in the 1962-63 siege. He contended that there was no way of stopping the interims in any case, and that it was important to make sure New Yorkers did not permanently abandon the habit of reading newspapers. Barletta unhappily accepted the necessity of protecting the *News* subscription list by following the others' lead. Its tie was with the New York *Daily Press*, a brainchild of Gary and Mark Stern, who have been making a career of operating strike papers around the country. Perhaps because of Barletta's distaste for the whole idea, the *Daily Press* was always the most anemic of the interims.

At their peak, the three strike papers had a combined circulation of slightly under a million—less than a third of the vanished giants' total of three and a quarter million. Superficiality was the outstanding characteristic of all these fast-born, short-lived dailies. They let New Yorkers know what they could see on Broadway or at the movies and what they could watch on television. For anyone interested in either news or sports, their impossibly early deadlines—imposed by the remoteness of their printing centers—made them more valuable as shopping guides than as vehicles of information. But they did provide employment at something close to Guild minimum rates for more than a hundred footloose reporters. The most enthusiastic booster the temporary journals had was William Kennedy, not because they provided jobs for his striking pressmen (all three were printed outside New York) but because they kept La Chance's drivers from getting too hungry. The publisher-supported in-

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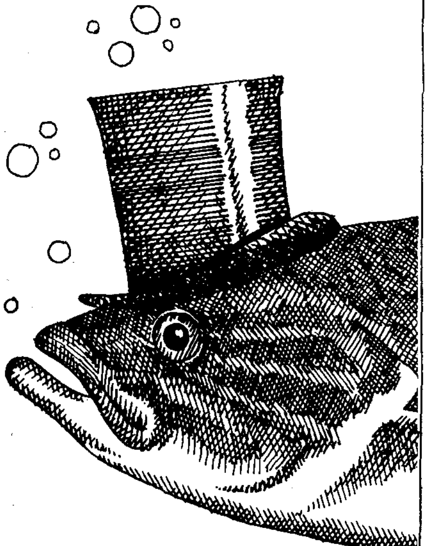

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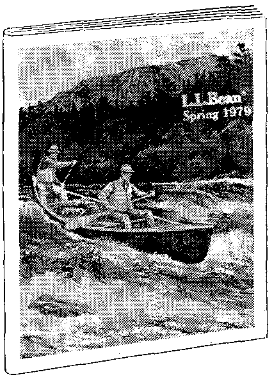

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terims were for Kennedy a consequential ally in neutralizing the one outside coercive force he worried about most.

BY the end of the strike's first week, the lack of further movement by Kennedy made the publishers feel that the contract talks ought to be broken off, to correct the public misapprehension that genuine give-and-take was under way. The employers had been unable to get anything more out of Kennedy, who was still smarting from his rebuff the first night. Moffett tried vainly to induce the papers to counteract the union chief's sense of letdown by making some affirmative proposal of their own. The publishers' reaction was so unfavorable that Moffett went back to Washington to await a sign that someone was ready to budge before Labor Day.

Movement came with unexpected speed, and it was movement of an unexpected kind. Rupert Murdoch was elected as president of the Publishers Association of New York City and was officially designated as chief spokesman for all three papers. More surprising still, in the light of the antagonisms that had already started to surface, his principal sponsor was the *Times.* The election developed out of the papers' general sense that they were missing out on public relations. Most of their statements on the stalemate in negotiations were being made in quick lobby television interviews by H. J. Kracke, the association's executive director, whose many years of prior experience as a labor-relations official at the *News* had caused him to share the view held by most old professionals that exchanging insults or scoring debaters' points for the edification of the TV audience seldom got you far toward settling labor disputes.

This reticence became increasingly irksome to Barletta, who felt that Kennedy would remain immobile indefinitely unless there was pressure on him from the other unions and the general community. All the papers had horror stories to tell about how little time pressmen spent in actual work and how much across the street in the bar. The Technical Service Company's survey of operations had shown that many workers were active for only fifteen to thirty per cent of their shift and just a few were busy as much as half the time. (The survey also noted that when the presses were loaded and newsprint was moving through in an unbroken stream, there were long stretches with nothing for most pressmen to do except to be

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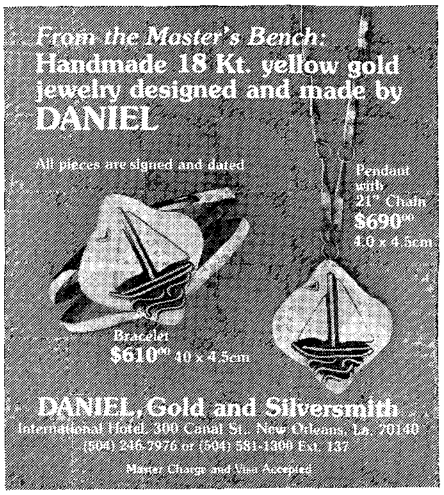
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somewhere close by in case of emergency.) Barletta believed that the publishers ought to dramatize the worst abuses by means of television spots and advertisements in the interim papers. Murdoch was on his side; the *Times* had doubts. Mattson felt that a saturation campaign might prove counterproductive, but he acknowledged that the papers had done a poor job of letting the public and the other unions know why they felt that featherbedding must go and how much they proposed to do to protect regular pressmen on their staffs against being hurt in the process of change.

A solution to the problem occurred to Mattson as a result of a mid-August conversation with John Pomfret, a *Times* senior vice-president, who had been delegated by his paper to answer inquiries about the strike. Pomfret was about to go off for a week-long vacation in Maine, and Mattson said that his absence would sharpen the need for an effective publisher spokesman to jog the union negotiators. Pomfret suggested Murdoch for the role, and Mattson's reaction was enthusiastic. In his view, Murdoch had all the right credentials. He was articulate, he could speak with the authority of a full-fledged publisher, and his paper was losing money. When Mattson broached the idea to Barletta, the *News* general manager concurred. He added an embellishment of his own by noting that the force of Murdoch's statements would be enhanced if he was given the title of president of the Publishers Association. The position was formally offered to Murdoch after both papers had endorsed the idea, but he asked for a day or two to think it over. His first consultation was with his top advisers at the *Post*. He was plainly entranced with the designation, and all but one of the advisers urged him to take it. The lone skeptic was Martin Fischbein, Ted Kheel's former assistant at Automation House, who cited an admonition he had often heard from his old boss—that it created a confusion of roles for chief executives to get too close to the bargaining table. Fischbein volunteered to arrange a meeting at which Kheel could give his thoughts to the publisher firsthand.

The two men had been enemies when Murdoch first came to New York. The ferocity of their battle over *New York* magazine left much bitterness, but Murdoch is not one to hold a grudge when he needs help. He needed it in the summer of 1977, when his acquisition of the home-delivery apparatus of the Long Island *Press* had

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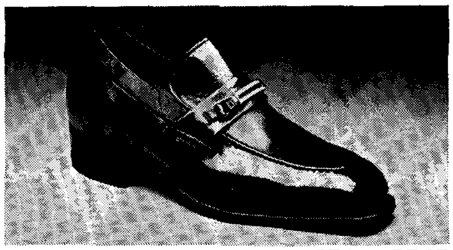

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embroiled his paper in a row with the Newspaper Guild over the absorption into the *Post's* circulation department of displaced *Press* employees. Murdoch sent out an SOS to Kheel, whose thirty years in metropolitan politico-labor relations has taught him to be resilient. The mediator, who accepts no pay for his services in newspaper disputes, performed so well in this one that Murdoch made a fifteen-thousand-dollar gift to one of a group of non-profit foundations concerned with automation, broadcasting, and collective bargaining which Kheel directs at Automation House.

Fischbein, after joining Murdoch's executive staff last April, further repaired the relationship between the two men by setting up a series of breakfast conferences at the Regency. Now, when he called Kheel to arrange a breakfast there about the offer of the association presidency, Kheel's first reaction was that Murdoch should not take it, but he talked himself around to the opposite view before his phone conversation with Fischbein ended. The next morning at the Regency, Kheel found Murdoch eager to accept. Murdoch saw in his designation as spokesman for the *Times* and the *News* the opportunity to establish a national image that would benefit all his publications. Kheel's only question was whether Murdoch would be in total charge. "You can do a lot of good if you are in control," he said. Then he urged Murdoch to establish a direct line of communication to Kennedy, to end the union chief's sense that no single individual was in a position to talk for the papers.

Even before his formal acceptance of the post, Murdoch had a private meeting with Kennedy, at an uptown office that Murdoch maintains on Third Avenue. Kennedy urged him to get out of the association altogether. "The other publishers are going to do a number on you," Kennedy warned. Murdoch said he had already made up his mind to take the presidency, and the next forty-five minutes was spent in pleasant chitchat. In the course of that talk, as Kennedy recalls it, Murdoch had a few uncomplimentary things to say about the people in whose name he was to speak. "He's a bit of a rogue," Kennedy said in reconstructing the conversation. "He told me the three publishers were all going in different directions. Sulzberger was trying to prove his manhood, because he had been regarded as a soft touch and wanted to show he could match Kay Graham in toughness. As far as the *News* was concerned, Chicago had sent in a tough management that had to prove itself, and Chicago was also paranoid about the New York *Post.* He himself was trying to cut his losses." Dizzied by this picture of disarray in the enemy camp, Kennedy rejected Murdoch's suggestion that they hold frequent private meetings to promote better understanding. He said he had already been burned in prior private meetings—a comment that Murdoch construed as a reference to his pre-strike sessions with Mortimer.

When I asked Murdoch much later why he had accepted the presidency, his response was "Aside from the temptation of flattery, I knew I'd be the lightning rod. There was a chance to be seen arguing a case other than Son of Sam or some dumb headline in the *Post* or *New York* magazine. If I had any hidden motive, that was it." As for the motives of the *Times* and the *News* in proffering Murdoch the role, the generally accepted view later was that the whole purpose was to keep him from bolting. Indeed, Victor Gotbaum, the leader of the civil-service union, who encountered Sulzberger at a dinner during the strike, says that the *Times* publisher gave him that explanation. "I told Sulzberger I couldn't understand why the new kid on the block was put in charge," Gotbaum recalls. "His reply was 'We always had trouble with Dolly Schiff, and we wanted to cement him in.' I told him I'd never heard of cementing a guy in by making him chairman of the board." Mattson, however, insists that the only reason for putting Murdoch out front was that he could speak well and came from a paper that was in the red. "It is not true that this was a move to cement Murdoch in," he says. "At that moment, he was the most cemented in anyway—the most hawkish of all hawks."

THE first question after Murdoch took the helm, at a luncheon of the three leaders at Christ Cella on August 18th, was whether the publishers should sit back and wait for the squeeze of payless paydays to pinch all the unions. The *Times* opposed that course. It favored opening another window for settlement by making a fresh offer before Labor Day. The debate on the advisability of altering course reawakened Murdoch's fears that the *Times* would abandon the publishers' insistence on room manning, the sole objective he regarded as worth fighting for. He confided these worries to Barletta at a dinner at the

Madrigal restaurant on August 22nd, and they talked about the possibility that the headquarters of the International Typographical Union, in Colorado Springs, might be of some help to them in reviving negotiations. Both knew that the I.T.U. strike benefit was nearing exhaustion under the weight of payments to members of its two New York locals—Bert Powers' printers and George McDonald's mailers. Barletta agreed to join in the effort to involve the I.T.U., though he did not really believe that it, as an outsider in the strike, could do much to speed the talks. "Murdoch was always thrashing around looking for a savior," he told me later. "I felt he was grasping at straws." Despite his reservations, Barletta arranged to have a Chicago newspaper lawyer with nationwide experience in negotiating pressroom-union contracts come in to confer with the *Post* publisher. The lawyer was David Ross, who, with his partner, Richard D. Ostrow, had been retained on a part-time basis as counsel to both the New York Publishers Association and the *News*. Over the years, the two men have been involved in strikes and in peaceful settlements at scores of papers in major cities. They have close personal friends among the officers of many printing-trades unions, and pride themselves on "trusting unions and being trusted by them." But they have also been prominently identified with the stiffer attitude that publishers have been taking in most recent negotiations, and many unionists now regard them with suspicion. Murdoch welcomed Ross's coming to New York, because he considered Ross "the Albert Einstein of room manning" and was confident he would be a valuable ally in preventing any backsliding by Mattson.

Ross and Murdoch met for breakfast at Murdoch's apartment, on upper Fifth Avenue, on August 24th. Also present was Allan J. Heritage, third vice-president of the I.T.U., with whom Murdoch had had contact at the time of the Guild difficulties with the *Post* four months earlier. Heritage is a member of a task force seeking to effect a merger of the printers' union and the Guild. He is also co-chairman of a special committee set up by the two unions to try to settle strikes that are making their members idle. Murdoch says that in the meeting at his apartment Heritage indicated confidence that the I.T.U., through McDonald and the Allied, could convince Kennedy of the desirability of accepting room manning in exchange for assurances that all present employees would be protected

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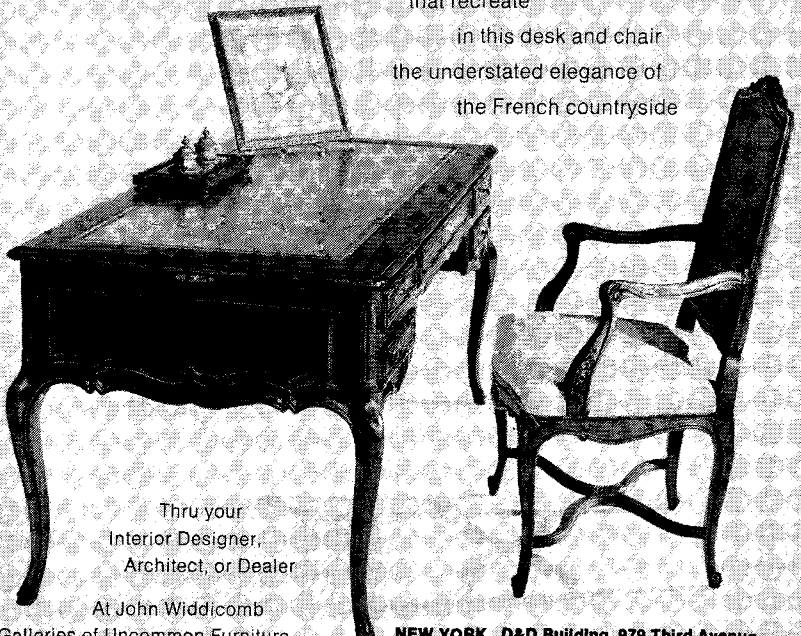

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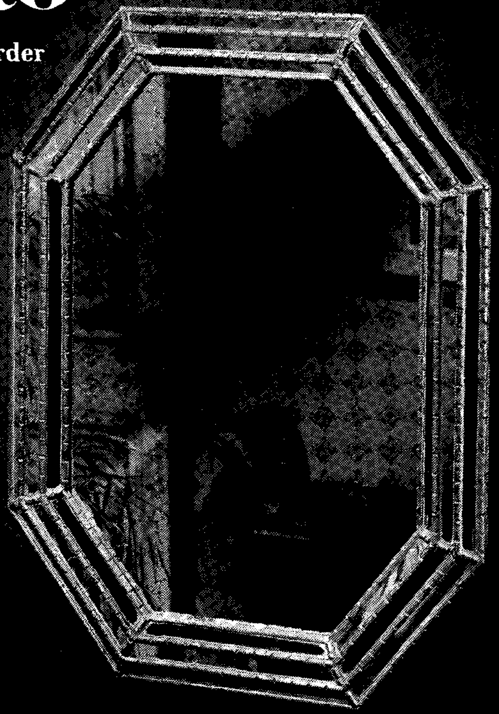

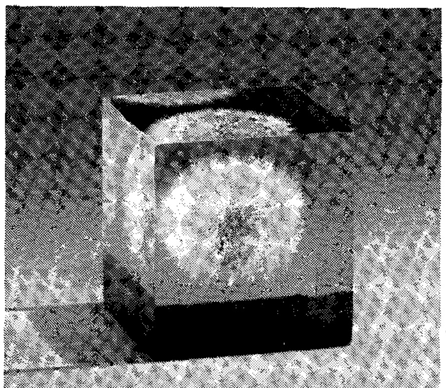

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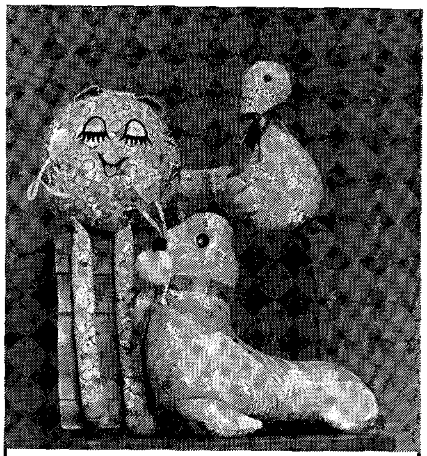
against job loss. Heritage denies that he ever went that far. According to his version, the advice he gave Murdoch was that room manning was "a red flag" to the pressmen and the sensible course for the publishers was to concentrate on establishing minimum manning on the old unit basis.

That afternoon, at the Doral Inn, Murdoch and Ross met with Mattson and Barletta. Murdoch started things off by saying, "We've got to stick for room manning." Barletta and Ross supported his stand. Mattson observed quietly that enunciating such a policy did not answer how the publishers could get Kennedy to move from his position of unwillingness to negotiate at all on room manning. As the originator of the room-manning concept and the negotiator of many union contracts embodying it, Ross was asked to run down the record of other cities, to help the publishers assess the practicality of an all-out fight for the concept here. Ross, noting that the New York publishers were seeking a contract that would combine total flexibility and immediate payroll savings, warned that the history of attempts to get room manning in other big cities left no doubt that getting it would involve a heavy investment in lifetime job guarantees, pay increases, and bonuses. By the time Ross got through detailing the probable costs and the union resistance that was likely both before and after the contract, Barletta found himself wavering in his certainty that the ultimate savings were worth the price. He finally agreed with Mattson that the publishers should give up on room manning and seek deep cuts in the manpower quotas called for under unit manning. Murdoch, with extreme reluctance, acquiesced. When he walked out of the meeting with Barletta and Ross, his dejection was unconcealed. "I'm tired," he told them. "I stayed up all night rehearsing what I would say to Mattson at this meeting." The essence of the message he never delivered was that he would go on television to denounce the *Times* if it deserted the others on room manning. As he left the hotel, he heaped reproaches on Ross for supplying the data that killed support for room manning, when Murdoch had relied on him to do just the opposite. "I'm here to advise" was Ross's rejoinder. "You had to know the costs."

The next few days were spent in drawing up the details of the publishers' revised proposal. Only two problems arose. Barletta told Murdoch and Mattson that the *News* feared it might have to close Newspoint, a relatively



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new color-rotogravure plant it had built in Queens, because it wasn't able to support itself. The plant employed a hundred and forty-five pressmen, and the *News* intended to ask Kennedy for special concessions aimed at making it more competitive, but, even with the concessions, the risk of closing would be so great that the paper wanted the Newspoint printers excluded from the job-security guarantees the publishers planned to propose. Mattson and Murdoch agreed to support Barletta in insisting on such an exclusion. Murdoch threw in some personal advice, which was to shut the plant immediately. He said that he had one like it in London and couldn't give it away.

The other problem came out of a proposal by the *Post* publisher that he be allowed to advance the starting time for his press crews from 7 A.M. to 5 A.M. without being required to pay overtime for those who were called in early. That brought a howl from Barletta. "I can't agree to that," he said. "We all know you plan to move into the morning field, and I can't give you an advantage." Murdoch reacted angrily to the notion that any commercial consideration of this kind should even be brought up, but he finally withdrew the proposal.

Murdoch, Mattson, Barletta, and Ross put the finishing touches on their new package at a luncheon at the Pinnacle Club on August 29th, then walked to the Doral Inn to unveil it to the pressmen. The proposal called for unit manning in line with figures that had emerged from the Technical Service study. The engineers had decided that the optimum crew from the employer's standpoint was substantially lower than the level at either *Newsday* or the Newark *Star-Ledger*, though not as low as the crews at non-union suburban papers. The number of journeymen on the standard press would be cut from twelve to eight. Deeper cuts would be made in other operations, reducing over-all manning requirements by about half. The great bulk of the adjustment would be made through attrition—the departure of pressmen through retirement, death, or the acceptance of inducements to quit. Everyone who had worked at least two hundred shifts in 1977 would be guaranteed five shifts of work each week for the life of the contract. Those who had put in anything from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and ninety-nine shifts would be assured of at least that many shifts each year. The publishers estimated that thirteen hundred of the fifteen hundred and eight pressmen

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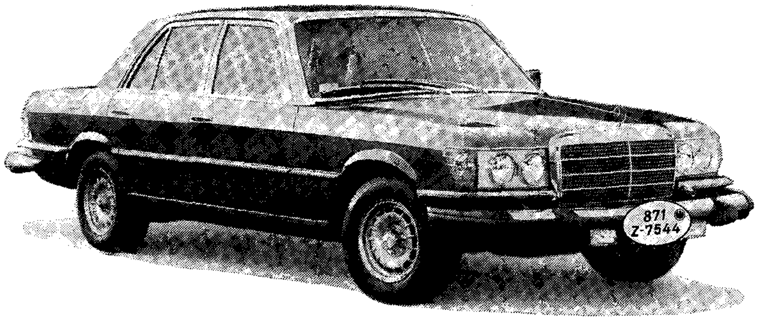

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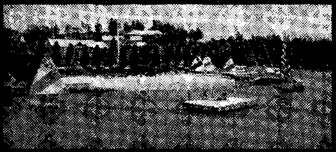

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Murdoch, who enjoyed the opportunity of going before the TV cameras as a bearer of gifts, said he was extremely hopeful about getting a positive reply. "I would be rather surprised if they rejected this," he said. The surprise was not long in coming. Kennedy quickly pronounced the new proposal "worse than the first one." This cavalier dismissal of a switch that had caused Murdoch such anguish left the *Post* publisher in despair. "This isn't going to work," he told Mattson, Barletta, and Ross at dinner that night. "We moved off too soon."

The next day, Kennedy came in with the union's counterproposal. It repeated the original offer to cut one journeyman from each crew. On apprentices, it proposed adding personnel, rather than subtracting. Instead of the forty-five apprentices that the union and the *Times* had agreed to in their interim arrangement, the new proposal called for fifty-one. It also asked for a guarantee by the *News* that its color-rotogravure plant would be kept open for the full life of the new contract.

The publishers took the one-page counterproposal as a slap in the face, and felt that the right response was to break off the negotiation again. Moffett persuaded them to make another try at joint discussion, but again nothing came of it. The management negotiators returned to their three principals to report that the atmosphere had been more friendly, but that none saw any sign that Kennedy was ready to put anything new on the table. Feerick, the union attorney, told me later that the pressmen were endeavoring by their show of cordiality to let the papers know that the union did not want the strike to drag into September without a serious new attempt at settlement, but this venture into atmospherics was too subtle for anyone on the other side to detect.

The Labor Day weekend arrived with the negotiation dead and everyone deep in gloom. At the *Times*, Sulzberger sought to cheer the several hundred executives and other non-striking employees who had been running a daily gantlet of scatological abuse coming through the picket line. He hailed them in a letter that seemed to consign to outer darkness everyone but the non-strikers. "I should like to tell you how much I admire and respect you, who indeed are The New York Times," the publisher told the loyalists. The sense that those outside were real-

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ly outside was heightened on August 31st—the same day Sulzberger sent his note saluting the non-strikers—when the *Times* notified all members of the Guild and the craft unions who were not working because of the strike that their health and life insurance was being suspended. It was the first time the paper had cancelled protection in the middle of a strike, and Kennedy immediately labelled the move "a union-busting tactic" that had been borrowed by the *Times* from the Washington *Post*. (The Guild and several other unions arranged to keep their members' benefit rights intact by using reserve funds or drawing on their own treasuries to make up for the withdrawn employer payments. The *News* waited a month before instituting a cutoff similar to the one at the *Times*.)

The termination of both the benefits and the negotiation—even though the termination of the negotiation was primarily a response to his own unresponsiveness to the publishers' surrender on room manning—got Kennedy upset all over again about the parallels he felt he could discern between the tactics of the New York papers and the ones that the Washington *Post* had used against its pressmen. The underground that operates in every strike had brought him word that Sulzberger was in frequent telephone contact with Katharine Graham, in Washington. In Kennedy's view, David Ross and his partner, Ostrow, represented another link to that trend-setter in union busting. They had been consultants to management in the strike there, though their role had been minor. The interim press was carrying reports that the publishers here were trying to make a back-to-work deal with La Chance and had already been in contact with the police about protection for trucks running the picket lines. When the pressmen put these things together with their knowledge that Heritage, of the I.T.U., had conferred secretly with the New York publishers several times, it all added up, in the words of Mike Connery, to a conviction that their union was the target of "a monstrous conspiracy." —A. H. RASKIN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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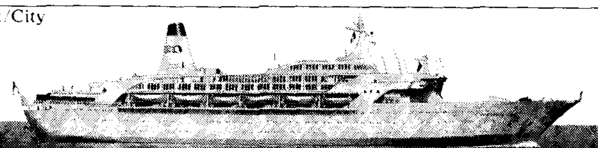

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THE THEATRE

Out of the Past

I HAVEN'T the heart to say very much about "The Grand Tour," a new musical at the Palace. After one has congratulated its star, Joel Grey, on the energy and skill with which he has sought to breathe life into a dead thing, one is obliged to add that his efforts have been wholly in vain; moreover, the application by him and his colleagues of a sort of cosmetic poultice of charm and talent to a large and unappetizing cadaver soon comes to seem a betrayal not only of the people onstage but of the members of the audience as well. Was there nothing loftier behind this ramshackle construction than the desire to achieve still another conventional Broadway hit? Was it merely in hopes of inventing a successful imitation of such so-called "Hadassah musicals" as "Milk and Honey" and "Fiddler on the Roof" that the many makers and shapers of the production went back thirty-five years and tried to resurrect, in a changed form, a Broadway comedy called "Jacobowsky and the Colonel"? In an adaptation by S. N. Behrman of an original work by Franz Werfel, the play had a certain success during the Second World War, with Oscar Karlweis playing the role of Jacobowsky, a resourceful Jewish refugee, and Louis Calhern playing an aristocratic Polish colonel who despises Jews and yet, in his ineptitude, must depend upon Jacobowsky to save his life. Looking back, I am at a loss to understand what it was that we were laughing at in that comedy, though laugh we did. What can have been so funny about a poor little fictive Jewish refugee in invaded France escaping from the Nazis when at that very moment (1944) hundreds of thousands of Jewish refugees were huddled in concentration camps because they had attempted to escape from the Nazis and failed? Given that it was then well within the bounds of possibility that Hitler would conquer all Europe (if not, indeed, the world), how dared we see the horrifyingly unequal contest between him and a remnant of condemned and perhaps dying Jews as a fit subject for—of all things!—Viennese stage witticisms and American huffing and puffing buffoonery? Well, we needn't make the same mistake twice, and it will be all the easier for us not to do so in the case of "The Grand Tour" because it isn't a patch on its peculiar predecessor. There is little to laugh at in this show and nothing to take seriously, though from time to time Mr. Grey is so ill-advised as to risk provoking a sentimental tear.

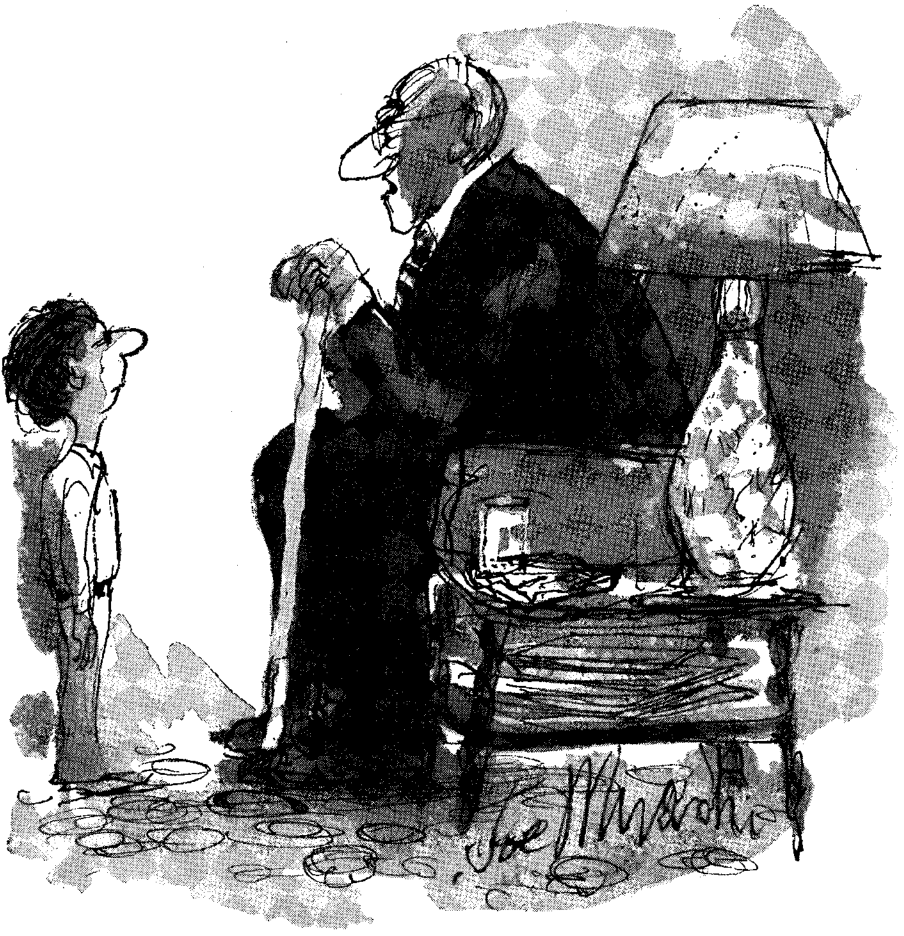
The book of "The Grand Tour," which has the look of having been pulled hither and thither continuously while out of town, like so much mindless saltwater taffy, is by Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble, and the music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman. Mr. Herman is an avowed champion of songs that one can hum on leaving the theatre; this time, no humming. The sets are by Ming Cho Lee, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, the choreography is by Donald Saddler, and the production has been directed by Gerald Freedman. Ron Holgate, who is roughly three times as big as Mr. Grey, plays Colonel Tadeusz Boleslav Stjerbinsky so broadly that he hovers constantly on the brink of becoming an offensive Polish joke; Florence Lacey is decorative as the infinitesimal "love interest;" and Gene Varrone is an admirable father of the bride in a scene that has no reason whatever to exist except that it makes possible a protracted song and dance entitled "Mazeltov." Mazeltaffy.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Three for Nought

EDUARDO DE FILIPPO's "Grand Magic" (at the Manhattan Theatre Club through January 28th) is an Italian import—a diluted Pirandelloish comedy about illusion and reality and cuckoldry and other Italian concerns, with a large measure of chicanery and a touch of swindle. While performing a trick, a celebrated illusionist—a charlatan down on his luck—helps a flighty wife escape from her rich husband and run off with her lover, and then must deal with the sobbing, heartbroken husband for the next four years (and two acts). This is a skimpy synopsis indeed of a skimpy play, but skimpiness is, of course, the least of it in comedy; what is missing here is the antic spirit. The actors, several of whom we know to be skillful and agile, seem ill at ease, hampered, no doubt, by the awkward, prosy translation. An exception is Sasha von Scherler, as the illusionist's bossy, disillusioned wife; she is in charge of every scene that she appears in. Fred Gwynne is intermittently successful as the



"Which of my points is 'moot'?"

crooked magician, and so is Tony Musante as the husband. The high point of the evening comes near the end, when Mr. Musante is served a bowl of steaming spaghetti; the dexterity with which he simultaneously manages the doughy dialogue and the slippery pasta is very pleasing indeed. The good scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Ed Wittstein, Andrew B. Marlay, and Dennis Parichy, respectively.

"PLAYS FROM AFRICA," by the Negro Ensemble Company (at the St. Marks through January 21st), are, specifically, "Everyman" and "The Imprisonment of Obatala," by a Nigerian dramatist, Obotunde Ijimere. Both are allegories that mingle gods and men—the first is about the corruption of wealth and its consequences, and the second is about creation and fertility versus destructive power—and both are composed of parables, aphorisms, and lines dense with imagery, along with dancing and drumbeats. I must say, briefly and sadly, that the evening is a disappointment. These plays seemed no less monotonous and remote to the company, which is as good as any company in town, than they did to me.

"HITTING TOWN," by the British playwright Stephen Poliakoff (at the Off Off South Street), is about a night on the town—Leicester—of a repressed, unattached working-class woman, presumably in her thirties, and her resentful, unstable younger brother, whose acid erupts in spurts of mischief and wantonness. The only other character is a café waitress, so numb that she seems lobotomized, who makes an appearance at a local disco. The play is the third by Mr. Poliakoff to open in New York—"Strawberry Fields" and "City Sugar" were done last season—and, as was true of the other two, it seems somehow an imitation; its working-class atmosphere has a secondhand ring to it, unlike that of Pinter or Orton or Osborne. Nevertheless, there is a real play here, which is rare enough, I suppose. The performance, under Richard Hamburger's direction, is admirable—clear, intelligent, and maintaining exactly the right tone. The actors (all Americans) are Gisela Caldwell, McLin Crowell, and Viveca Parker. —EDITH OLIVER

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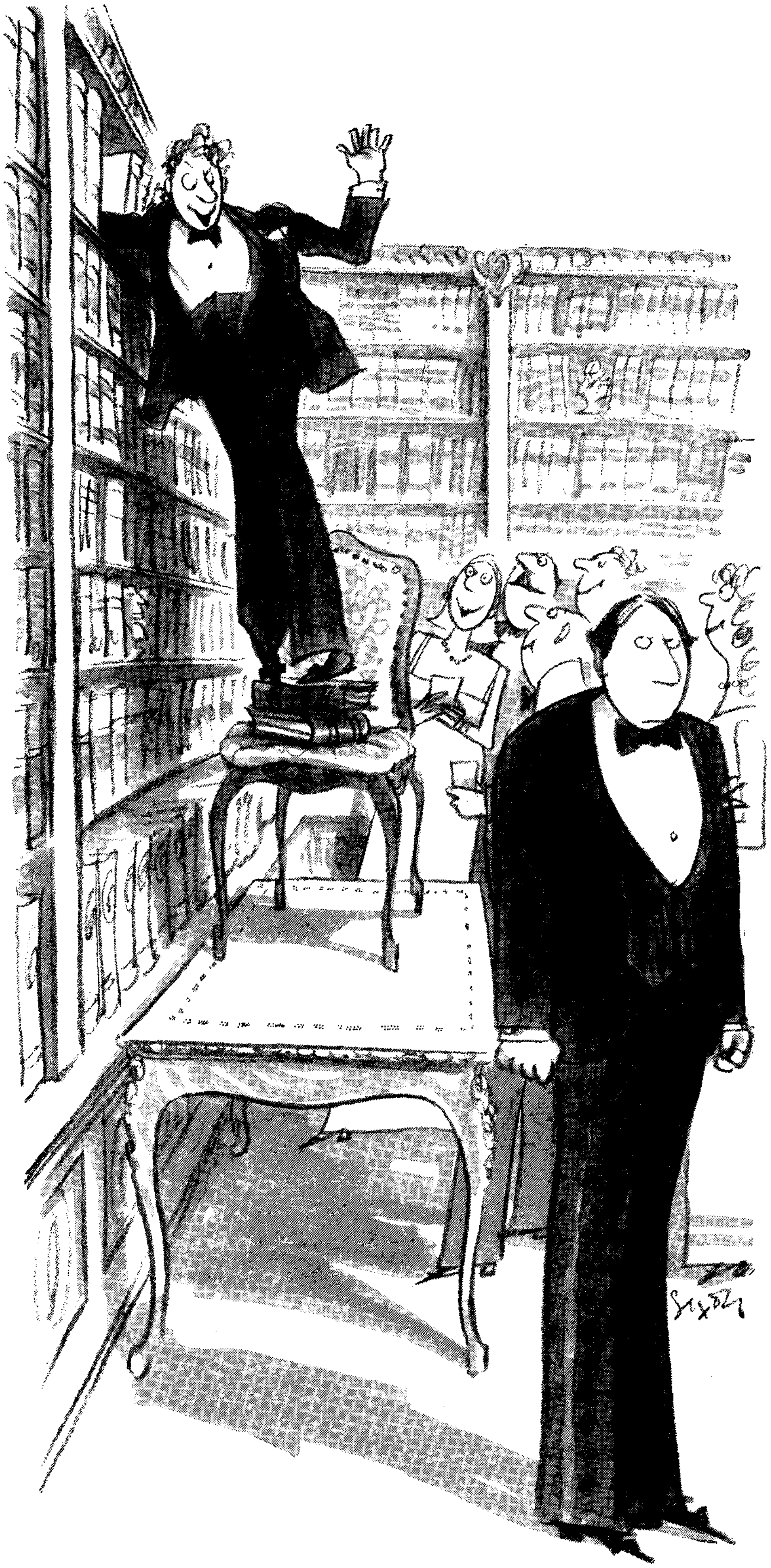

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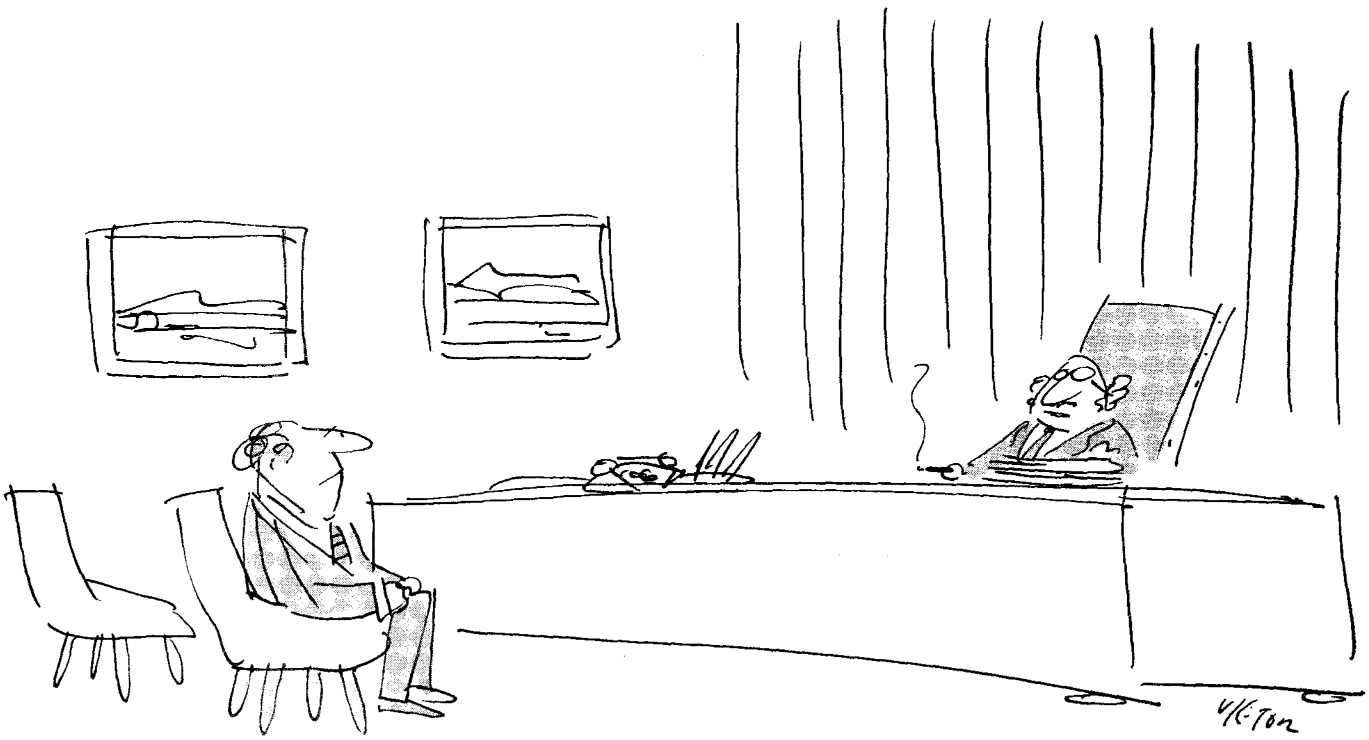
MUSICAL EVENTS

Viva Vivaldi

THE lasting memorials of Vivaldi's tercentenary year are recordings—chief among them the three albums containing the operas "Tito Manlio" (Philips), "Orlando" (RCA), and "L'Olimpiade" (Hungaroton). When Alfredo Casella launched the Vivaldi revival, in Siena in 1939, he included an opera, "L'Olimpiade," in a week-long festival. That revival got under way after the war, but when, on long-playing records, Vivaldi swept the world it was as an instrumental composer. Concerto performances poured out by the dozen; some attention was paid to the church music, but only one opera, "La Fida Ninfa," was published, and until last year it was the only one available on disc. I have never seen a Vivaldi opera on the stage—only dramatic representations of his oratorio "Juditha Triumphans." While operas by Steffani, Alessandro Scarlatti, Caldara, and Vinci were being revived, it was surprising to encounter none by the composer whose name had become a household word. Vivaldi once claimed to have written ninety-four operas. That figure presumably included serenatas, intermezzos, and pasticcios, for only some fifty operas by him have been identified. The music of some sixteen survives in a reasonably complete state. In 1978, at least eight of them were brought to performance: besides the three recordings, there was a concert "Griselda" in London, a staged "Orlando" in Verona, a French Radio "Fida Ninfa" in Paris, an "Incoronazione di Dario" from Clarion staged in Siena and given a concert performance in Castelfranco, and a "Farnace" at a Clarion Concert in Alice Tully Hall. Nothing that I read about them showed the sort of enthusiasm that revivals of Caldara and Vinci have kindled. After attending "Farnace" and then listening, on consecutive days, to the three recordings, I suspect that the fault is not Vivaldi's. Each of those performances revealed some of his strengths, but not one did justice to all of them.

Vivaldi's operas are long—as long as Wagner's. "Tito Manlio," the most nearly complete of the three recorded performances, takes ten sides, as do "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal." And only this "Tito Manlio," with its sequence of thirty-six well-contrasted arias, two duets, accompanied recitatives, and much secco recitative (here abridged but still abundant), gives an adequate idea of how a Vivaldi opera is made. There is rather a good plot—a seventeenth-century libretto, by Matteo Noris, first musicked by Carlo Francesco Pollarolo in 1696, drawn from Livy, and set in 340 B.C., during a Latin rebellion against the Romans. The Roman consul Titus Manlius condemns his son Manlius to death for disobeying orders and slaying a Latin foe, Geminius, in single combat. The conflict between paternal fondness and impartial severity provides the central crisis; Titus' recitative as he hesitates to sign the warrant is eloquent. The sister of the slain man comes to Titus to plead for the life of Manlius, whom she loves. Manlius' own sister comes to her father to insist on her brother's death, for she loved Geminius, and he her. But each heroine is divided between love and sororal affection. All would end in tragedy had not Noris (in defiance of history) allowed Titus to accept, at last, a plea for acquittal by Manlius' fellow-officers. "The will of the army is law to the law," he declares. There are three further characters, and two of them are also in love with Manlius' sister; nevertheless, it is a tight, well-motivated, and not uninteresting drama. Vivaldi noted on the score that he had written the music in five days. "It sounds it" would not be fair comment—unless one meant that the work flowed with unlabored brilliance and effortless felicity of invention. "Tito Manlio" was composed for the Archducal Theatre in Mantua, which had a well-stocked orchestra. Trumpet, recorder, cello, oboe, and violin each provide the obbligato to arias otherwise accompanied only by continuo. Some textures are rich; one is bare to the point of being simply violins in unison with the voice. The opera gains by being heard in extenso: a heroic aria is followed by one still more heroic, with trumpet obbligato; a lovely "slumber" aria for the imprisoned Manlius is followed by one even lovelier, with violin obbligato, for his beloved as she watches his slumbers. The conductor is Vittorio Negri, who doesn't let things grow slack but sometimes keeps fast arias jogging along with a Tigger-like bounciness. There is beautiful playing by the Berlin Chamber Orchestra. The singers are an accomplished team—smooth, refined, and flexible in their vocalization. But only two of them are Italians—the basses Giancarlo Luccardi, in the title role, and Domenico Trimarchi, as a servant (a welcome seventeenth-century survival into eighteenth-century opera seria)—and they are the only ones who utter the text with due vividness. The others sometimes sound as if they were on their best behavior; one wants a stronger whiff of the theatre. Rose Wagemann, a Met Leonore, sings the mezzo role of Manlius.

"Tito Manlio" dates from 1719. "L'Olimpiade," fifteen years and twenty-four operas later, has an even better libretto—one of Metastasio's most celebrated, written for Caldara the year before Vivaldi set it, and used again by more than fifty composers, right up to the young Donizetti. This time, Herodotus provides the basic material. His account of the competition for the hand of Agariste, the daughter of Cleisthenes of Sicyon (Pericles' great-great-grandfather), is one of the funniest episodes in the "Histories," and could make a fine opera buffa. Metastasio's version is more serious. No one dances on a table or stands on his head, beating time to the music with his feet. The competition takes place at the Olympic Games, at which Cleisthenes is referee and Megacles victor ludorum. Megacles, not knowing that the prize is to be the girl he loves, has enrolled for the games under the name of his friend Lycidas, who is no athlete but desires Agariste. By the workings of a rational and admirably constructed plot, Megacles, having won, is thus forced to choose between his love for Agariste and his loyalty to Lycidas; unable to resolve the conflict, he attempts suicide. Lycidas, disgraced when his scheme is discovered, is ordered into exile, but instead of obeying he attempts to kill Cleisthenes and is sentenced to sacrificial death. Cleisthenes pronounces the sentence with reluctance, expressed in the famous lines that begin "Non so donde viene" (lines that were twice put to music by Mozart). The final scene inhabits the world of "Idomeneo." The priests chant; the smoking altars await the victim; he advances, brave and unfaltering; the ritual begins—but is interrupted by a heroic woman offering to die in place of the man she loves. Instead of a deus ex machina or an oracle, there comes the revelation that Lycidas is Cleisthenes' long-lost son, and although this turn of events may sound Gilbertian, it is simply and soberly achieved. In any case, Cleisthenes, having embraced his son, prepares to continue the



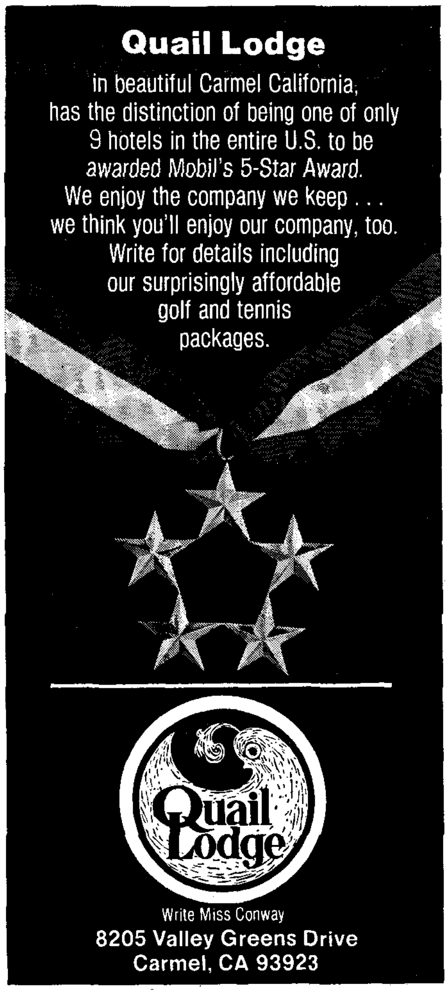
"Tell me, Cosgrove. Are any of my ideas seeping down to the people?"

• •

rite: the father must yield to the judge. But Megacles declares that Cleisthenes' sway does not extend beyond Sicyon; in Olympia the people have the last word. They do so, pronouncing forgiveness and a happy ending.

The last act of "L'Olimpiade" as here recorded makes a tremendous effect. There are seven fine numbers: a strange and very beautiful quintet of contrasted emotions; a strong aria for Argene, the woman who loves Lycidas; a chromatic aria for a subaltern character, Lycidas' tutor; a ritual chorus not far from Gluck; a noble setting of "Non so donde viene;" a powerful accompanied recitative; and a coro finale that is not the usual perfunctory jubilation but a solidly worked stretch of music containing surprises. "As here recorded," I say, because the edition used is the one that Virgilio Mortari made for Siena in 1939, and the album note does not tell what relation it bears to Vivaldi's original score. In his 1939 program notes, Mortari wrote of "cuts, reorderings, and substitutions" and of additions from the 1734 opera "Dorilla." Vivaldi's score is in Turin, the nearest 1734 libretto is in Washington, and I have not checked to discover what's what. I do feel pretty sure that the roles of the two young men, Megacles and Lycidas, are sung an octave too low. That is something that should not happen today. It spoils Vivaldi's music, much as using a baritone Cherubino or Octavian would spoil Mozart's or Strauss's, much as using a baritone Caesar does spoil Handel's. (In "Tito Manlio," the young heroes' roles are sung by women, untransposed.) Mortari's pioneering edition, which takes six sides, is, I suppose, based on an anthology of what he considered the best numbers in "L'Olimpiade." But forty years have passed since he wrote of not "demanding of the public that they should suffer austerities and conventions which today would doubtless be intolerable." Today's public is surely readier to enjoy Vivaldi on his own terms. (I hear that a new scholarly edition of "L'Olimpiade," by Francesco Degrada, is on its way.) A heaviness in the recorded performance is due often to the downward transpositions, and sometimes to the conductor's slow tempi. In the pronunciation, there is a good deal of "kvesta"- and "kvell"ing. Da capos are undecorated, and blunt endings instead of appoggiaturas are plentiful. On the credit side, all concerned seem to believe that the music is beautiful and expressive, and show it to be so. Despite everything, this is finally an eloquent performance.

I have gone into the plots because these Vivaldi operas need to be followed, not just listened to. The Vivaldi experts disagree about the significance of the recitative. Walter Kolneder, in his book on the composer, speaks of "long recitatives, whose dramatic purpose we find hard to understand today because we know that as a rule they were not listened to at all. . . . Obviously the recitatives had the purpose of resting the singers and spreading out the raisins well in the cake." But of "L'Olimpiade" Hellmuth Christian Wolff writes in the "New Oxford History of Music," "The first priority . . . was that Metastasio's affecting poetry should be heard, expressively declaimed and acted. The arias were only in the nature of interludes." Both scholars seem to me to be wrong. Recitatives and arias *both* call for attention, even though the poet's contribution to the former may be more important than the composer's. With what pleasure one listens to them depends on how well the singers declaim them. Of Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" which has a Metastasio libretto, Edward Dent once wrote, "The whole of the real drama is in the recitatives; and every word of them must be savoured like sips of an Imperial Tokay." The recitatives in the "Orlando" recording are treated by the singers in this spirit. In the very first of them, Victoria de los Angeles is so limpid of tone, shapely of phrase, and eloquent in her handling of words that when it was done I moved the needle back to enjoy it all over again. This "Orlando" set provides something missing in the two others—virtuoso singing. In the title role, Marilyn Horne offers prodigies of bravura. Sometimes there is a touch of coarseness in the way she sends her chest tones flying through quicksilver divi-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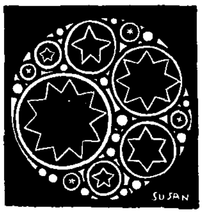
sions. But she is never less than astounding. And all the singers are very able—even Sesto Bruscantini, though he is much hampered by being made to sing mezzo music an octave too low. Claudio Scimone conducts brightly, and there is fine playing from the Solisti Veneti. Da capos are decorated; cadenzas are elaborate. In the continuo, there are too many obtrusive Technicolor effects. “Orlando,” which dates from 1727, is a picturesque opera, a “spectacular” after Ariosto, calling for a flying horse and elaborate transformation scenes. (The record box is decorated with a large helmet, which reminds one that in 1725 the Hamburg Opera paid a composer only fifty florins for his score and spent a hundred florins on a helmet for the principal singer.) Unlike “Tito Manlio” and “L’Olimpiade,” it is neither a very sensible nor a noble drama, and what shape the original may have had has here been destroyed by wholesale cutting and reshuffling. (In an album note, Scimone provides a frank, detailed account of his rearrangement.) But there are scenes passionate, violent, tender, and pathetic, and they are all vividly performed.



The Clarion “Farnace” was not very well sung, and Tully Hall is unsuited acoustically and in atmosphere to Baroque opera. (Town Hall would have provided a better shape and a better feel.) The opera dates from 1726, and was revised the following year. The plot is one of those in-and-out-and-roundabout intrigues, concerned with dynastic difficulties in a Pontic kingdom set up by Pompey. The fierce, vindictive ambition of the ex-queen Berenice—Pharnaces has both seized her husband’s throne and abducted her daughter, Tamiri—gives it some continuity, and Elaine Bonazzi played Berenice with spirit. Otherwise, I carry from the performance memories of a very pretty nightingale aria sweetly sung by D’Anna Fortunato; an excellent simile aria (“Burned by scorching rays, I am a wretched plant”) sung by Joy Zornig; a capital aria for Pharnaces, using material from “Winter” in “The Four Seasons;” and a high-tension recitative before the happy ending. Newell Jenkins, who had made the edition, conducted.

DURING the year, I Virtuosi di Roma, some good soloists, and the Italian Radio-Television Chorus, conducted by Renato Fasano, brought a performance of “Juditha Triumphans” to Avery Fisher Hall. This *sacrum militare oratorium* has been called Vivaldi’s best opera. It is a magnificently rich work, accompanied by perhaps the most colorful orchestra Vivaldi ever assembled. No libretto was provided, so many people may have missed the points of the drama. (Wise virgins brought a text from one of the three recordings there have been.) Two of the singers were exceptional: in the title role, Carmen Gonzales, a smooth and beautiful young contralto with a good feeling for words (she is also an excellent Bradamante in the “Orlando” set, and has sung with the City Opera), and, as Bagoas, Nucci Condo, long-breathed, even, and fluent in divisions. About two-thirds of the work was done: recitatives were shortened, and the aria da capos were shorn to ritornello restatements (which made the numbers lopsided). Philips has a complete recording, conducted by Negri.

Largest-scale Vivaldi was represented by the first installment of the recording of the complete sacred choral music promised by Philips. It contained five double-choir, double-orchestra pieces: the “Dixit Dominus” (with its Introduzione for solo soprano), a “Kyrie,” “Beatus vir,” “Lauda Jerusalem,” and “Domine ad adiuvandum me.” Negri conducts. The British soloists, choir, and orchestra are admirably accomplished. The whole effect is splendid. All the same, I began to wish for a more Latin tang and bite in their sound.

Of concerto records, of course, there was a torrent. (There are now thirty-two versions of “The Four Seasons” in the Schwann catalogue.) I made no attempt to keep up, but can recommend the five latest oboe concertos that Heinz Holliger has recorded with I Musici (Philips). They are enough in themselves to show that Vivaldi was not the “dull fellow” Stravinsky called him. Vivaldi, in my experience, becomes dull only when one isn’t really listening—or when he is dully played.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CORRECTION

In the article “Devote Every Effort to Running Successfully Socialist Research Institutes of Science” (*Sci. Sin.*, Vol. XIX, No. 5), “the arch unrepentant capitalist-roader in the Party Teng Hsiao-ping” should read “Teng Hsiao-ping.”

THE EDITORS

—*Scientia Sinica, a journal of the Science Press of Peking.*

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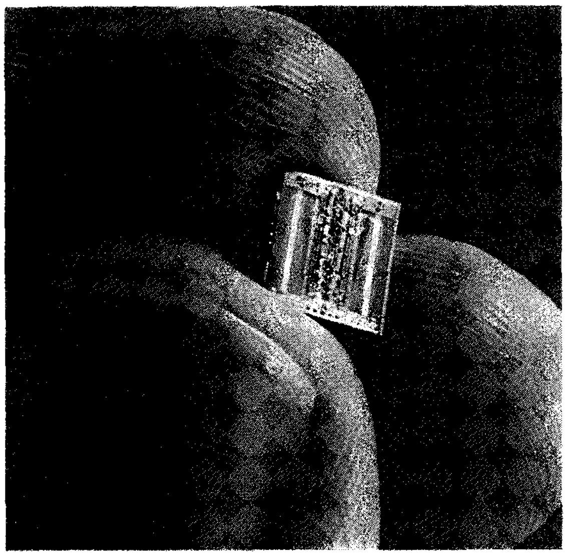

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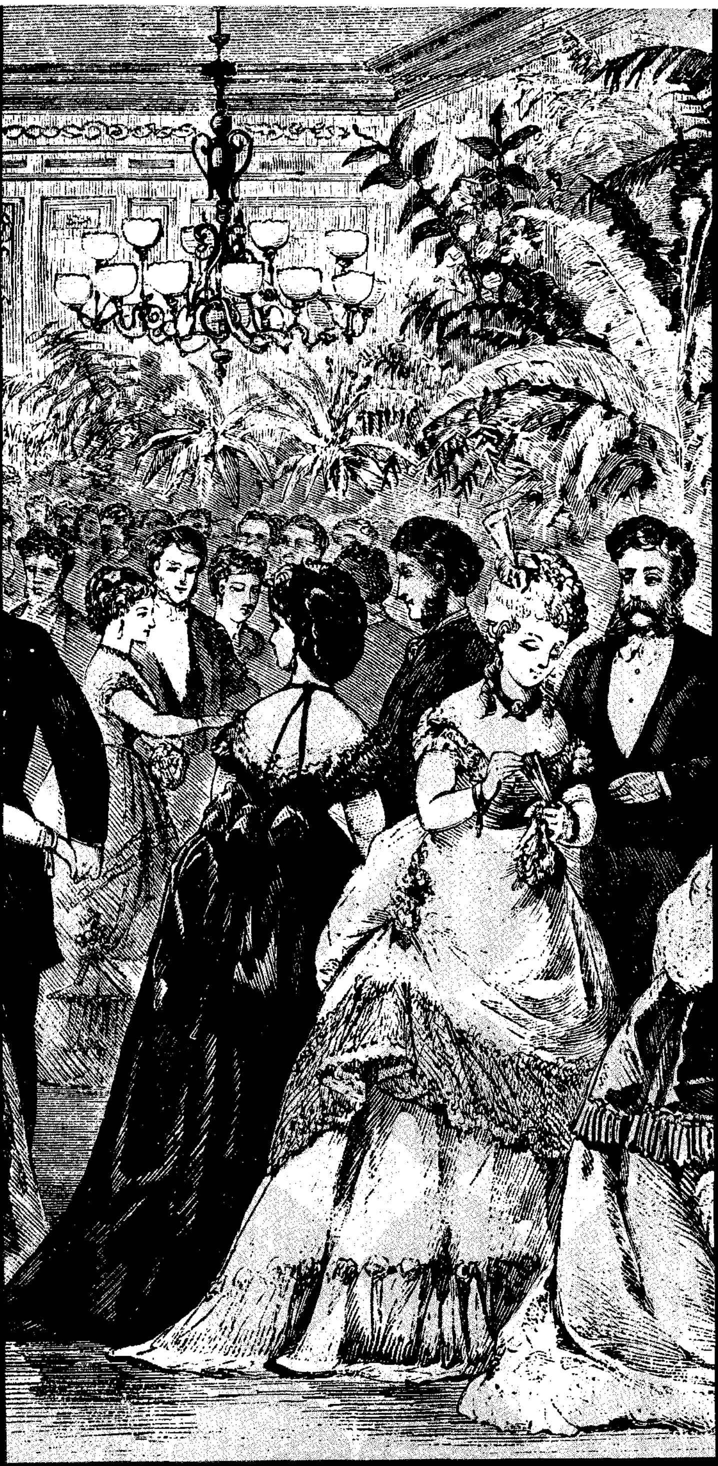

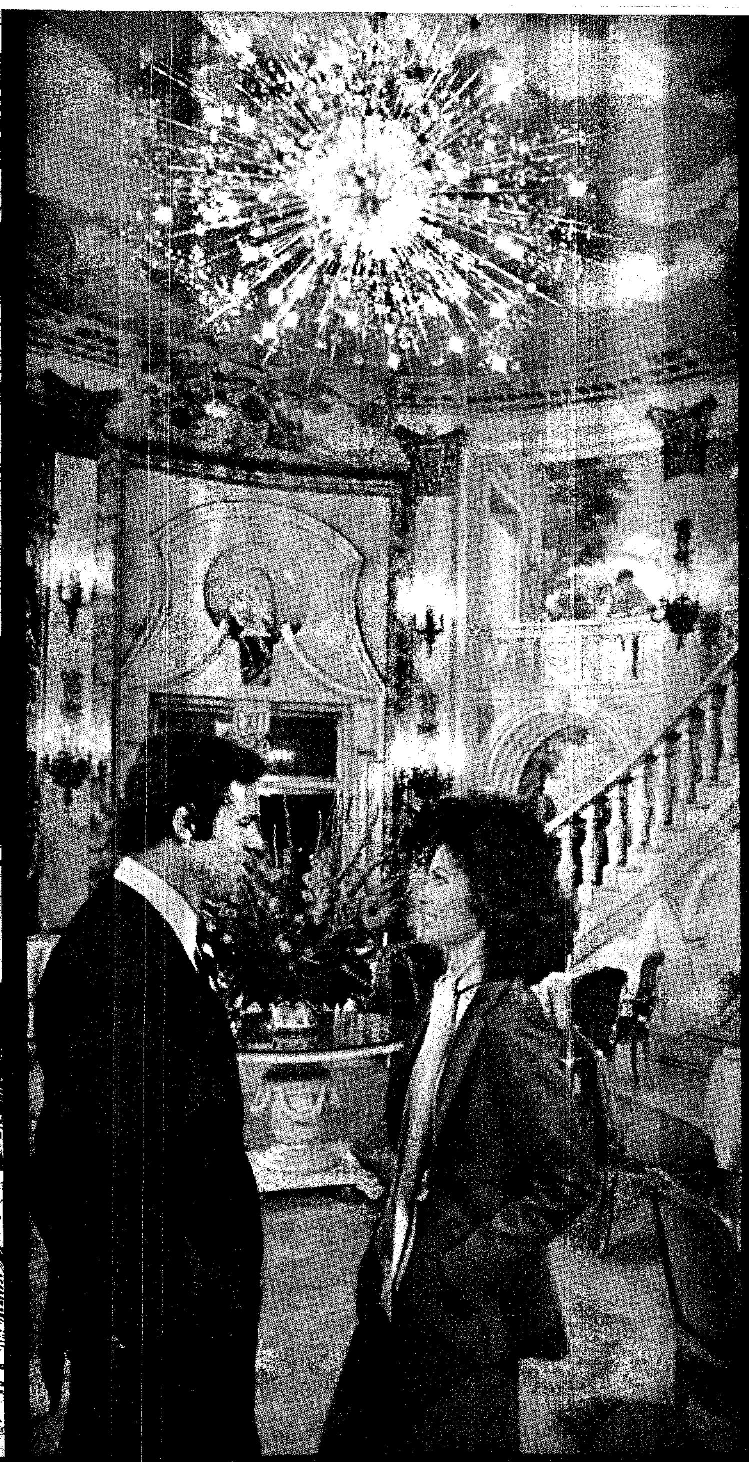

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Hall likes musical surprises, and last fall he appeared at Sweet Basil with his old friend and compeer the valve-trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. They have reappeared at Hopper's, where they will be through January 20th. Brookmeyer, who was much in evidence during the fifties and sixties, went West to the studios ten years ago, and has only recently returned. He is forty-nine and came out of Kansas City, and he grew up in the shade of Jack Teagarden, Vic Dickenson, Bill Harris, Brad Gowans, and J. J. Johnson. His style has not changed. He long ago developed a brass-tongued loquacity that has more in common with such virtuosos as Bill Watrous and Urbie Green than with Teagarden and Harris. He affects a smoky tone, Dicky Wells smears and shouts, a placid vibrato, and brief, flaglike falsetto leaps. He plays with lyrical glibness, and his phrasing and aim are unerring. He is, in Wells' way, often funny. It is odd that he and Hall have worked together so much, for they are almost wholly dissimilar. Hall is spare, elusive, soft, and reluctant to part with his beauties, while Brookmeyer always plays as if he were attending a convention. At Hopper's the other night, the two musicians seemed to be playing in adjacent rooms with the door open. Their ensembles

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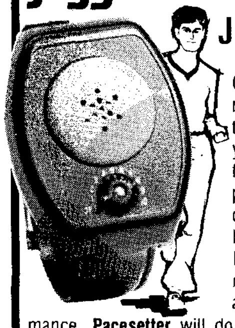

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did not blend into a double-edged voice but remained a trombone and a guitar playing simultaneously. Brookmeyer's volume forced Hall to play louder than usual, and he sounded jumpy. Brookmeyer almost never backed Hall's solos (organ chords, melody, riffs would all have been proper), which took on a lorn, voyaging air. And Brookmeyer's and Hall's rhythmic centers were different. Brookmeyer plays in a pummelling, sometimes staccato on-the-beat style, and Hall often favors legato, downstream phrasing. Oil and water, the two men filled the room with powerful improvisations, and we heard rich, turning versions of "Begin the Beguine," an Andy LaVerne original called "Exactly Alike," "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," "Embraceable You," John Lewis's "Skating in Central Park," which Brookmeyer did not sound certain of, and a medium-tempo blues, in which Hall got off a solo full of startled, leaping clumps of notes. Hall's appearance at Hopper's with Brookmeyer has an inadvertent advantage: free of the entangling sounds and timbres of a bass as well as of the customary closeness of a duo, Hall comes through clearly and beautifully—as clearly and beautifully as he ever has.

CHARLES MINGUS was fifty-six when he died, and despite his unending, impeding contrariness, he got a lot done. He helped bring the bass along the road from Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford to its present clarion status. He was an impassioned and lyrical soloist whose inventiveness carried his improvisations beyond the narrow bounds of his instrument to that exalted area where all ingenious music commingles. A lifelong admirer of Duke Ellington, he was a fearless composer and arranger. He wrote beautiful, heavy, almost arrogant melodies that ranged from the romantic to the satiric. He suggested motifs and pedal points and bits of scale, instead of chords, for his sidemen to improvise on, thus making way for the practice of Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. And he brought back collective improvisation by allowing his musicians to wing it in long, exhilarating ensembles. As a bandleader, Mingus was a martinet who exhorted and taught. He fired sidemen on the stand (and sometimes rehired them during the next set), and once he ruinously punched one of the best musicians he ever had. But none of the men who passed through his classes—among them John Handy, Jimmy Knepper, Ted Curson, Dannie Richmond, Roland Hanna, Eric Dolphy, Jaki Byard,

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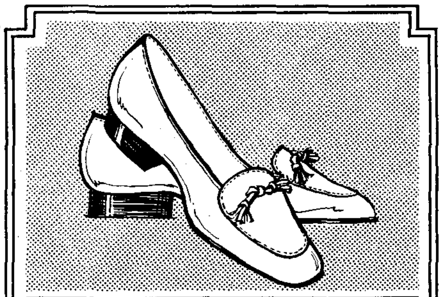

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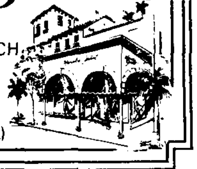

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and Booker Ervin—ever forgot what he taught them about time and swinging and originality. (Mingus detested slavishness and cant.) Yet Mingus had little control over the nonmusical Mingus. This was the rebel, the shouter, the bad boy who inveighed against the white man, night-club owners, record companies, audiences, critics, and other musicians, and who came to a monolithic climax in Mingus's wild and scurrilous and brilliant autobiography, "Beneath the Underdog," published in 1971. After that, Mingus, driven by his "nerves," grew larger and larger, until the handsome, flashing, brainy man who had taken hold so strongly in New York in the fifties all but vanished.

Mingus was in complete, fruitful balance during the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival, when he and the drummer Max Roach, incensed by what they felt to be poor treatment at the hands of George Wein, the festival's producer, organized their own festival. It was held at a small Newport hotel three or four blocks east of the big affair, and Mingus and Roach rounded up Jo Jones, Coleman Hawkins, and Roy Eldridge, the tap-dancer Baby Laurence, and Ornette Coleman's group. They put a snow fence around the hotel grounds and erected tents to sleep in, and Mingus himself passed the hat (a derby). The concerts were held on a sloping lawn above Easton's Beach in good weather and went inside when it rained. Ten people were at the first concert and a capacity crowd at the last one. The musical explosions during the weekend have refused to fade—Mingus's group playing a rampaging twenty-minute version of "Better Git It in Your Soul," and Mingus playing an immense, volcanic bass solo, accompanied only by Roach striking his drumsticks together. It was one of the rare instances when fate, which always seemed to dog Mingus, gave him a boost. The big festival, besieged by unruly, beer-sodden kids, was closed down after a riot on Saturday night, leaving the Mingus-Roach rump affair pumping passionately away down the street. To all intents and purposes, Mingus had bested Goliath, and he had done it not with his mouth but with his music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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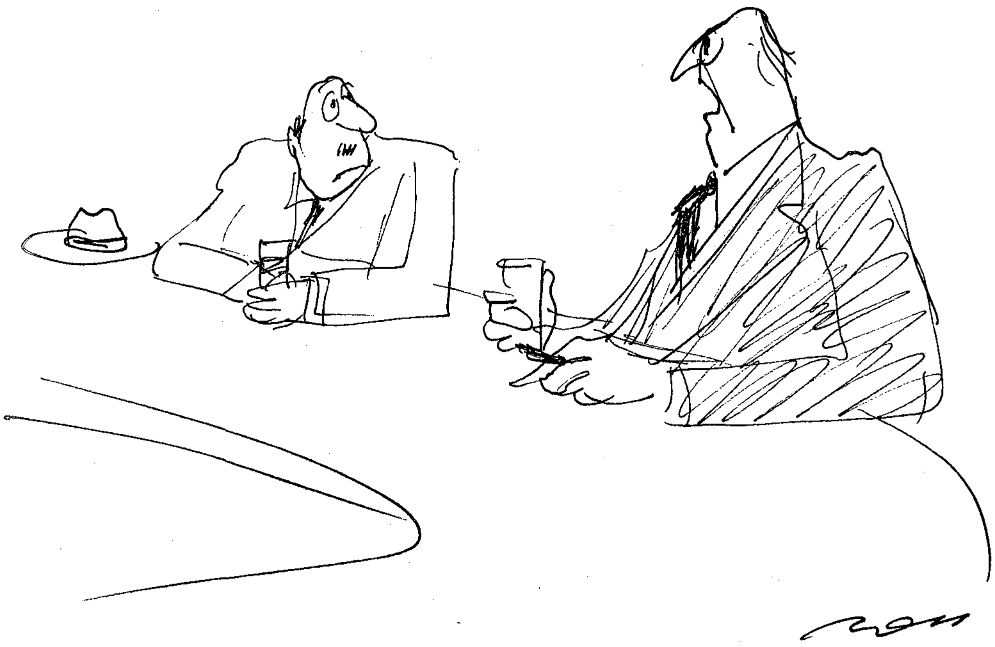
DANCING

After Petipa

"HARLEQUINADE" is a two-act Petipa ballet of 1900, remade as inconspicuously as possible by Balanchine. To illustrate what I mean by "inconspicuously," take the last of the episodes that make up the action. Harlequin sets a trap for Columbine in the Enchanted Park, where, having just signed a marriage contract, they will spend the rest of their lives. The trap is a portable birdbath; it spins like a top—three little harlequins keep it turning. Birds flutter around the small silver cascade, and Harlequin shoos them away. Then Columbine comes to take a long drink, bending low in flatfooted arabesque penchée. He captures her, and their pas de deux explores that deep penchée as, reperched at his arm's length, she dips and swoops close to the ground. A moment later, Harlequin is himself spinning like a top, one leg extended like the point of a compass, the spangles on his diamond-patterned costume throwing off light. For an instant, this whirl of light and the other whirl it reminds us of—the fountain—plus the corps of birds and the long-throated birdlike image of the girl, are made to contain each other loosely in a structure of mutual celebration. It's Balanchine springing *his* trap, creating one of those crystal moments of pure captivation out of the oddly assorted objects and events he has set before us. Harlequin's spin isn't just one more event, it's a catalytic explosion, and Mikhail Baryshnikov's cyclonic pirouette à la grande seconde has never had a more appropriate setting.

Yet the structure of correspondences, all but subliminal, does nothing more than captivate. Like Harlequin's capturing Columbine only to set her free, it dissolves as soon as we see it, without celebrating itself. The nascent imagery of the scene, which another choreographer—Ashton, for instance—would have developed, is left undisturbed. Balanchine, like Petipa, is content with its suggestive drift—more than a tender conceit yet less than a metaphor. He gives us a kind of parable of forms—naïve, with rough edges. He doesn't coach us for a response. As the sequence builds up, it accumulates elements of harmony and elements of contrast and relief (those birds have one of their dizziest entrées right in the middle of it), and all we're conscious of as we watch it is the pressure of concentration. Nothing so official as a "meaning" is ever delivered—here or anywhere else in the ballet. "Harlequinade" is one of Balanchine's most innocent and vulnerably affectionate works, and one of his least popular.

The Harlequin of the ballet is the eternal Harlequin of mischief and protean tricks. Contemporary audiences may see him as unsympathetic, and the harlequinade as coy fantasy or rootless frivolity—which it very often is. In any case, there are people who have never seen the ballet and don't want to go, because they're pretty sure they won't be amused. Balanchine's way of seducing these people over the years (the piece was first done in 1965 and was revised in 1973) has been to give them more of what they don't want: more children, more merrymaking (which really is rootless), gaudier costumes. But even the hard-core ballet public resists "Harlequinade"—I suspect because it isn't "Balanchine." That is, the traditional material isn't sufficiently filtered and doesn't express a "contemporary point of view." What's deceptive about "Harlequinade" is that Balanchine's reëvaluations occur within the material, not outside it in the form of a commentary. The steps may not be Petipa's but their quality of expression is. And is Balanchine's at the same time. For a comparison, see his "Swan Lake," in which both the surface and the depths of an old ballet have been organically reconceived. The expressive mode of "Harlequinade" would be recognizable to Petipa; a modern-day "reinterpretation" probably would not; one that searched out pithier characterizations and metaphors certainly would not. Perhaps it's a question less of craftsmanly connection than of spiritual identification. When Balanchine is dealing directly in the Petipa tradition, as in "Harlequinade" and "The Nutcracker" and "Raymonda Variations" (and in his other variations on "Raymonda"), he works in a non-aggrandizing way. He converts the material to a new purpose, makes it serve new dancers, without stamping it with a new personality. This leads to accusations that he doesn't revise as well as he copies. There's nothing in "Harlequinade" like the Waltz of the Flowers, but then we love the Waltz for the way it appears to spring directly from its music and its period. Although it originates in the same period, nothing in "Harlequinade" was destined to be as wonderful as that. Petipa, too, knew the difference between Tchaikovsky and Riccardo Drigo, and valued them both. As far as metaphors go, it is enough for Columbine to be a bird—when she isn't being a doll—as it is for Harlequin to be a cat. Harlequin's feline dance character seems to have been set long before the ballet. Whether Petipa invented specific connotations for Mathilde Kschessinska, the first Columbine, I have no idea. It does seem to have been Columbine's ballet, though Kschessinska disdained it, passing her role on to such successors as Olga Preobrajenska and Anna Pavlova. George Kyasht, the first Harlequin, was succeeded by Nicholas Legat and Michel Fokine, the latter of whom would compose "Carnaval," with a Harlequin made famous by Nijinsky. (Baryshnikov's first performance in "Harlequinade" drew some of its plastique from portraits of Nijinsky.)



"If you were Taiwan, Mac, what would you do?"

The ballet's stylistic precedents are somewhat hazy. Russians saw harlequinades at the Balagani—the covered stages at the Russian fairs. Alexandre Benois, who commemorated the Balagani in his décors for "Petrushka," writes, in "Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet," about the harlequinades he saw there as a boy, and he describes the same Harlequin figure who, in some of the same episodes, found his way into Petipa's ballet. If, as Benois writes, "Harlequin was given exactly the part that he played in our old Balagani," either the ballet must have reflected the people's theatre to a degree unsuspected by historians of the Petipa years, who always picture the Imperial Ballet enclosed in a bubble of sanctity, or the people's Harlequin represented the francophiliac culture of St. Petersburg, which also seems unlikely. The Imperial Theatres were under the direction of I. A. Vsevolojsky, a typical product of that culture, and it was Vsevolojsky, as Benois also informs us, who conceived the Harlequin ballet, drawing on his memories of the *féeries* he had seen in Paris. Petipa, a Frenchman, would have known all about that; both men had, in fact, turned to the *féeries* a decade before, for "The Sleeping Beauty." The style of the ballet "Arlekinada," or "Les Millions d'Arlequin," as it was also known, conformed to the sophisticated taste of the capital. It was romantic, pretty, "French." The Pierrot was (and is) the lazy, woebegone mooncalf popularized by French mimes. But as the servant of Cassandre, Columbine's father, he's a fink, ratting on the lovers and creeping into the audience's affections only by bungling most of his servile assignment. He doesn't have a great deal in common with that other hero of the Balagani, Petrushka, who was a Russian Pierrot so well assimilated that he is still universally accepted as a symbol of the Russian soul. Drigo was, of course, Italian. His music for the ballet is contemporary with "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," and sounds that way. For an Arlecchino who is youthful and elegant, both poet and lover, he composes a lace-doily Serenade, the hit of the score. Balanchine stages it with a minimum of dancing, as if to draw our attention to the mandolins in the pit. But when, at the end of the ballet, a nuptial anthem is wanted the orchestra bursts into the French drinking song "Marlbrouck s'en va t'en guerre," which is known in this country as "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

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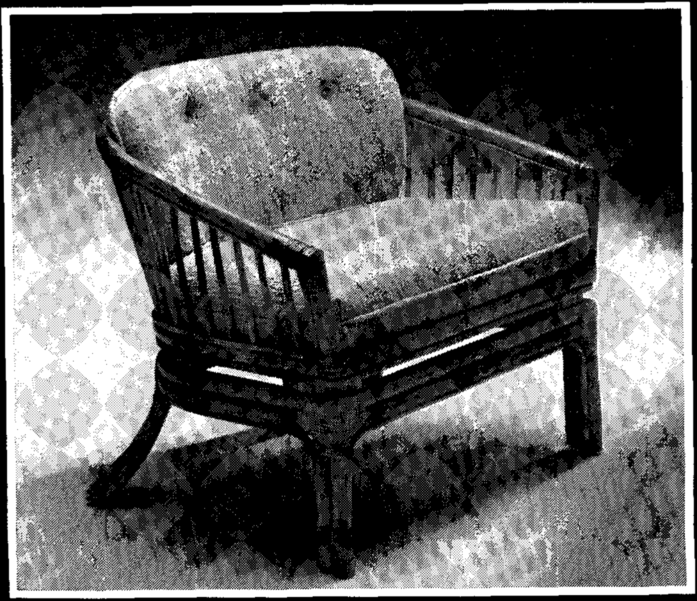

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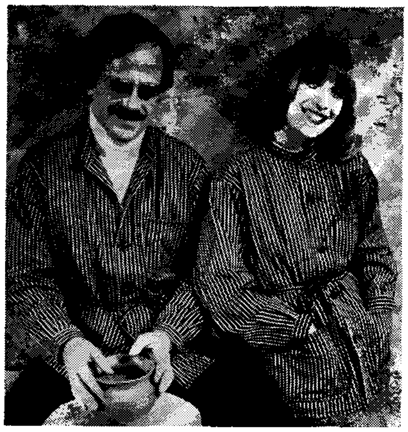

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not surprising that the style of Balanchine's production is polyglot, a merry jumble of Russian, French, and Italian influences. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's scenery, modelled on the Pollock's toy theatres of Victorian England, adds a fourth influence and reminds us of the long and rich tradition of the English harlequinade. Ter-Arutunian's lighting has always seemed unatmospherically dim in Act I, and in Act II the stage is blatantly sidelit, so that leaping shadows are thrown on the wings by the dancers' entrances and exits. The shadows can be excused as magic-lantern effects suitable to a toy theatre, but, although there must be moonlight in Act I if there is to be a Serenade, the moon ought not to be clouded over. Ter-Arutunian does not provide a Pierrot moon, perhaps because the bulk of his scenery was designed not for this production but for a New York City Opera "Cenerentola" in 1953. The part of it that belongs to "Harlequinade" is the house of Cassandre, with its twin turntables, which allow the statue of La Bonne Fée, Harlequin's protectress, to come to life and Harlequin himself to be miraculously restored after he's been dismembered in a rout. There's also a balcony that lowers itself to the ground. I thought I'd seen all the scenery's magic tricks when suddenly, this season, Baryshnikov made an exit through the wall of the toy theatre. The choreography in Act I is concerned mostly with getting the cast into and out of the house and Harlequin together with Columbine, who has been pledged by her father to a wealthy fop. It's all business, a farcical ballet d'action, but it isn't busy, and the perfection of its shape cracks only once, when Balanchine abruptly introduces a stageful of revellers from a nearby carnival, which is never alluded to again. The variations for the principals—Columbine, Harlequin, Pierrette, and La Bonne Fée—and the smoochy Columbine-Harlequin pas de deux are seamlessly joined to the action. The only "divertissement" number (apart from the tarantella-fugue of the revellers) is the pas de quatre done by four ladies of Harlequin's entourage, a picturesque bunch of couples dressed in espresso-black seventeenth-century outfits whom the program calls Les Scaramouches. This pas de quatre, currently undersold in performance, is one of the gems of the repertory. Stylistically, it embraces both the art and the life of Petipa's period, it comes from deep inside the ballet, and it smiles. If there is a Waltz of the Flowers in "Harlequinade," this is it. But the pas de quatre is unique in Balanchine in being designed for larger, seemingly older, and slightly fatuous women, who do needlepoint steps that insist on propriety. Balancing it is the march of the drunken foot patrol which used to arouse a steady ripple of laughter and applause. Now the carabinieri are too obviously drunk, and they don't seem to know of any propriety to insist on.

The plot of the ballet is a series of happenings stitched together by Petipa, probably from evenings at the Balagani. Harlequin Serenades Columbine; Harlequin Meets les Sbires (minions, that is, of Cassandre, visually recalling the devils of the Balagani); Harlequin Wins His Baton (precursor of the slapstick?), His Money, His Columbine. The story ends early in Act II and is followed by one more set piece: Harlequin and the Birds. After that, it's all dancing. According to Russian historians, Petipa's Act II went on too long and dragged. The same could be said of Balanchine's, which has two extensive divertissements—one performed by squads of children, the other by principals. Children, revellers, Scaramouches, and a flock of birds make four separate corps de ballets; the little stage becomes overstuffed. And Drigo's charming, voluble score grows garrulous. (He could write bird music by the yard.) The events in Act I and the start of Act II are continuous in time, but Patricia McBride is no longer deterred by that fact from changing her costume. (To clinch the joke, the wrap that Pierrette follows her with should also change. And what prevents the trickle of gold coins from the Fairy's cornucopia from becoming a real flow? The ushers might take up a collection.) One of McBride's finest moments is in this ballet—the second-act solo, with its long, long, and slow series of déboulés piqués ending in a curtsy and three blown kisses. Her partnership with Baryshnikov has yet to rival the vitality of her partnership with Edward Villella, who created this Harlequin, but her Columbine, made of ovenproof porcelain, endures. Deni Lamont as Pierrot and Shaun O'Brien as Léandre, the foppish suitor, after all these years give undiminished performances. This season, there were two new Cassandres. Frank Ohman's was only moderately effective; he betrayed the primary failing of the amateur mime—going dead when he didn't have a "line." But Andrei Kramarevsky's—bluff, violent, yet humane—was the best Cassandre we have had. Elyse Borne was the perkier of two new Pierrettes; Stephanie Saland acted extremely well, but her dancing lacked flair and her dusky glamour looked wrong in the role. The glamour role in the ballet is La Bonne Fée, though occasionally it is good to see it well danced, as by Colleen Neary. (This role is full of flatfooted penchées, but, unlike Columbine's, they don't speak bird language. Balanchine's steps take their color from situations and contexts; that's why he can change historic choreography—which he says was always changing anyway—and stay within a historic style.) Sheryl Ware currently leads, or misleads, the Alouettes—a vibrant, springy dancer in a part that calls for a brittle, flighty, almost edgy quality. At a matinée, Daniel Duell made a début substituting for Baryshnikov. Duell as Harlequin was a bit like Saland as Pierrette, only he was plainly much happier dancing than acting. Harlequin, who doesn't really dance much, needs mercury in his blood. Baryshnikov and Villella have it. Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, a great character dancer, made Harlequin live almost entirely through plastique—he was as stealthy as a cat burglar. When Duell turned away from the audience, launching his Serenade toward Columbine's balcony, his back didn't sing.

THE season has been thick with débuts, and, as the company passed its thirtieth year, anniversaries began to pile up. "The Nutcracker" has now been with us a quarter of a century. Astonishing to think it is half as old as "The Prodigal Son." Not many people are heard to call the ballet "Nutcracker Suite" now. That shows how far it has risen in the public consciousness, not only in New York but in dozens of cities around the country where it is performed annually. Another mark of its popularity and of the popularity of ballet generally is that this year the New York City Ballet's five little boys in Act I actually were little boys, not little girls in tams. In the alternate cast, four of the five roles were taken by boys. Kramarevsky, who teaches a most influential and difficult men's class at the School of American Ballet, made another good début as an anarchic, remote, eighteenth-century Drosselmeier, and O'Brien's sterling performance, in a more avuncular vein, acquired further lustre. The business of the clock's hands had been adjusted: we heard eight chimes and it was eight o'clock. Drosselmeier hardly ever failed to reset the clock at midnight, when the wild, dark fantasy begins. Watching Balanchine's production, particularly this part of it and the rest of Act I, could leave one in no doubt about why the ballet has been such a great success. It's a pyramid of theatrical marvels, each one outdazzling the last. But I think we aren't as much impressed by the dazzle as we are moved by the emotion it represents; a kind of mounting ecstatic melancholy holds us in its grip. And the most transfixing moment of all is the tableau in the forest, in the falling snow. Here, in the immense, waiting silence, the little Nutcracker is changed into a prince, and no one sees it but the audience. Ter-Arutunian's Act II backcloth was removed two seasons ago and replaced by his decorative arrangement of pendant fruits in a pink void. This is more tasteful than Rumpelmayer's Mountain and far lower in calories, too. But it's an evasion. The Kingdom of Sweets is a *place*. None of the many débuts in this act were really notable—not even Baryshnikov's as cavalier to Miss Borne's Sugar Plum (it was an appearance, predictably powerful, for the record)—just as none were unacceptable. Lourdes Lopez restored rhythmic tension and credible exoticism to the Arabian dance ("Very Tut," said a friend), and Heather Watts' easy high jump and flexible impetus made her the most vivid of the Dew Drops even though the upper body had an unintegrated, careless look.

Aren't the mice in "The Nutcracker" a parody of the Drinking Companions in "The Prodigal Son"? And though the two ballets are worlds apart, isn't there something in the mixture of spookiness and outlandish distortion and comedy that makes the dream in "The Nutcracker" resemble the orgy scene in "Prodigal"? The Son might almost be entering an E. T. A. Hoffmann landscape. In its fiftieth year, the ballet has been given new costumes, based on the original Diaghilev production. For his first performance of the season, Baryshnikov wore a modified version of the Serge Lifar outfit that was inflicted on him in the recent television production. Baryshnikov is physically and in almost every other way as unlike Lifar as he can be, and by the second performance he'd reverted to the simple leather harness and brief chiton worn by previous N.Y.C.B. Prodigals. Although the costumes are always attributed to Rouault, they have in fact been by various artists over the years, starting with Vera Stravinsky in 1929 and including Esteban Francés in the fifties. The two backcloths, which represent Rouault's own work, look shabby. Repainting would make the current restoration complete.

—ARLENE CROCE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Doused

THE opening sequence of the Australian film "The Last Wave" could have made a classic three-minute short. In an outback township, hailstones come down from a clear blue sky; schoolchildren who have been playing outdoors are called into the school for safety. The huge icy stones crash a window, and a child is cut and bloodied. There is, suddenly, no safety anywhere; nature is freaking out. The director, Peter Weir, has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's allusive, portentous films—especially "Don't Look Now," with its angled shots and doomy noises and retarded tempos. But Roeg himself doesn't seem to know what to do with his fractured-time-and-memory techniques, and the self-serious occultism of his pictures is only partly redeemed by their unisexy languorousness. Weir's occultism isn't even faintly erotic, and except for the first sequence "The Last Wave" is over-deliberate; the camera movements are ominous as if by habit.

Visually, the film is active until the first shot of Richard Chamberlain, who plays the protagonist, a Sydney corporation lawyer. Every time he appears, the camera seems to hold on him—and the film croaks out. This lawyer has water gushing from his car radio, water trickling down the carpeted stairs in his home, and water in his premonitory dreams. At the request of a legal-aid society, he becomes involved in a murder case—a young aborigine has been found dead, and a group of five aborigines are accused of killing him. The lawyer, with his orderly life thrown off course by a black rain falling on the city and by his encounters with the aborigines, discovers that he is some sort of spiritual throwback to a primordial race of seers, whose "sacred place," with its artifacts still intact, is in the grottoes near the sewage tunnels of Sydney. In this ancient underground temple, he finds his own mask, and the painted hieroglyphs on the wall tell the story of the hailstones, the black rain, and his apocalyptic destiny. This plot is also a throwback—to the B movies of the thirties and early forties. The dialogue (by Weir and two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu) is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. The police doctor, who can't determine the cause of the aborigine's death—it was the result of a shaman's pointing a "death bone" at him—finishes the autopsy, looks up, and says, "There's something about this. . . ." After the lawyer meets the group of defendants, he tells his wife (Olivia Hamnett), "They're keeping something from me." His wife asks why he thinks that, and he replies demurely, "Just a feeling."

Weir provides apparitions holding sacred stones, frog noises in the night, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for—the actors' sense of hopelessness is so disarming as they deliver a line and then try to find a suitable expression to go with it. But "The Last Wave," which at its best recalls "I Walked with a Zombie," is hokum without the fun of hokum. Despite all its scare-movie apparatus, the film fairly aches to be called profound. The lawyer, who has been visited in his dreams by one of the murder defendants, invites the young man to dinner and earnestly asks him, "What are dreams?" The aborigine answers, "A dream is a shadow of something real," and the film treats this as Revelation. Pitying the lawyer, the aborigine tells him that it's *he* who is in trouble—"You don't know what dreams are anymore." When the lawyer's clergyman stepfather comes for a visit, the lawyer, in torment, cries, "Why didn't you tell me there were mysteries? . . . We've lost our dreams and then they come back and we don't know what they mean." This infernally sluggish movie is about the white man's burden of alienation—and nobody could be whiter than Richard Chamberlain, with his porcelain cheekbones and tired, empty blue eyes.

The maudlin hysteria in the film links it to some of the Hollywood movies of the late-sixties-early-seventies period. (This may help to account for the respectful tenderness with which it has been treated in much of the press.) It's the kill-us-because-we-deserve-to-die syndrome. Instead of seeing the victims of expansionist drives and colonial policies—the aborigines or blacks or Indians—as people whose rights were violated and must be restored as quickly as possible, these movies romanticize the victims. They are seen in terms of what whites are supposed to have repressed. A few generations ago, whites saw the victims of white civilization (as racist bigots still do) in terms of sexuality and savagery; now the victims are seen in terms of magic, dreamspeak, nobility, intuition, harmony with nature. The white bigots saw them as mentally inferior; the modern, guilt-ridden whites see them as spiritually superior. In neither case are they granted what is their plain due: simple equality.

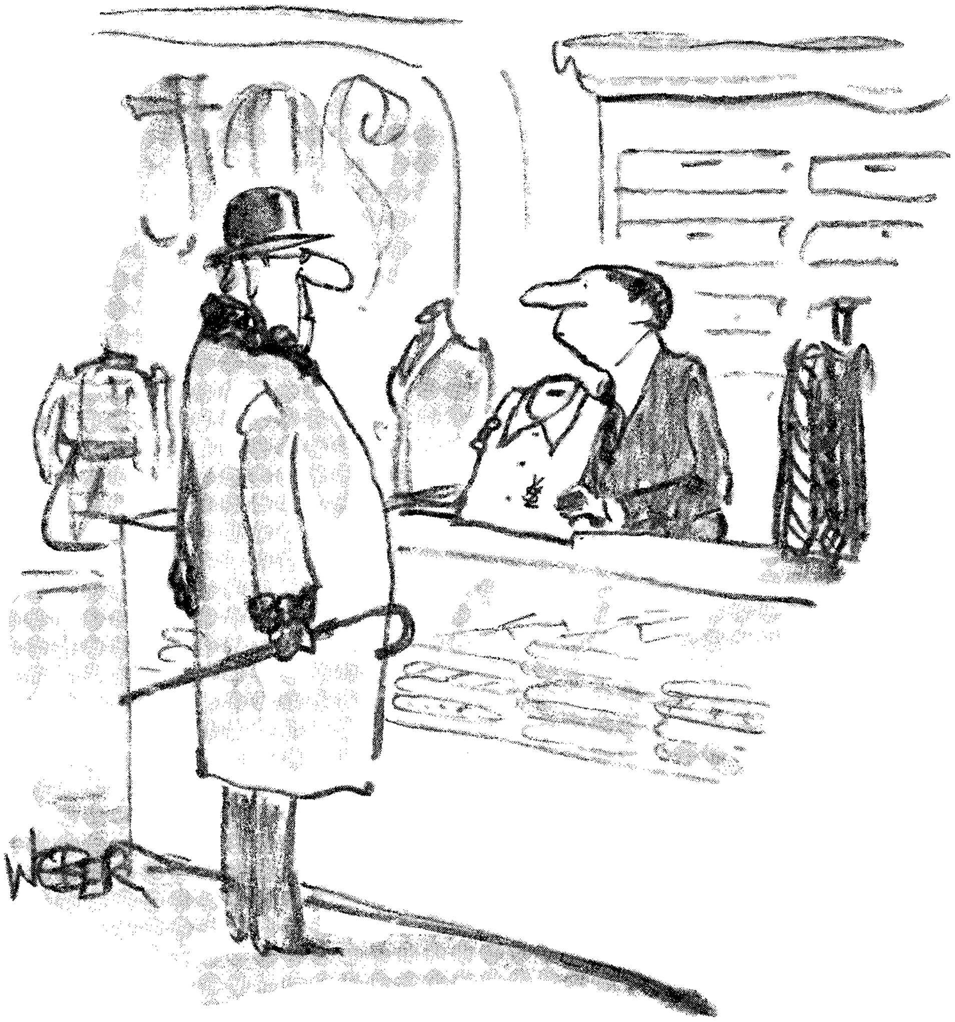
It's implicit in "The Last Wave" that the crime against the aborigines is what alienated the whites from their dreams, and that because of this crime a Biblical flood is coming—punishment and purification. It doesn't seem to matter that the flood will flush away the aborigines as well. This film is so infatuated with white guilt that the aborigines are created in our lost self-image. The lithe, graceful Chris (Gulpilil, the star of Roeg's "Walkabout"), who's on trial, and the dignified, wily shaman, Charlie (Nandjiwarra Amagula), are what self-hating whites emotionally need them to be: our betters. Aborigines who cling to their tribal rites are seen as uncorrupted, and the shaman, like an old Indian chief, is revered because he's such a photogenic custodian of our consciences. (We all know that, in order to survive, many people of oppressed races have developed inner strength, but this strength also shines forth in many white faces—in the inhabitants of Appalachia, for example—or in almost any group at a time of crisis.)

The decadent white race is represented by the sickly paleface lawyer, and surely there isn't an actor with less natural rhythm than Richard Chamberlain. But if the filmmaking team hired Chamberlain with malice aforethought why didn't anybody explain to him that he needn't wear himself out acting? Chamberlain has got by in a few roles—as Aramis in Richard Lester's "The Three Musketeers," because he could be in motion, and in the TV "Count of Monte Cristo," when he was bearded and dashing. But throughout this film we listen to vaguely alarming distant sounds on the track while the lawyer muses about his intimations that things aren't . . . quite right. And Richard Chamberlain is not an actor you want to spend quiet moments with. He can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. He keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. His toes act in his shoes.

Like a number of other modern directors, Weir doesn't seem to know what actors are for; he uses them only as visual objects. Olivia Hamnett gets some tension going in her scenes, but she's defeated by the way her role is written. In the midst of torrential days and nights, she murmurs absently to the children, "Yes, it's been raining, hasn't it? Very hard," as she looks worriedly at her husband. The writers have conceived her in the mold of the devoted wife: she barely notices the crazy flooding waters; she's only worried because her husband seems unduly disturbed about his dreams. Weir doesn't develop any characters, so if all the people are to be killed the viewer has no particular cause for regret. Or even for much interest, because the film has worn us out with all its forebodings. Weir has reversed the techniques needed for audience involvement. Instead of starting with the ordinary, getting us to care about the characters, and building to a hallucinatory climax, he uses his dislocating tricks right at the start, and keeps using them in the Sydney streets and rooms. Nobody in the lawyer's home can pick up a toothpick without the scene's being invested with dread. But when Weir gets to the mystic big number—the journey to the "sacred place," where the lawyer reënacts the whites' primal crime against the aborigines—he might be shooting a documentary of everyday events. He's prosaic just when he needs to be imaginative to pull the movie together.

The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element in "The Last Wave," yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. In the one great Australian film that I have seen—Fred Schepisi's "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," from the Thomas Keneally novel—they are at the center, in conflict with themselves and with the whites. In theme, Schepisi's epic suggests an Australian "The Birth of a Nation" seen from the side of the blacks. I hope that someone shows this movie before Americans get the idea that pictures such as Phil Noyce's "Newsfront" and "The Last Wave" are the best that Australia has to offer.

"HOT TOMORROWS" is an *extremely* low-budget film, written, directed, produced, and edited by Martin Brest; it was shown at the 1977 New York Film Festival and will play at the Entermedia Theatre in New York this month as part of the American Mavericks series. Brest made this seriocomic movie, with macabre musical numbers, for $33,000, plus some deferments. If economy dictated the use of black-and-white stock, Brest turns this to his advantage in stylized *film noir* effects. It's a typical young-filmmaker's film, in the sense that it's movie-obsessed, but Brest's obsession takes a baroquely original form: to him, old movies—Hollywood musicals, in particular—are memento mori. His hero, Michael (Ken Lerner), an aspiring writer from the Bronx who is living in Los Angeles, is sorrowfully in love with Laurel and Hardy and the other dead entertainers whom he watches on the screen. Michael's childhood friend Louis (Ray Sharkey) is out visiting him, and as they pal around Hollywood on Christmas Eve—the glum intellectual Michael suggesting Oliver Hardy, and little Louis, who just wants some action, suggesting Stan Laurel—everything they encounter reminds them that life hangs by a thread. Each reminder has a quirky unexpectedness—from a radio announcer's predictions of holiday traffic fatalities to a cadaverous combo at the Paradise Ballroom, with a mock-Dietrich vocalist (Marie Elfman) singing the mournful "Jonny," and a man (Danny Elfman) singing "St. James Infirmary." There has never been a movie so comically centered on death in life and life in death. Brest writes easy, naturalistic dialogue that comes across as a series of riffs; whatever the characters start to talk about, death always enters in, and the impossibility of avoiding the subject gets funnier all the time—like a good, broad burlesque-house joke.



"If my mother and father had wanted to see Yves Saint Laurent's initials on my possessions, one supposes they would have named me Yves Saint Laurent."

"Hot Tomorrows" has such a distinctive, fluky temperament I wish that it didn't miss—I wish it were really a knockout. It doesn't have much shape, though; there are listless scenes, and the part of Michael is underwritten; at times he seems just to have been born tired—a depressive stick-in-the-mud. Michael's sedentary impassivity must have been intended to play off against Louis's scroungy restlessness—the

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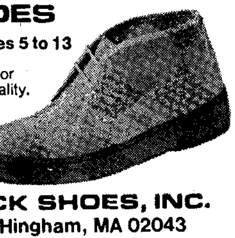

domineering Ollie against the ever-willing Stan—but Ken Lerner doesn't have enough charge to hold his own with Ray Sharkey. All our interest shifts to Louis, who, as Sharkey plays him, is both a punk and an innocent. Sharkey has a bantam-cock, scat style of acting, and, though he sounds friendly, even familiar, he sounds abrasive, too. He's full of energy, and his face takes the camera, the way the young Cagney's did. ("Sharkey" might have been a good nickname for Cagney.) Louis's eagerness for experience—his aliveness—is matched only by that of the spry elderly women who appear in roles or do bits in an old-age-home sequence. Brest has given these women gag lines that we don't anticipate, and they deliver them so expertly that jokes about death seem to be pelting us from all directions. In the finale, Louis, the angelic vulgarian, gets to tap-dance to "Forty-second Street" in a tacky-lavish production number, which somehow ties the living and the dead together. It's Busby Berkeley with a maggot in his brain.

The talent that Martin Brest brought to this ambitious first feature is sizable, and his drive must have been, too. He got his $33,000 from diverse sources: $10,000 was a grant from the American Film Institute (on the basis of a script for a short); $8,000 he and his cinematographer/associate producer, Jacques Haitkin, begged and borrowed; and a last-minute-reprieve gift of $15,000 came from Warner Brothers, after two of its executives saw the footage. Brest, who got his training at N.Y.U., was twenty-four when he shot this film (in three and a half weeks) but twenty-six by the time he'd got enough money together to put the sound track on. He's now twenty-seven and at work on his second feature, "Stepping Out," with a budget of $5,000,000. That is both a success story and a terror story. When studio heads are impressed by what a film-maker does for thirty-three thousand and, with (economically sound) Alice-in-Wonderland logic, back him to the tune of five million, he may feel—in some corner of his mind—that the world is saying to him, "We'll show you that you're not as smart as you think you are." —PAULINE KAEL

•

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[*From "The Judas Goat," by Robert B. Parker*]

I finished my beer. Carroll took another sip of his. A man who sips beer is not trustworthy.—*Page 10.*

I sipped at my beer.—*Page 83.*

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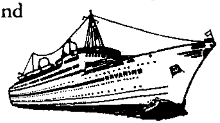

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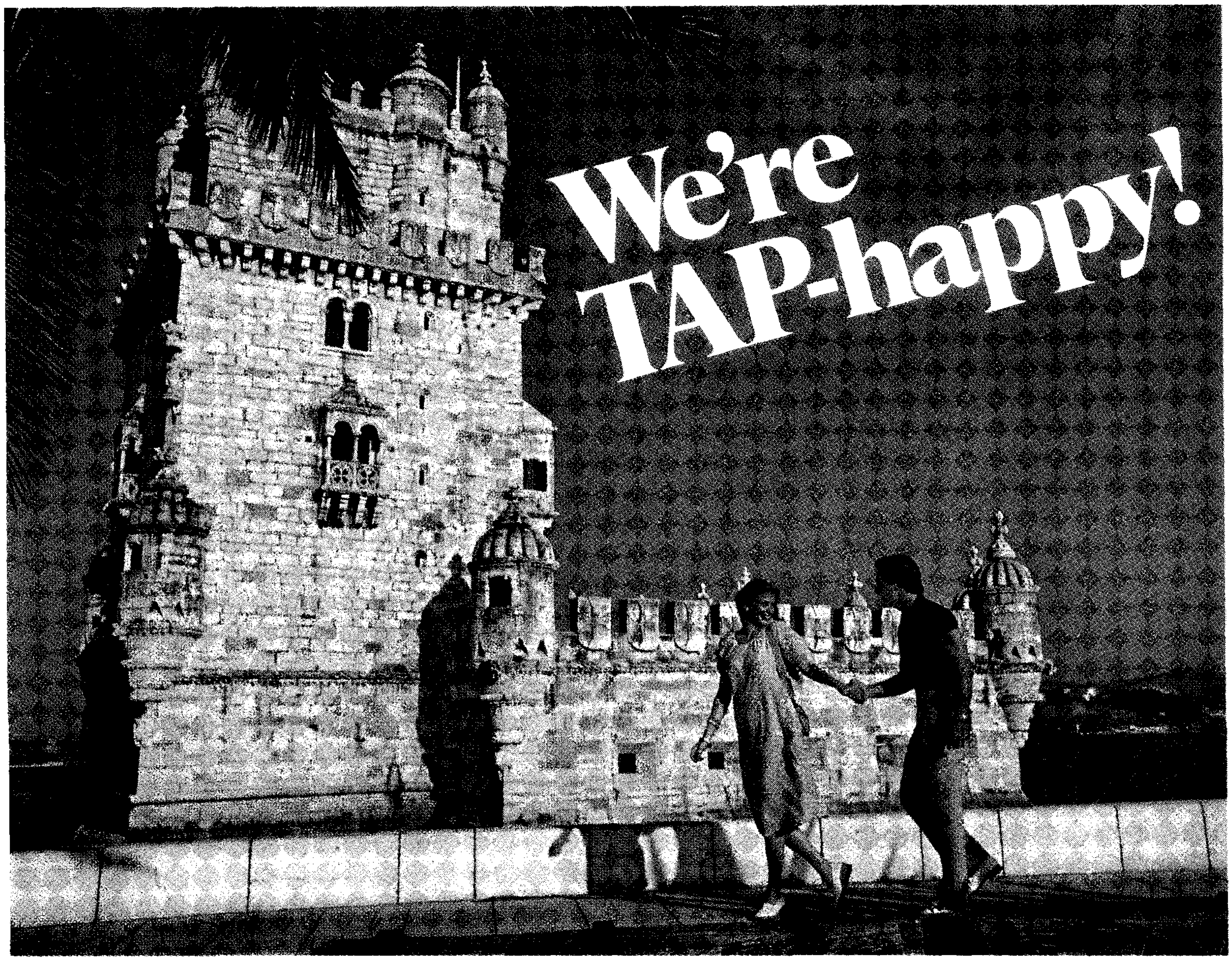

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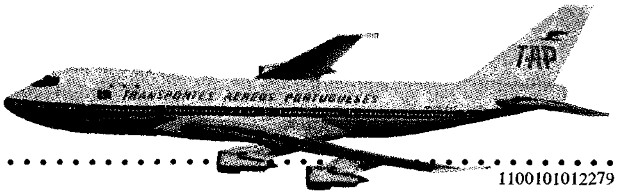

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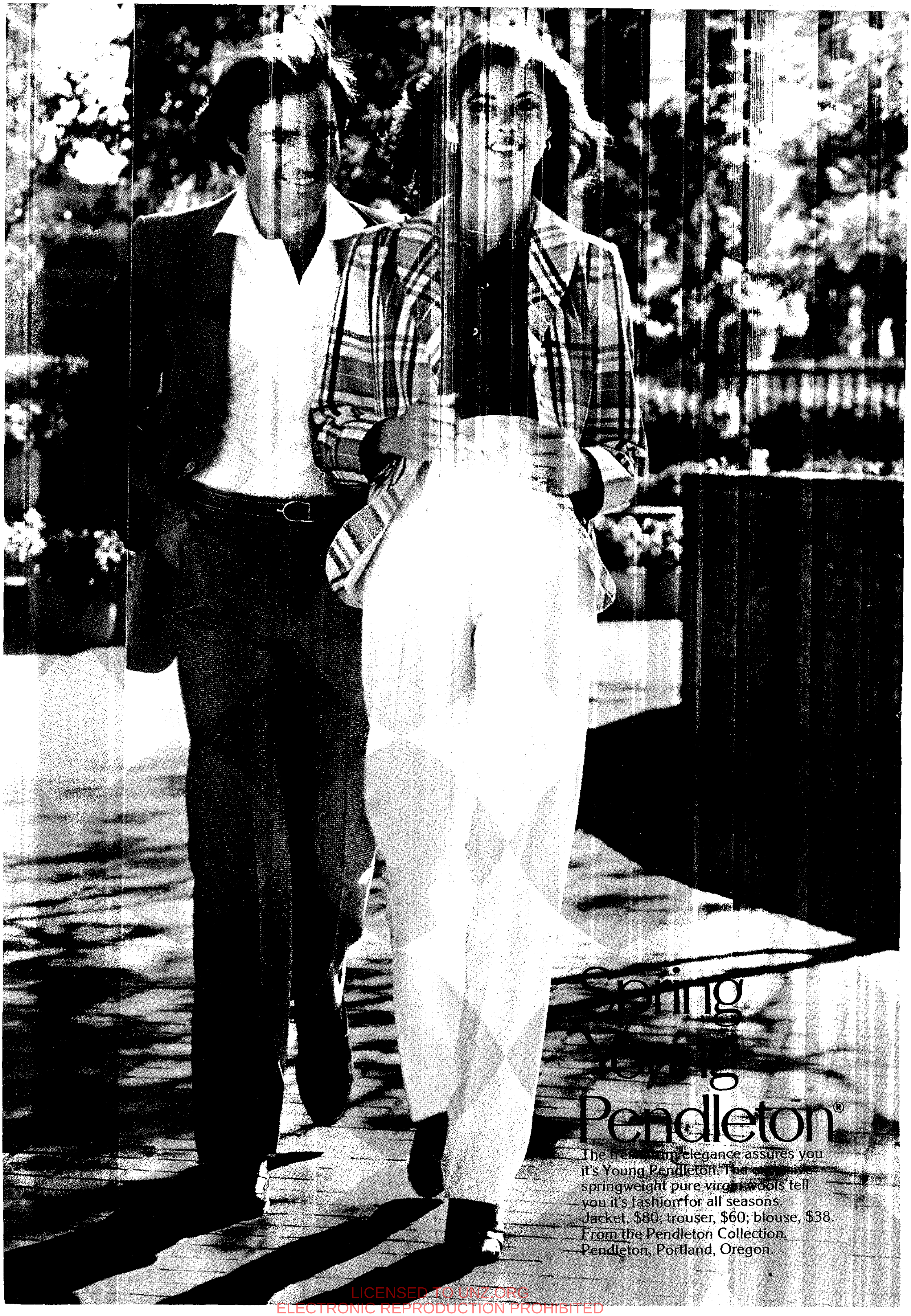

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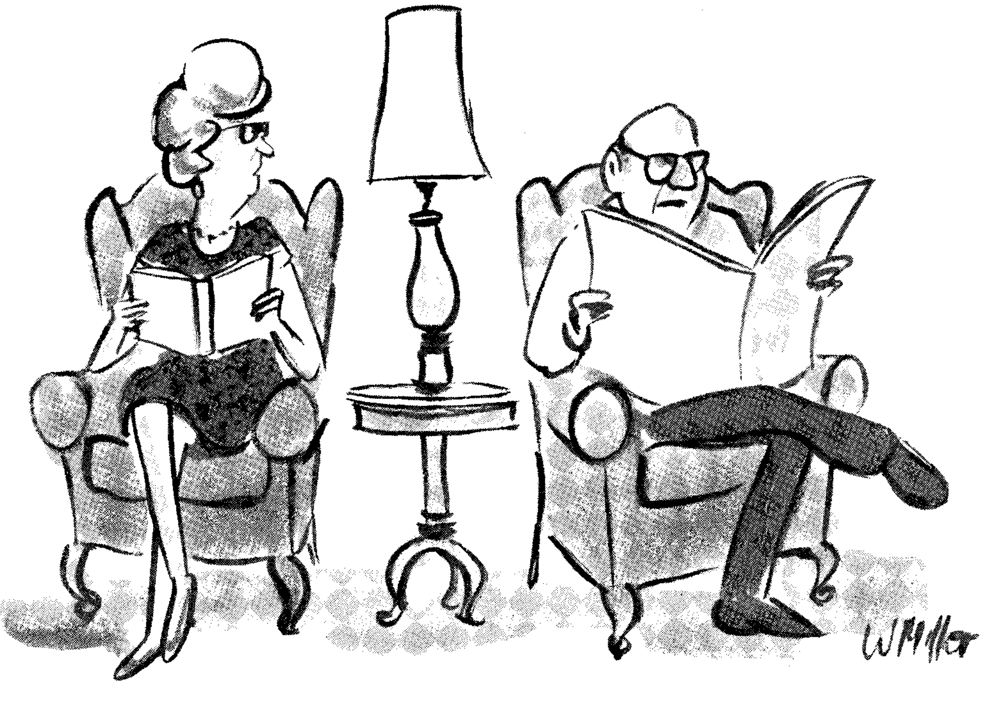
AFFAIRS OF STATE

JANUARY 9

MUCH of the news at home and abroad produces a strong sense of déjà vu. As the former neutralist leader of Cambodia, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, resurfaces (to denounce both the new government of his country and the deposed one that the jolly saxophonist now uneasily represents), the domino theory once more seems operative to Western strategists—among them a Watergate principal, General Alexander Haig, who is resigning his NATO command and may be a contender for the Republican Presidential nomination next year. (Since most historians agree that he ran the White House for some time before Richard Nixon moved out, he can at least claim experience, of a kind without precedent.) The fear is that Thailand, Singapore, and Malaysia may go the way of Cambodia, and that the turmoil in Iran may spread along the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Several weeks ago, the White House called in George Ball, Under-Secretary of State in the Kennedy-Johnson years, to get his advice on the crisis in Teheran. Not surprisingly, in view of his record as a dissenter on Southeast Asia, he urged that we loosen our ties to the Shah; not surprisingly, his advice was rejected. On New Year's Eve, a Presidential aide was quoted as saying that we must act to "reassure a lot of jittery allies that we are prepared, if necessary, to go up in flames with the Shah." Cooler minds prevailed. In Teheran, Ambassador William Sullivan, who represented us in Laos when the Ho Chi Minh Trail was a busy highway, was given instructions to encourage the Shah to replace the military government with a moderate civilian one and then to take a much-needed vacation—perhaps a permanent one.

There are, of course, large differences between these and earlier crises, and it may be that there is more to be said for the domino theory than once seemed likely. Our national interest in Southeast Asia is still far from vital, though our new relationship with China compels us to show some sympathy for its fear of "encirclement" by hostile neighbors. (The same fear continues to motivate Soviet policy, though for a superpower in an age of intercontinental missiles it seems largely irrational.) In Iran, our interest is clear. Iranian oil has been essential to the economies of Western Europe, Japan, and Israel, and thus, indirectly, to our own. The country's size and geography give it an immense strategic importance, so that a failure of American policy there is almost as serious as a failure in, say, France or England. That our policy has been a failure there is everywhere acknowledged. Our Central Intelligence Agency helped restore Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi to power in 1953, and ever since then our missions in his country, which have been among our largest missions anywhere, have been devoted to keeping him in power. It apparently did not occur to our policymakers that a monarch who needs the support of the C.I.A. against his enemies must sit on a shaky throne. Leaving the Shah and Teheran a year ago, President Carter said, "Iran, under the great leadership of the Shah, is an island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world. This is a great tribute to you, Your Majesty, and to your leadership, and to the respect, admiration, and love which your people give to you." Now there has been what State Department people are calling an "earthquake"—suggesting a natural disaster, something beyond human power to anticipate or mitigate—on the island of stability, and the Shah seems about to flee his people.

It is easy to blame our difficulties on a failure of intelligence and to charge this failure to the C.I.A. The agency, it is being said, became so closely identified with the Shah and his needs that it didn't get around to gauging the strength of the opposition. And since the island-of-stability view was the official one, sending home messages of instability would have been unappreciated. But there seems to be something unfair—and, more to the point, unreasonable—about making the C.I.A. the scapegoat for misbegotten policies formed elsewhere, mostly in the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon. For one thing, no elaborate intelligence network was needed to know of the Shah's instability. The current issue of *Foreign Affairs* has a concise history of Iran's difficulties by James Bill, an academic specialist on the Middle East at the University of Texas. There have been, he writes, two recorded assassination attempts on the Shah. (There may have been some that were unrecorded.) Two of his prime ministers have been murdered. One of his American military advisers was killed in 1973, and two of our Air Force colonels were killed in 1975, as were three employees of Rockwell International the next year. Anti-Shah demonstrators in Teheran were gunned down by the Iranian military in 1952 and again in 1963. There may have been similar incidents in other cities. Rich Iranians, who seem to be little more enthusiastic about the regime than poor Iranians, have been shipping four billion dollars a year, or twenty per cent of the total oil revenues, out of the country. American officials in Iran may not have seen much of the opposition leaders, but Professor Bill seems to have acquired a considerable amount of knowledge about them and their de-



"Just where would you be without me?" *"Sri Lanka."*

mands. And Carter knew enough about repression and police violence to urge a measure of liberalization on the Shah: along with the Shah, he felt the sting of tear gas used against a demonstration by masked Iranian students at American universities, who were chanting their grievances outside the White House a year or so ago.

When the intelligence system fails those whom it is intended to benefit, the failure is more often one of evaluation than one of accumulation. For many years, the C.I.A. in Iran had on its payroll a young American with a doctorate in Persian culture whose job was to live in the villages, and at times to roam the countryside with the nomad herdsmen, and to report on the way the people lived and how they felt about their lives. He was to be in no way involved with politics or policy; he was to function strictly as an anthropologist or sociologist, submitting reports on what he saw and heard. This seemed to him an admirable and farsighted approach on the part of his employers, and the "agent," who happened to write with much grace and insight, turned in many detailed accounts of his experiences throughout the country. His immediate superiors in Teheran read them, praised them, and presumably sent them on to Washington, where, as far as their author knew, no one ever looked at them. Since this did not make him any the less appreciative of the opportunity he had been given, he was not much disturbed. However, he showed some of his papers, which contained nothing remotely classifiable, to a publisher in New York, who offered him a book contract if the C.I.A. would grant permission. This, of course, the C.I.A. would not do, and so his studies, filled with much that would have been relevant in the last several months, are buried—probably unread, and certainly unheeded—in the archives. And with them in the files there must be much that has been similarly neglected. Jesse Leaf, who was the chief C.I.A. analyst for Iran until 1973, recently told the *Times* that he had sent in a great deal of material on the precariousness of the Shah's position which had been routinely collected by the interception of internal government communications in Teheran and other centers. The information did no one any good.

No doubt part of the problem with the intelligence system is the sheer magnitude of its operations. Heavy funding and advanced technology lead to a glut rather than to a dearth of information of one sort or another—along with, naturally, a good deal of misinformation. When the spy ship Pueblo was captured by the North Koreans in 1968, it was estimated that the "elint"—the trade word for "electronic intelligence" vessels—had aboard enough taped data, mostly of North Korean internal communications, to keep a team of analysts at work for several years. Somewhere in this mass of words and statistics there were warnings from Pyongyang that should have put the ship on notice that its presence in nearby waters was known and that it might soon be seized; the warnings, broadcast to the public by radio, were not in coded messages but in Korean and in crude, clear English. Yet no one either aboard the ship or in Washington was aware of them until after the Pueblo had been taken and its crew imprisoned. And if the analysts in Washington had been at work digesting this cargo of intelligence they would probably have given higher priority to what was coded, and supposedly secret, than to news broadcasts that anyone with a cheap transistor radio could have picked up. Whoever decided to have an American knowledgeable about Iranian life and history spend a year or two reporting from the field made what seemed—on the surface, at least—an eminently sound decision. It was predictable, though, that the kind of intelligence the reporter brought in would never make it through even the lower echelons of policymaking in Washington. Machiavelli said that a good prince should know what is happening in the piazza as well as in the palace, but when even the most astute of diplomats are given information about both the piazza and the palace it seems inevitable that they will concentrate on the latter. One can hardly picture the Secretary of State or the director of Central Intelligence boning up on the crisis in Iran by reading a young scholar's studies of life in the bazaars; any underling who routed such material to the top would probably soon be looking for work elsewhere.

Henry Kissinger recently said that in his view Pahlavi's enemies were a group of extremists, left and right, who opposed the Shah's efforts to move his country "from feudalism into the modern age." This is not quite so facile a generalization as it sounds, nor does it seem, as some have said, merely a statement of what Kissinger and other

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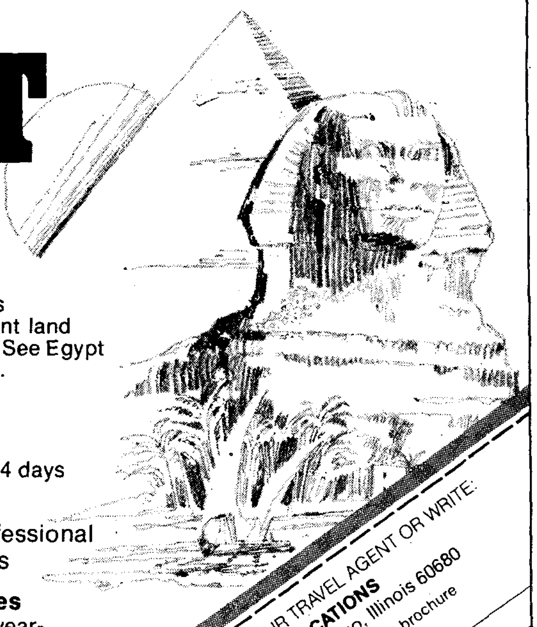
American diplomats who have dealt with the Shah want to believe. By all accounts, the Shah, ruling a backward country that suddenly found itself hugely rich, was determined to develop a modern industrial economy. He was also determined to enrich himself and his family—the Pahlavis' total assets are estimated at between two and four billion dollars—but he was an Iranian patriot, and though he governed as a despot, he was by nature no more a tyrant than many of his present opponents, some of whom clearly long for a return to feudalism and are not in the least averse to torturing and executing political enemies as well as common miscreants and violators of Islamic law. What Kissinger, Carter, and others seem never to have been told, and probably did not want to hear, was the extent of the opposition and its desperate quality. It is doubtful if any revolution in modern times has enjoyed the support of so large a part of the civilian population. There seems to be no class or trade or age group that has not become part of it; no other economy has ever been so quickly and thoroughly disrupted. Iran's rationing of oil is a phenomenon as hard to take in as would be this country's rationing of wheat in a year of good harvests.

Until almost the end of 1978, Washington's reaction to these disorders was complacency. Then, by mid-December, it was close to panic. The President ordered a carrier task force to the Persian Gulf to show the flag in support of the Shah. Advisers persuaded Carter that this could only make things more difficult, and he ordered the task force to remain in the South China Sea. Now there appears to be a general acceptance of the State Department's natural-disaster view—a feeling that, unless there is a military coup, we can do little except wait until the revolution has run its course. Cold War enthusiasts think that the end will be a great loss for us and a triumph for Soviet policy. That we have already suffered a loss is beyond dispute. Though the Shah was the prime mover in shaking us down with higher oil prices several years ago, he was, on the whole, a dependable political and military ally. He was not hostile to Israel, and he ignored the oil embargo of 1973 imposed by OPEC. He was also a splendid customer for American business and industry—not only the munitions-makers but the multinationals, whose help he wanted in Iranian development. The shaky regime he has set up under Shapur Bakhtiar wants the American



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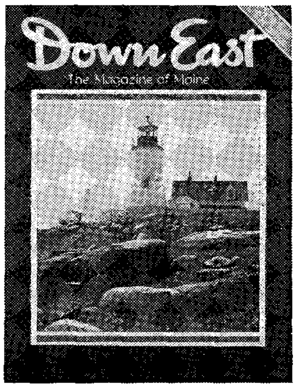

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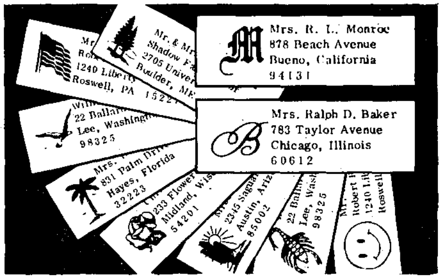

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presence reduced and has pledged itself to cut back on armaments spending; in the event that a less "moderate" regime comes to power, there will be no American presence to speak of. But if Washington's past dealings with the Shah have been highly agreeable, Moscow's have not been altogether disagreeable. He has patronized the Russian arms industry, too, and has paid hard currency for many imports. Although there is a Moscow-backed Communist Party, Tudeh, with a following among the workers in the oil fields and refineries, no one has described it as a leading force in the revolution, and there is little reason to suppose that the Russians really wanted a revolution. Russian radio stations have broadcast a lot of anti-royalist propaganda, but its authors and disseminators may have had good domestic reasons for this. The Soviet Union has an immense Moslem population—about equal to that of all the Islamic states on the Persian Gulf—and its Moslems are doubtless more receptive to that kind of propaganda than to the ideological diet they are generally given. However, having a powerful neighbor—the most powerful after China—run by an anti-Communist priesthood could be seen in Moscow as a threat to its hold on its own Moslem people.

No civilian successor to the Shah is likely ever to sell oil to Israel. But the religious leader who seems to have the largest following, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, has said in his exile home outside Paris that he would approve selling oil to the United States on two conditions—first, that we withdraw support from the Shah; second, that we stop interfering in Iran's internal affairs. Even if these conditions were not now in the process of being met, we would soon be meeting them. We have been overtaken by events, as unhappy diplomats often say, and we have no choice but to wait for the dust to settle, as Dean Acheson said in the midst of another revolution—the one in China thirty years ago. Alas, on that occasion it took us almost three decades to decide where the dust had settled.

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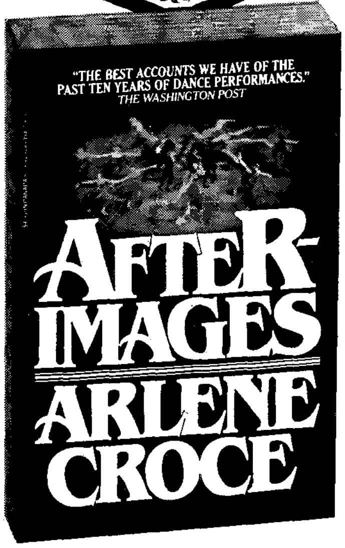
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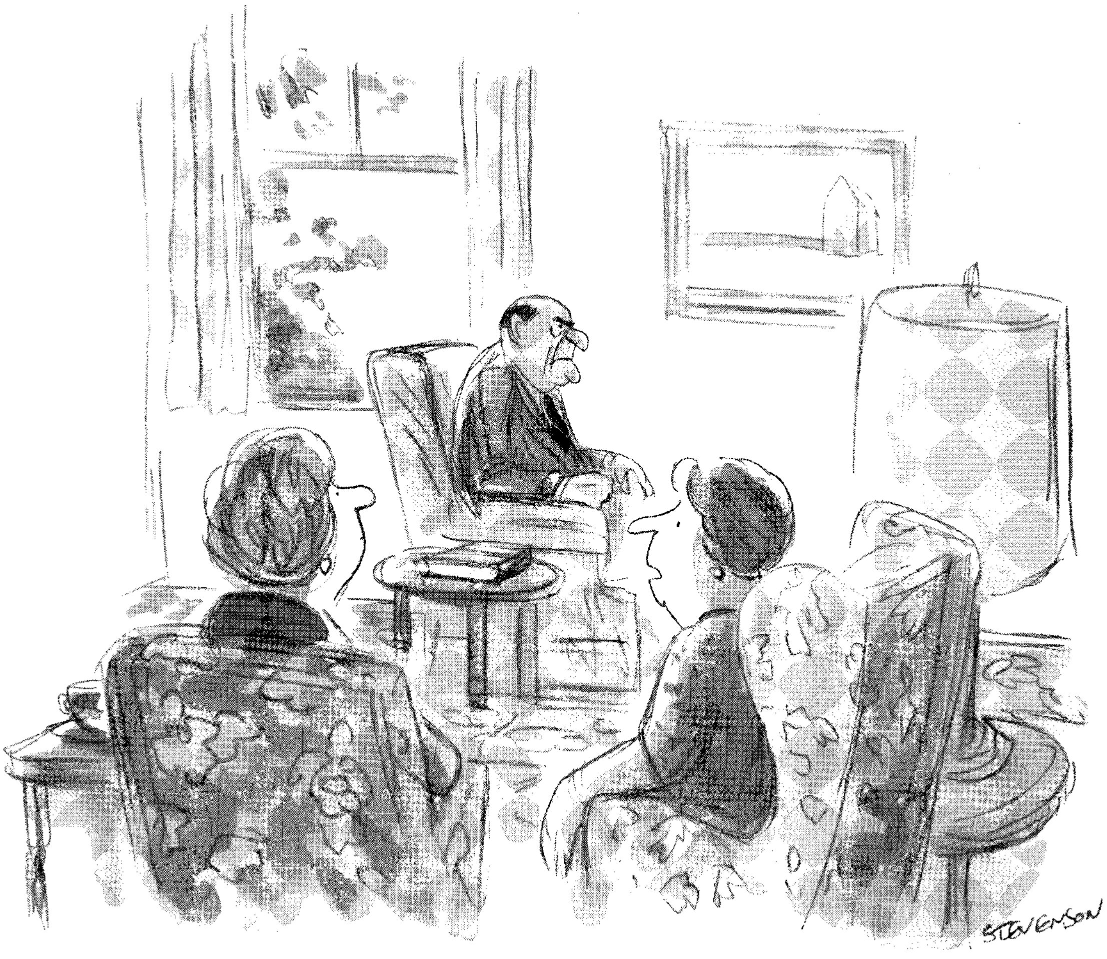
BOOKS

The Man with the Hoe

PIERRE-JAKEZ HÉLIAS was born, in 1914, to an impoverished peasant couple in the village of Pouldreuzic, in Brittany, and did so well all the way through the state schools of the French Republic that when he grew up he became a university professor. He still lives in two languages, Breton and French, and two worlds, the village and the city. His book "The Horse of Pride: Life in a Breton Village," translated from the French by June Guicharnaud (Yale; $15), is the best book about peasants that I have ever read. Hélias is able to reach back into Breton memory because during the First World War, in his father's absence, his maternal grandfather looked after him and bequeathed him the experiences, techniques, and attitudes of earlier generations of peasants. Hélias teaches us what his grandfather taught him—for example, how to push and how to pull a wheelbarrow. He also recounts what he himself has observed of the way that material innovations have altered people. Agricultural machinery, by changing patterns of work, changed not only the structure of Breton peasant communities but, more gradually, the movements of the peasants themselves. In Hélias's childhood, peasants moved slowly, both to conserve their energy and to make sure they absorbed every detail of their surroundings, but Breton farmers today, he writes, "move faster because the tractors changed their age-old rhythm." Hélias conjures up for us that rhythm as well as antique peasant gestures—peasants eating the bread that came from their toil, say, or, as host and guest, engaging in the undeviating sequence of maneuvers that constituted a visit. He also explains the motivation of peasant etiquette: sensitivity. Peasants were touchy. Hélias's elders, fearing humiliation, trained their children to avoid it and to avoid inflicting it. Almost all the people whom young Hélias knew were poor. The children were often hungry, and one bit of bad luck could pauperize these tenants, sharecroppers, or laborers. He remembers being severely reproved as a child for looking out the window at a family that came by begging: his mother had heard that the family's cottage had burned, and she had a few coins ready for them; the boy, who had not even understood what he was seeing, was told, "The hardest thing to bear when you've become destitute is having people watch you." Peasant consideration was as monumental as peasant reserve, but I think that the "fear of shame" which Hélias tells us was instilled in children was unduly inhibiting—particularly when they had to move out into the wider society, as poverty has forced Bretons to do time out of mind.

"The Horse of Pride" is solid, detailed, and satisfying, like Breton crochet lace. With the best kind of affection—at once critical and accepting—the author records the Breton-peasant form of customs (such as the wedding-night shivaree) and children's pastimes that have appeared all over the Western world. On the eve of All Saints, Breton boys hollowed out huge beets, carved faces on them, put lighted candles inside, and set out to see whom they could scare, just as our children do with Halloween pumpkins. They flattened nails under the wheels of trains, traded buttons as our boys trade baseball cards, and mastered whistling on grass blades. I remember spending hours studying that musical art when I should have been practicing the piano, and Hélias's recollections persuade me that children everywhere most enjoy activities that adults regard as wasting time.

In Hélias's boyhood, the custodian of the major rites and rituals—of the universal made particular and the abstract expressed by and for a concrete community—was the Breton Catholic Church. In those days, it was anti-republican and anti-French, and it supported conservative political candidates. After the Second World War, the Church changed its mind. It has sponsored a modernizing young Christian farm movement, and become in Brittany what it was in Europe's Dark



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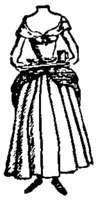

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Ages—the force of progress and enlightenment. Hélias's memoir of the earlier period demonstrates how life resolves what theory insists is irreconcilable: his family disobeyed the priest, voted "red," and sent the children to French-language state schools, but they also went to church regularly. God, Christ, the Virgin, and the local saints were personalities as real to them as their neighbors. (The saints were medical specialists, each in charge of curing a disease.) It is hard to assess any past, let alone a foreign past, but I suspect that the antagonism between the red and the white—between two sources of authority, the village schoolmaster and the village curé—weakened the Third Republic and bears some blame for the debacle of 1940. As the late Martin Luther King, Jr., taught, nations can stand only so much divisiveness. The conflict has strikingly subsided, suggesting—to me, at any rate—that it may not have been necessary in the first place.

Hélias makes his urban or suburban readers self-conscious, though not unpleasantly so. We are aware of likenesses—we, too, know the keen joy of successful teamwork, though we may not have experienced it, as Hélias did, doing heavy farm jobs. And we become aware of dissimilarities: I never before noticed that, in contrast to peasant deliberateness, my own habitual gait is a Manhattan scramble; city people and country people invest their patience differently. Hélias reminds us emphatically that tourists look as odd to peasants as peasants do to tourists; he can still remember that the first summer visitor he saw seemed clad in a funny native Parisian costume. The familiar Breton peasant costume, by the way (for all I know, this may be true of all peasant costumes), is Sunday wear—elaborate, expensive, and nonfunctional, like court dress. Nowadays, more and more Bretons wear ready-made clothes, but even in the nineteen-twenties and thirties a Breton "had to be rich . . . to dress like a peasant."

The book comes to us in a double translation: Hélias rendered his original Breton into French, from which June Guicharnaud has given us this remarkable English—droll, vivid, rich, and pithy. One paragraph about the landowners sums up all Balzac ever wrote about miserly rural notables, and a couple of pages about the winds of Brittany employ a vocabulary whose vivacity calls to mind that great Breton stylist Chateaubriand. I wonder whether the need to become bilingual endowed Hélias with his connoisseur's use of words or whether the gift is hereditary: his paternal grandfather was a noted storyteller.

The last chapter, though, slightly confuses me, for Hélias indulges himself in a crisscross—a veritable tartan—of ambivalences about the passing of the Breton peasants' way of life and the shrinking number of speakers of Breton. Hélias very clearly shows the multitudinous drawbacks of peasant society even while he demonstrates that remarkable individuals could maintain themselves with pride in an archaic agricultural system that barely deserves to be called subsistence farming. Brittany, Wales, and other West European Celtic territories seem to have resisted assimilation so thoroughly that in modern times every political generation at the center has felt the need to nationalize its Celtic fringe. In olden times—say 1746 in the Highlands—the central governments tried massacre, but the Scots who survived that English holocaust did not become Kentishmen. Perhaps Hélias is melancholy because he feels that the latest efforts to de-Brittanize Brittany will succeed. History suggests not.

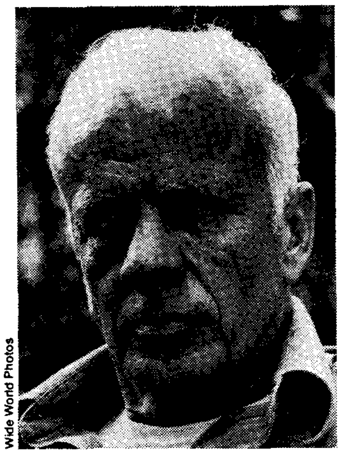
The author confronts the related question of language with mixed—or maybe mixed-up—feelings. No government that I know of has been able to resolve satisfactorily the problem of dual or multiple languages, because language differences are not in themselves a real problem: the "problem" is a political pretext for hatreds and rascalities that politicians and their constituents prefer not to admit. There is no reason that normal human beings should not be, at a minimum, bilingual. (Think how many languages the Polos travelled through from Italy to China in order to do business.) Celts, apparently, have long been so. St. Jerome (347-420) found them bilingual Celtic/Greek in Galatia (now in Turkey) and Celtic/Latin in Trier (now in West Germany). Hélias is justifiably vexed that French lower schools no longer offer Breton. Why foreclose any linguistic opportunity? On the other hand, he believes that the language's vitality and value derive from the fact that it has been oral, very local (a mosaic of dialects), and constantly changing; a formal, all-Brittany, school-taught Breton, such as the Breton nationalist movement sponsors, would, he argues, be a stultified Breton. I suppose I must take Hélias's word, but I do not think that languages possess individual genius, though their users may. A language may serve as a secret code or as a means of public communication, depending upon whether or not we wish to understand and be understood. Is there—as Hélias halfway suggests in these last pages—a Breton quintessence forever veiled from those who do not speak Breton? I doubt it. Hélias's book exemplifies Cardinal Newman's motto, "*Cor ad cor loquitur.*" It speaks to the heart. That is the language beyond language. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNNATURAL SCENERY, by Vincent Canby (Knopf; $8.95). Marshall Lewis Henderson, son of a Midwestern ne'er-do-well and a Virginia belle, supported by an independent income, and residing in Manhattan, offers an account of his life, which, once it is unscrambled, falls neatly into four sections. His childhood in Chicago ends with his teen-age brother's suicide; his adolescence at a second-rate prep school in Virginia ends with an accident that paralyzes his legs; two marriages end when he finds himself ill-suited to the company of dopey women; and his long-lasting affair with a bright Jewish journalist breaks down while he is writing about it. As if the theme of racial and regional pride and prejudice were not clear enough, Mr. Canby hammers it home with a series of silly dénouements: Marshall pays a visit to his now aging first love, whose son (by Marshall or the prep school's headmaster) is a black-power leader, and he finds her to be a bore and possibly a lesbian; the Catholic priest who has furnished the documents for Marshall's lifework on the Albigensian heresy stops by to confess that his documents are bogus; and Marshall returns to Virginia at the time of the American Bicentennial to destroy his last connection with his troublesome heritage. Marshall is supposed to be a difficult man worth the trouble he makes, but he comes across as little more than a clever dilettante.

PASSAGE OF TIME, by Gillian Martin (Scribners; $8.95). An English novelist tells a familiar story—of a marriage on the verge of collapse after fifteen years of wear and tear—but she makes something fresh of the homely ingredients. When Barry leaves home, moving in with Charles and Trudy, his neighbors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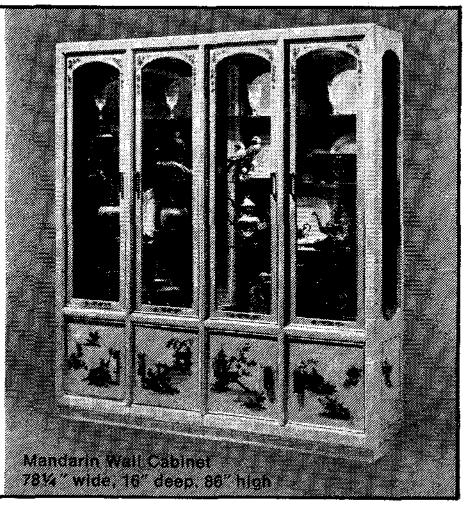
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in a London suburb, his sharp-tongued wife, Ruth (who is also the narrator), takes off for Wales with her two young daughters to visit the aunt and uncle who raised her. Three days later, after Barry has come and fetched the girls, Ruth is home again—surprised to have found that people do not match her gilded memories of them; worried about what her husband, children, and neighbors are up to; and ready, as is Barry, to give their marriage another try. Melodrama never threatens this story, even when sad news greets Ruth's return, and her delight in describing her own wrongheaded arguments and her escapades makes the tale primarily picaresque, if also cautionary.

GENERAL

Rudyard Kipling, by Lord Birkenhead (Random House; $15). The introduction, by the author's son, Robin, tells us that this biography was undertaken just after the Second World War with the coöperation of Elsie Bambridge, Kipling's daughter, who, upon seeing a draft, suppressed the volume. With the deaths of that lady and the author, the agreements about the manuscript expired, so that the work can now appear. Robin Birkenhead explains, further, that neither he nor his father ever understood what Mrs. Bambridge so bitterly resented, but—assuming her filial piety required biographical hagiolatry—she was right. This lifelike closeup—Birkenhead had access to private papers—seems to portray an unpleasant, neurotic man even while it demands our admiration for the gifted child who survived a brutal rearing and for the popular author whose works reached millions and commanded fortunes. The book is full of fascinations, and gives a wonderful sense of the past, including rural America, nineteenth-century India, and the art world of England. It is clear that Lord Birkenhead did not intend to leave the impression he does leave—that Kipling's imperialism and racism reflected his personal desperation.

Seeing Through Clothes, by Anne Hollander (Viking; $25). Anne Hollander, an original scholar who writes with charm, believes that people in Western civilization have always thought of themselves as naturally clothed, rather than as naturally naked, and that fashions in clothing have determined what

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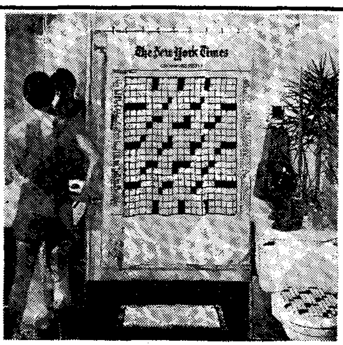

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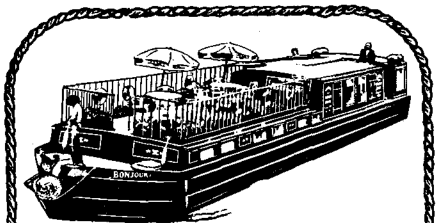

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constitutes the stylish body, rather than the other way around. Starting with the classical Greeks, she traces changes in clothing and bodies with the aid of well-chosen illustrations—sculpture, painting, drawing, and photography. She thinks that clothing is a way that we Westerners identify ourselves—it is revelation, not concealment. Whether fashion pretends to be austere or seductive, practical or frivolous, it is primarily aesthetic, and changes in fashion, she maintains, are related to the artistic currents of an era.

A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT: MEMORIES OF A VARIED LIFE, by Philip Mason (Scribners; $12.50). This crystal-line stylist begins with his Edwardian boyhood as the son of an English country doctor, and gives the reader a palpable sense of setting (the land itself), a guide to mores (how his mother handled her maids), and, indeed, the gist and pith of the era that ended with the First World War. In 1929, he joined the Indian Civil Service, hoping to do his work so well that his would be the last generation of Englishmen to rule that land. His vision was realized in circumstances—partition and its horrors—that he deplored. He does as well literarily by his years in India as he does by his English childhood; he saw practically every aspect of Indian existence, from viceroys to villagers, and stayed on briefly after independence as tutor to the heir of Hyderabad. Thus he experienced the sunset of both an Indian princely state and the self-confident English middle class, but he is no whiner. His book terminates with a comic account of his attempt to be a part-time writer and a part-time farmer in England—an effort that ended with his choice of the typewriter over the soil. On the evidence of this volume alone, he was right.

NOTE: "Walker Percy: An American Search," Robert Coles' Profile of the American philosopher and novelist, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown ($12.50). Part of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker,* in somewhat different form.

•

Some Government scientists are studying natural hazards to human survival, among them Dr. George C. Reid of the Aeronomy Laboratory of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.—*The Times.*

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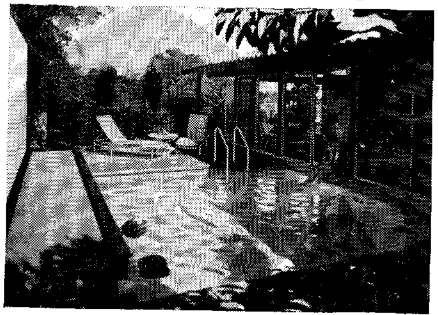

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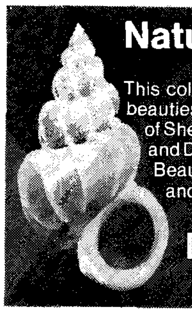

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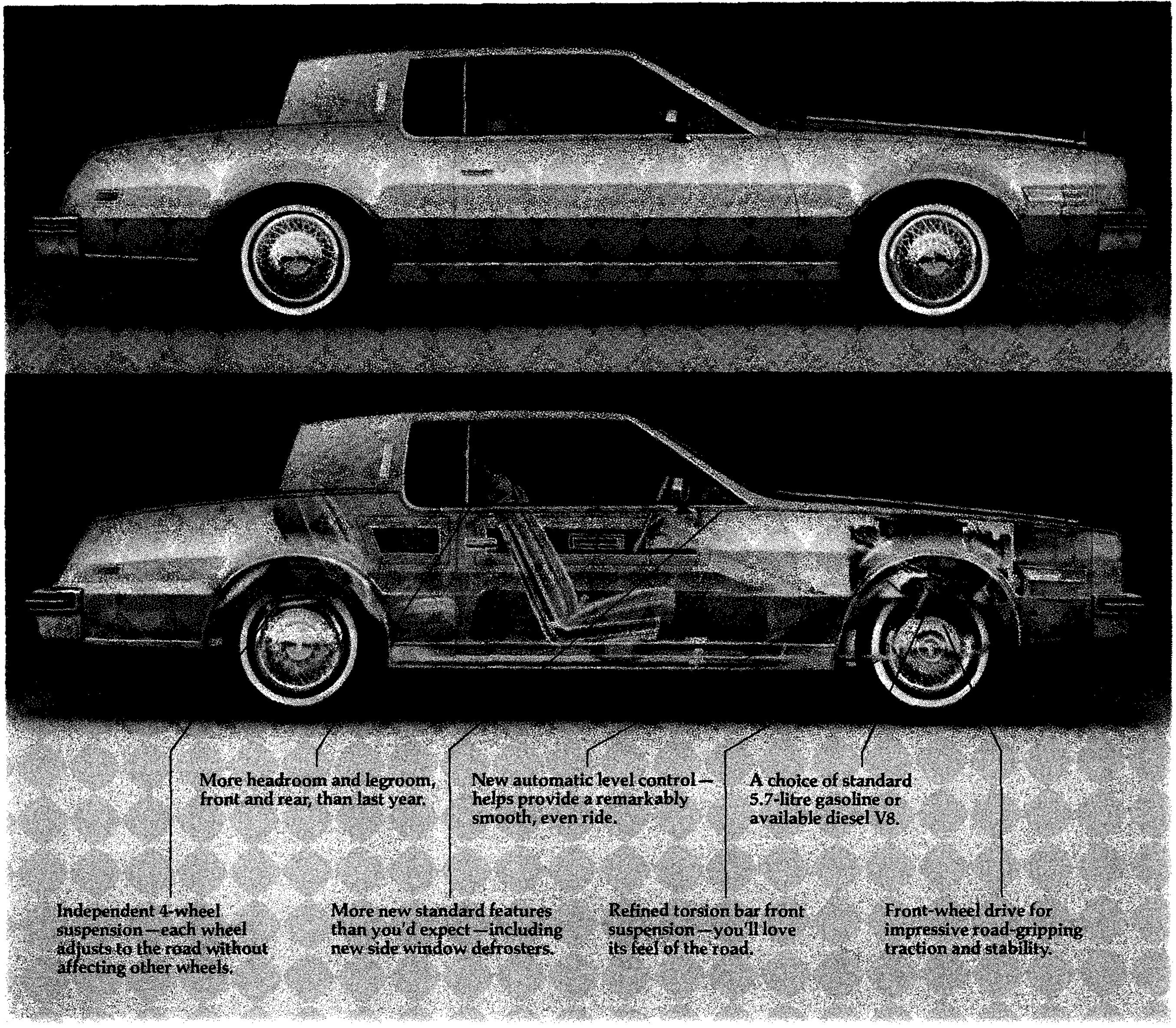
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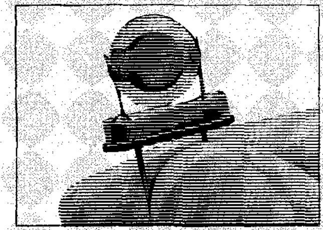
Fine tunes every channel, automatically.

This year, ColorTrak is equipped with RCA's quartz crystal ChanneLock Tuner.* It uses a vibrating quartz crystal to locate and lock on to each TV channel. And it's so accurate, you'll *never* have to fine tune any channel again. *Ever.*



This precision quartz crystal is the heart of RCA's ChanneLock Tuner.* It forever eliminates the need for fine tuning.

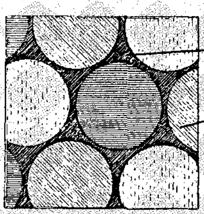
Adjusts for varying colors, automatically.

You've probably noticed how colors can change when a commercial or new program appears. ColorTrak deals with that problem two ways: Automatic Color Control continuously monitors color and adjusts it automatically. Colors stay consistent from scene to scene, program to program, channel to channel.

In addition, ColorTrak is equipped with Dynamic Fleshtone Correction that automatically keeps fleshtones warm and natural, for a consistently lifelike color picture.

Adjusts for changing room conditions, automatically.

A color picture that looks fine when your TV room is dark may appear too dim when you turn on the lights or open shades. ColorTrak's Room Light Sensor helps overcome this by automatically making the picture brighter. Colors stay rich and vivid. And to reduce glare and reflections, our black matrix picture tube has specially tinted phosphors that actually absorb reflected room light.



A black matrix on the tube helps absorb reflected room light.

ColorTrak also has specially tinted phosphors that absorb additional room light to reduce glaring reflections.

Experience the 1979 ColorTrak.

There are a great many features that contribute to the ColorTrak picture. But all the features and technical advancements come down to this: RCA wants you to see the right color. On every program. On every channel. Every time you turn on your set.

For the complete line of ColorTrak models, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 27-212K, 600 North Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46201.

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"My curls are auburn."
"My dress is bright red."
"My dog is sandy brown."

Simulated TV picture of actress Shelley Bruce shown on a 25" diagonal ColorTrak console. Its country French cabinet design features an oak finish on hardwood, simulated parquet top and wood trim. Model GC 936R.

*ChanneLock Tuner not available on models FC 493 and FC 479.

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